FEB 21 1929

Good Housekeeping

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF MICH.

MARCH 1929

25 CENTS

35 CENTS IN CANADA

SMART NEW HATS

Faith Baldwin – Owen Johnson

Margaret Sangster – Mary Lawton – Mary Synon

Frances Parkinson Keyes

© 1929
The Bon Ami Co.

No wonder this little housekeeper smiles! For Betsy knows there's fun ahead — helping mother "Bon Ami" just lots of things!

HERE THEY ARE, MOTHER!

Bon Ami

WOMEN in millions of homes rely on Bon Ami *Powder* and Bon Ami *Cake* for ever so many cleaning and polishing tasks about the house.

The soft, snowy-white *Powder* is so convenient to use on bathtubs, basins and tiling; kitchen utensils of aluminum, enamel and agate ware; painted woodwork and the like.

And there's the handy, compact *Cake* to bring back shining spotlessness to cloudy windows and mirrors . . . to restore the lustrous gleam to nickel, brass and copper.

Cleaning with magic Bon Ami is easy as pie—quick as a wink! Just apply the Bon Ami with a damp cloth. In a moment it dries. Then a few brisk rubs with a *clean*, dry cloth—and everything glistens with shining cleanliness.

And remember, Bon Ami *Cake* and Bon Ami *Powder* contain no coarse abrasives. They blot up dirt instead of scouring it off. They never scratch . . . never redden even the most delicate hands.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . . NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

POWDER *and* CAKE
every home needs both

A FAIRY BOOK FOR THE CHILDREN

The adventures of the Bunny Knights and the beautiful Princess Bon Ami. Full of delightful illustrations and amusing rhymes which are sure to be enjoyed by any youngster. Send 4 cents in stamps to the Bon Ami Company, 10 Battery Place, New York City, for a copy of this interesting booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

Do you use Bon Ami? (*Cake* ☐ *Powder* ☐ *Both* ☐)

An Interpretation of Paderewski's "Minuet" painted for the Steinway Collection by Pierre Brissaud

Are you giving your family the advantage of beautiful music?

THIS is, as someone has pointed out, an accomplished age. People are better educated, better informed, than they used to be. With every year there is greater public interest in the fine arts—painting, drama, music. A knowledge of the better things of life is expected among cultivated people.

If this knowledge rises to the level of an accomplishment it is a tremendous asset. To be able not only to discuss music intelligently, but to perform it with credit—that is something which many a one would give much to possess.

The ability to play the piano is possessed by everyone in some degree. Some are endowed with it to an extraordinary extent. Others fall short of virtuosity, but display sound talent. In either case, the pleasure and satisfaction which can be drawn from this instrument is almost limitless.

That is why so many parents today are giving their children every opportunity to study the piano. They are providing the best instruction, and genuine Steinways to play upon. For they know the importance of a lovely tone and absolute accuracy of pitch in musical education.

This widespread preference for the Steinway among the musically informed is simply a reflection of the choice of the greatest pianists of the past 75 years. Virtually every musician of note, from Wagner to Paderewski, has chosen the Steinway both for personal and concert use. In the fullest sense, it is "The Instrument of the Immortals."

Yet the Steinway is primarily a piano for the home, and particularly for the home of limited income. For this great instrument is built to endure. It will last a lifetime. For 30, 40, or even 50 years and more it will serve you well. And you can have it in your home *now*—and two years in which to pay!.

There are many sizes and models of the Steinway piano, each at a different price. But there is only one quality of Steinway, and that is the best. There is a Steinway dealer near you. Select your instrument tomorrow.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a 10% cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up—plus transportation*

10% down *balance in two years*

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY *THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS*

In using advertisements see page 6

March
Vol. LXXXVIII

Contents

1929
No. 3

Cover Design by Jessie Willcox Smith

The Editor's Page
Stand By 4

Index to Advertisements 6

Fiction

Bird Girl — A Short Story
Vivien R. Bretherton 18

The Incredible Year — A Serial
Faith Baldwin 24

One Little Kick — A Short Story
Mary Singer 30

Little Boy Blue — A Short Story
Margaret E. Sangster 36

Caballo de Flores — A Short Story
Emma-Lindsay Squier 42

Lovers Can Sail Home Again — A Short Story
Stella Ryan 48

Sacrifice — A Serial
Owen Johnson 60

Strike Up the Band — A Short Story
Mary Synon 78

Special Articles

Love and Marriage
Frances Parkinson Keyes 22

Daddy's Own Story
Mary Lawton 28

"We Still Get Robbed"
Vera L. Connolly 34

Dog Sense
Scotty Allen 40

"A Thing of Beauty"
Ruth Boyle 46

The Boy Who Anointed Two Kings
Bruce Barton 50

The Vice-President's Lady
Mary Lee Davis 59

New Friends in the World of Books
Emily Newell Blair 92

Good Housekeeping Institute
Edited by KATHARINE A. FISHER

Preparing Inexpensive Meals 82
Fashions in Stains 84
Products of the Sea 86
Plumbing That Meets Your Needs 88
Tested, Tasted, and Approved 90

Good Housekeeping Studio

Why Modern Furniture Is Veneered 52
Comfort, Color, and Charm in a Small Closet 53
A Dressing-Room-Bath 54
From the Smart Decorating Shops 57

For the Children

Near-to-Nature Babies
James Swinnerton 58

Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

A National Institute of Health
Harvey W. Wiley, M. D. 96

Special Service Features

Young Contours
Ruth Murrin 95

Stock Rights
Ruth Boyle 98

Needlework Department
Anne Orr 100

Feeding Babies
Dr. Josephine Hemenway Kenyon 102

The Institute Forum 105
Dr. Wiley's Question-Box 106

Verse

Let Me Keep Lent
Elizabeth Badley Read 17

Sachet
Sonia Ruthèle Novák 32

A Prayer for Sacrifice
Lexie Dean Robertson 80

Revealment
John Richard Moreland 171

Fashions
Edited by HELEN KOUES

Spring Frocks and Spring Millinery from Paris 64
A Review of New Fabrics 68
Spring Ensembles from the New York Shops and Two New Hats 70
National Trade-Marked Fabrics Available in Your Own Town 72
Clothes for Easter We Will Buy for You from Fifth Avenue Shops 74
Smart Country Patterns for Tweed and Jersey 76
Making the Spring Hat 77

GEORGE WESTON

IS the man who wrote a serial GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers are still talking about—"The Beauty Prize." And George Weston's new serial is going to set them all talking again. Mysteries are usually tragic—but there is nothing tragic about Celia—even though she was left suddenly without a home or money—and only a half-finished sentence as clue to her father and mother and their missing marriage certificate. It is the jolliest kind of adventure, and enough for a spring vacation, to go with Celia—and three girls from boarding-school—on a big ship sailing for a cruise

"AROUND The WORLD"

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
RAY LONG, President. THOMAS J. WHITE, Vice-President. AUSTIN W. CLARK, Treasurer. ARTHUR S. MOORE, Secretary.
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, MARCH, 1929. VOL. LXXXVIII, No. 3
Price in the United States $3.00 a year, 25 cents a copy Price in Canada $3.50 a year, 35 cents a copy
Subscription to foreign countries, postpaid $4.00. COPYRIGHT, 1929 (Trade-mark registered) by International Magazine Co., Inc. Entered as second-class matter on August 1, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Boston, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Los Angeles, Cal., San Francisco, Cal., Columbus, Ohio, Harrisburg, Pa., Kansas City, Mo., Minneapolis, Minn., Syracuse, N. Y., Seattle, Wash., Lynchburg, Va., Louisville, Ky., Pittsburgh, Pa., Omaha, Nebr., St. Louis, Missouri, Cleveland, Ohio, Philadelphia, Pa., Buffalo, N. Y., Detroit, Mich., and Baltimore, Maryland. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Address all communications GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City. All subscriptions are payable in advance at the full price. When changing an address give the old address as well as the new, and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you.

 Good Housekeeping is fully protected by copyright, and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission

There are 7 delicious ways to serve your Easter "STAR" HAM

Here are the 7 ways

For 8 or more persons

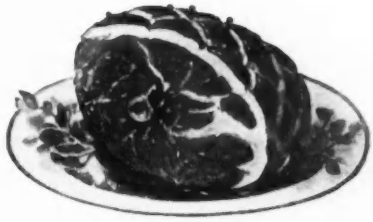
1. Baked in cider
2. Spiced and baked
3. Ham roast stuffed

For 4 to 6 persons

4. Ham butt baked with cloves
5. Half-ham braised

For "you two"

6. Savory baked ham slice
7. Ham slice baked with apples



HAM BUTT BAKED WITH CLOVES—*See page 7 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

BAKED HAM—*See page 15 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

BAKED SLICE OF HAM—*See page 8 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

JUST consider these Easter dinner suggestions. Select the one that fits your family. Then send for the free recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen, "60 Ways to Serve Ham," which tells you exactly how to cook it.

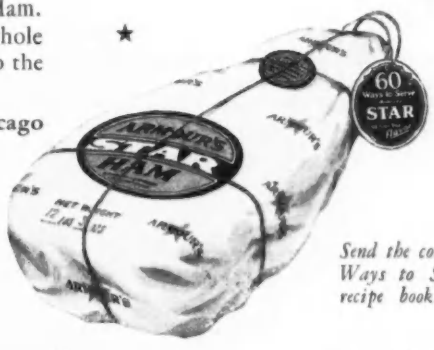
But to make the Armour recipe a complete success, be sure to use Star Ham. For Star Ham is juicy and tender—firm, fine-grained meat that carves easily and is unsurpassed in mild, savory flavor. Just the kind of ham that you and your family will like!

To the Armour Kitchen belongs the credit of discovering how American homes like their ham. Equipped with this information the Kitchen constantly demands this home standard of goodness from every Armour department of preparation.

Retail meat dealers everywhere will gladly fill your order for Star Ham. It is good economy to buy a whole ham, then have it cut according to the recipe you choose.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago

Armour and Company, Limited
London, England



Armour's Star Ham

Send the coupon for a free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham," the famous recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen.

Dept. GH-5, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me Free Recipe Book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

Name_____

Address_____

STAR BACON ★ CLOVERBLOOM EGGS AND BUTTER ★ STAR LARD

In using advertisements see page 6

©P. P. S.

STAND BY

"THE PRESIDENCY is more than an administrative office. It must be the symbol of American ideals. The high and the lowly must be seen with the same eyes, met in the same spirit. It must be the instrument by which national conscience is livened, and it must, under the guidance of the Almighty, interpret and follow that conscience."

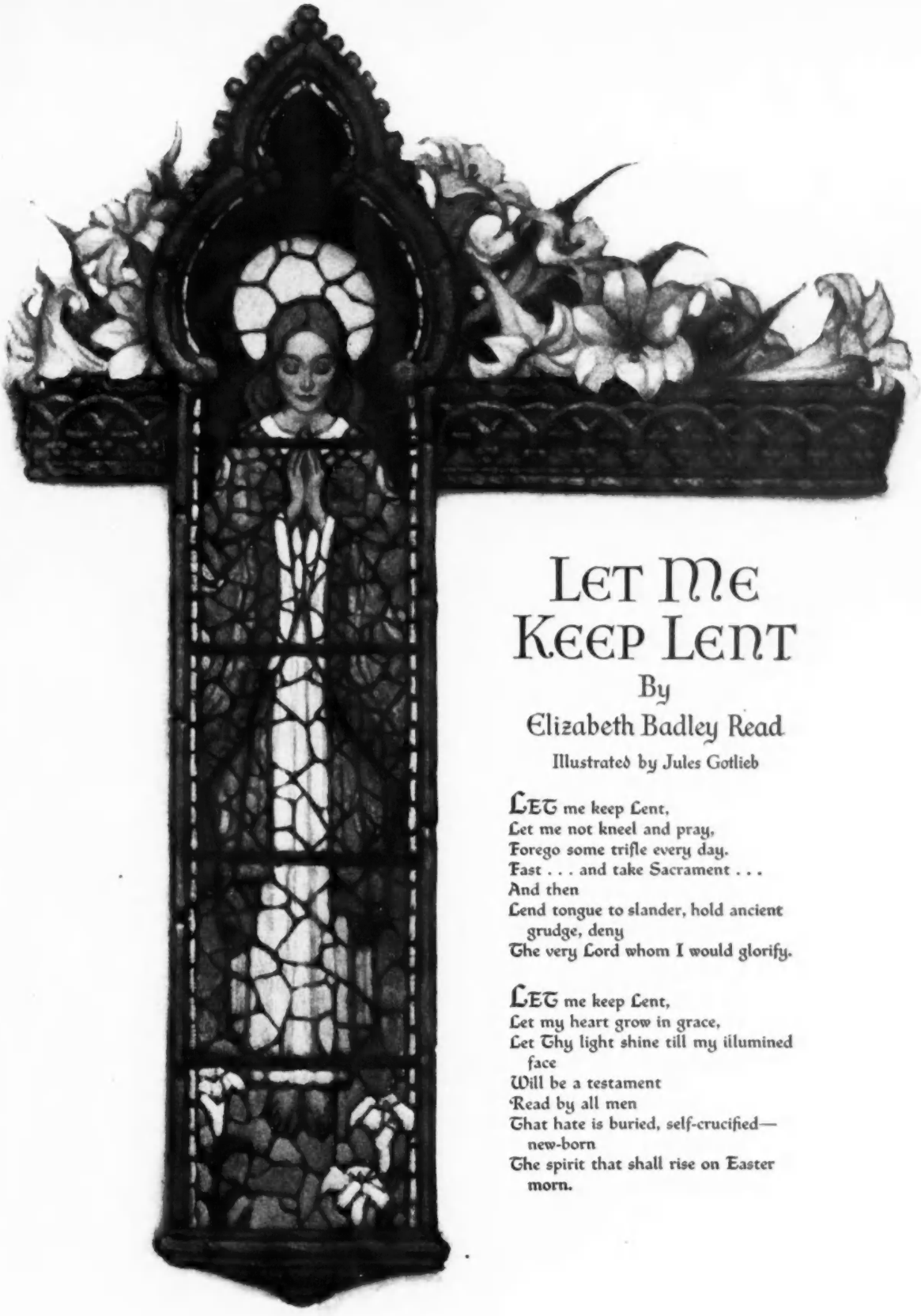
The man who uttered those inspiring words last August twelfth becomes, this month, the President of the United States. By our choice he steps out of the ranks of every-day citizens and becomes our leader—"the symbol of American ideals." He represents us before the world and to the world. In and through him we shall speak to all mankind. By and with him we shall make progress in our great adventure, or we shall fall back.

Whether or not we voted for him no longer makes any difference: he is *our* President. The rest of the world does not care, nor will the future ask, whether the oath of office was administered on March 4, 1929, to a Republican or to a Democrat; it is only the man that counts. We ask of him wise leadership, good counsel, brave administration, high idealism, and, under God, true manliness. The office is everlasting; its occupancy is temporary. We ask that its dignity be maintained; our love and confidence will be given without measure to the man who is worthy.

A great President must serve a great people. One man alone can make only a trail; the broad highway is beaten out by many marching feet. Unless we follow the leader, he will have to retreat or be lost. We have seen high idealism fail because the people were not idealists; the leader would not retreat and was lost. Time settles all such accounts, but practical people are interested in the now. Leaders must take that into account in all their planning; the majority will follow them when they do.

The next four years are ours, to set the nation forward or to put it back. If "the instrument by which national conscience is livened" appeals to our consciences in a big way, let us respond in a big way. No one can comprehend the mighty opportunities that face us nationwise, but we can understand enough of them to realize that, if we will but pull together, we can put this nation nearer to its God-given destiny than it has ever been before: to be the home of a people truly free, doing the right, "as God gives us to see the right," putting liberty before license, law before personal preference, good works before pretensions, God before everything else. To assist in all these things let us—stand by.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

E·B

Let Me Keep Lent

By

Elizabeth Badley Read

Illustrated by Jules Gotlieb

Let me keep Lent,
Let me not kneel and pray,
Forego some trifle every day.
Fast . . . and take Sacrament . . .
And then
Lend tongue to slander, hold ancient grudge, deny
The very Lord whom I would glorify.

Let me keep Lent,
Let my heart grow in grace,
Let Thy light shine till my illumined face
Will be a testament
Read by all men
That hate is buried, self-crucified—new-born
The spirit that shall rise on Easter morn.

BIRD

By VIVIEN R. BRETHERTON

"I'll be very brave," Narcissa promised Brian, her small hand on his arm. "I'll make you proud of me, Brian." Vandy smiled grimly. Narcissa was spreading it on pretty thick

PERHAPS, if Brian Scott had first met Vandy Cameron at one of those infrequent moments when she was more débutante than bird girl, he might have looked at her with eyes that saw the fascinating cap of her dark curls and the scarlet mouth that matched in charm her *farouche* little face. In that case, anything might have happened—Brian Scott being who he was, as adventurous as the career he followed. But the first time he set eyes upon her, she was stunting above the Cameron flying field in a wicked-looking, little Waco single-seater, and doing it with such beautiful ease that she made recklessness seem casual.

Brian, who knew just how far from casual her exhibition was, squinted his gray eyes in her direction, gave a low, admiring whistle, and asked the man beside him, "Who's the chap above?"

The man, who happened to be Vandy's father in addition to being the head of the Cameron Aeroplane Corporation, grinned and said, "That's Vandy Cameron—not so bad, eh?"

"Bad! I'd like to meet that bird! Belong around here?"

Martin Cameron eyed the stunting ship above. "Only runs the place," he remarked dryly, "me included."

Even at that Brian Scott didn't understand, for everybody knew that Martin Cameron, who would have given half his fortune for a son, had none. Not even when Vandy, making a perfect three-point landing, swung her slim lithesomeness over the cockpit and sprang to the ground, a straight, boyish figure in trim flying garb and concealing helmet, did Brian imagine he'd watched a girl flirt with death in the clouds above. It was only when Martin Cameron said, "Vandy—my only and most exciting daughter," that Brian realized who and what she was. The surprise left him speechless.

It wasn't often that Brian Scott, looking as he did and being who he was, found himself tongue-tied before a girl. But this time, evidently, the girl wasn't expecting much from him. She merely pulled off her helmet, making her black elfin locks stick out all over her head in quirky curls, and remarked coolly and not at all as if she were impressed by being introduced to a national hero:

"Hullo—I've heard a lot about you."

Brian recovered his tongue and his breath at the same time. "And I've seen enough, in the last five minutes, to tell me a lot about you. By George, that was pretty stuff!"

Vandy eyed him silently for a moment. Like the rest of America she had read much of this sensational young flyer, most of which had exasperated her because of its

GIRL

She Flew Full Tilt Into Danger and Came Out With Colors Flying

Illustrated By Haddon Sundblom

maudlin sentimentality. Because she envied him above all men she'd been afraid to meet him—afraid lest the extravagant worship of a nation had spoiled him. But suddenly, meeting the steady gaze of his gray eyes, she knew that all the finest things she'd heard of him were true. She flashed him a rueful smile and said:

"Gaudy—but safe. If I'd known you were watching, I wouldn't have been showing off."

"Why me?" He said it simply.

Vandy sighed contentedly. "I might have known you'd be like that. Come along—Dad's taking us to lunch. I want to ask you—oh, millions of things! And has Dad persuaded you to take charge of all this?" She waved a careless hand towards the Cameron air field with its surrounding hangars and factory buildings. "If so, he won't need to fly for a week. He'll be walking with his head in the clouds."

Brian Scott grinned—and went to lunch with her. It was a new experience to him to find a girl who looked like a vivid little creature of eighteen and knew almost as much about flying as he did. And the two of them sat and talked until the afternoon was nearly gone—Brian Scott, who flew because it was the thing he'd been born for, and Vandy Cameron, who flew because she couldn't help it.

Vandy Cameron. She had tumbled out of her crib at three months, preferred a tricycle to her own pram at three years, sent her mother into hysterics over her proficiency on skates at the age of six, and from that time on had scooted, raced, and swooped through life on a series of speed-provoking conveyances that began with a woolly lamb on wheels and ended, when Vandy was eighteen, with an aeroplane. In the interim Vandy's mother, having found the pace too much for her, had died with the firm conviction that she'd soon see Vandy on the other side of the River Styx, leaving Vandy to race unchecked along her swift, reckless way.

If Vandy had been a boy she would have been, by the time Brian Scott encountered her, one of the bird men of her generation. As it was, she knew as much about aeroplanes as her father, who made them. More, in fact, for Vandy's was the training of an army pilot. She could check her ship, from prop to rudder, in thirty-five minutes. She could read a meteorology map as expertly as she could follow the newest dance step. She could tell the minute she lifted into a fog if it was the low-hanging type she had to fly above or the ceiling-high kind she had to fly blind, and every pilot in her father's employ knew that Vandy Cameron had the "feel"; that hers was the gift of "flying before her engine," which

meant, in other words, that no matter what happened to her motor, in that split second when her engine went dead and before her plane could take that first plunge that sends a ship into its fatal nose dive, she had touched her controls, nosed her plane down for flying speed, and sent it in a safe glide to earth.

If Vandy Cameron had been asked to write her own biography after the manner of modern biographies, she would have said that she hated inertia, ruffled dresses, teas, cowardice, and men; that she liked the wind in her face, the roar of a motor in her ears, cold showers, and men. Which sounds contradictory, as far as the men are concerned, but wasn't at all. She liked men when she could admire them and when she could envy them for the things that, being men, they could do. And she hated them when they turned from adventurous creatures into figures of earth who became sentimental, and were sure that she was going to kill herself, and finally proposed, offering themselves as a substitute for the passion of flying. And propose some of them did for various reasons; because she was Martin Cameron's daughter, for one, and because she combined a scarlet mouth, a whimsical face, and black curls like an elf's cap, for another; none of them very good reasons, to Vandy's way of thinking, for she had no time for love. Not, that is, until Brian came over her horizon.

Not that Vandy bracketed Brian and love together the first day she saw him—or the next—or the next. It was just that somehow, at the first sound of his voice, her heart had turned over and then swooped suddenly up, like a plane lifting into that bright blueness that is the highway of the winged ones. For a moment, until she was sure what the world and its adulation had done to him, her heart had hung in mid-air. Then, her last doubt forgotten, it had soared off in a rush of wings—a flight that was unbroken in the days that followed.

Why tell of those days, save that they were heavenly blue and of the fabric that only youth can weave? Why tell of the things these two talked about, save that the hours sped by as swift as the ships they flew, and at the end of them it was as if they'd known each other since the world began? Suffice it to say that, before a week had gone its way, Vandy Cameron had fallen in love—cracked up—crashed down to earth, as it were. Though Vandy, so naturally had the whole thing happened, hadn't the slightest idea of that. It took Narcissa Elliot to teach Vandy the pattern of her heart.

VANDY heard of the meeting of Brian and Narcissa from Narcissa herself; Narcissa, who had just come back from three years in Paris and looked it; Narcissa who was like her name, white and lovely and exquisite looking, with a beauty that was so authentic that it was like day and night—something you just couldn't deny.

"And to think," rippled Narcissa when she sought out Vandy, for Narcissa was ever one to look to her own fences, "that you've had him almost a month, Vandy, and never shared him!"

It wasn't exactly true that Vandy hated Narcissa from that moment, though perhaps that was the first time she was afraid of Narcissa's beauty. Vandy and Narcissa had gone to school together, and even then, at sixteen, Narcissa had been one of those lovely, virginal-looking girls whose sly, silky, little ways had never been the ways of Vandy. Now, looking at her, Vandy remembered all the things she knew about Narcissa—remembered, and felt her heart stop like a motor suddenly gone dead.

She said evenly: "He's in business with Dad, you know, Narcissa, and if he hasn't gone about and met people it's been because he was busy, I suppose. As for sharing him—I'm not his jailer."

NARCISSA'S eyes were a heavenly blue. They met Vandy's with a gaze that would have seemed childlike to anybody who didn't know Narcissa.

"Oh, don't be angry with me, Vandy, dear. I didn't mean anything! Of course, you aren't his jailer—I don't think he's ever had one. A girl can tell, you know. And he's just too adorable! He—well, he just sits and looks at me, you know!"

Vandy, too, looked at Narcissa and told herself that any man with eyes in his head would do just that!

"She's entirely too beautiful!" thought Vandy desperately, and all her own vivid, boyish charm seemed smudged into oblivion by comparison. "You wouldn't expect any man to see anything but her beauty! It—it wouldn't be natural! But oh—she's not good enough for Brian! She's not!"

"And so insistent, Vandy! He's giving me the most fearful rush. I suppose you think I'm silly, for you never care about the different ways a man can look at a girl. But Brian—well, of course, he's awfully famous—and I can't help being flattered."

Narcissa rose, having said the things she'd come to say, and the sunlight on her hair turned it to a flame of gold about her head. Even Narcissa's hair, Vandy told herself miserably, was made to make a man forget all else. But she managed to smile and say politely, all the while wondering what would happen if she throttled Narcissa:

"Yes—he's very nice—and yes—he's quite famous. It was nice of you to come, Narcissa, when I hadn't called on you. But I didn't even know you were back."

"You're always so busy, Vandy, flying about in those terrible planes. You never did have time for parties and foolish, romantic things. Though I don't see why Brian didn't tell you we had met. And do you know, Brian says you're not a girl—you're just a bird creature. I'll tell him he's right, when I see him this afternoon. He's driving me out into the country, you know."

"Brian? This afternoon?"

Vandy caught herself. She wouldn't—she simply wouldn't—let Narcissa know how that cut her. She said jerkily, answering Narcissa's blue questioning eyes:

"Oh—it wasn't anything. I just thought—there's a new ship ready this afternoon—but Brian can take it up tomorrow, you know."

Vandy thought, when she was alone again, that that was what hurt most of all. "To think that Brian is content to drive out in the country—with the new plane ready! Why—she's already made him forget the thing he lived for, before she came!"

But that night, when she lay in bed and stared with hot eyes into the dark, she faced things as they were.

"I love him—I didn't know it but there's no use pretending it isn't so. I love him—terribly—world without end. I've cracked up—crashed down in a nose dive—and Brian doesn't care. I'm just Vandy—somebody to fly with—while Narcissa is the girl of his heart."

And then, because it was Vandy's nature to be logical, though it nearly killed her to be so: "Of course he's in love with her. What man would look at me with Narcissa—so beautiful—so everlastingly beautiful—about? And she'll be helpless—and afraid of things—I know her ways—and Brian will fall for it—men always do—and want to protect her! If it were any one else, I think I could stand it! But Narcissa! Men are her meat! Brian is just one more scalp on her belt—but she's out to marry Brian—because he's famous and has money. And Brian should be loved for what he is!"

And so on and on, until Vandy, her throat as tight as a drum, cried herself to sleep.

Because she was young, and each morning offers a new lease on life to the heart of youth, Vandy woke to sunlight and a saner viewpoint—even a faint hope.

"I'm probably making up most of it in my own mind," she told herself, refusing to remember how lovely Narcissa was to the eye. "Perhaps he isn't in love with her—perhaps Narcissa is making up most of it—perhaps I'm not even in love with him myself!"

But that was pure braggadocio, as she herself knew. She was so completely in love with Brian Scott, now that she was awake to it, that everything he said took on a sharper meaning. That was why she knew, five minutes after she met him on the flying field that morning, that all the things she'd feared were true.

Brian, already inspecting the new plane, met her with a rueful smile.

"This was ready yesterday—and I forgot it!"

She made his excuse for him.

"Perhaps I didn't tell you the finishing date."

"Not you. I was the one who forgot—and we talked about it, too. I'm awfully sorry, Vandy."

"It doesn't make a bit of difference, Brian. We can try it out today."

Brian ran a lean hand through his hair. "That's just it—I'm tied up today. But you go ahead—take it up and test it."

HOPE, that had flamed up in Vandy with the morning, trembled and died. A month ago—a week ago—nothing short of death would have kept Brian out of that cockpit.

"He's got a date with Narcissa," Vandy told herself miserably. "But if he just doesn't tell me so—"

Brian did, grasping the opportunity. It was plain that he wanted to talk about Narcissa.

"It's like this," he said, trying to seem casual and not making much of a success at it. "I met a girl—don't know if I told you—Narcissa Elliot. She's a dear friend of yours, which rated her pretty high with me. And today—"

"It doesn't make a bit of difference," broke in Vandy, (*Continued on page 260*)

THEY fell—all too swiftly. Vandy's mind was a tumult of confusion. Death, so unexpected and suddenly so near, stamped her face with pallor, but still she tried to cry to the unconscious Brian, "I'll hold you—you're all right"

When love between a man and a woman attains its high and rare perfection, it is greater even than mother love, generally exalted as the greatest thing in the world. Without it the most crowded and successful life is incomplete and unfulfilled

LOVE AND

A Letter From FRANCES *Every Girl*

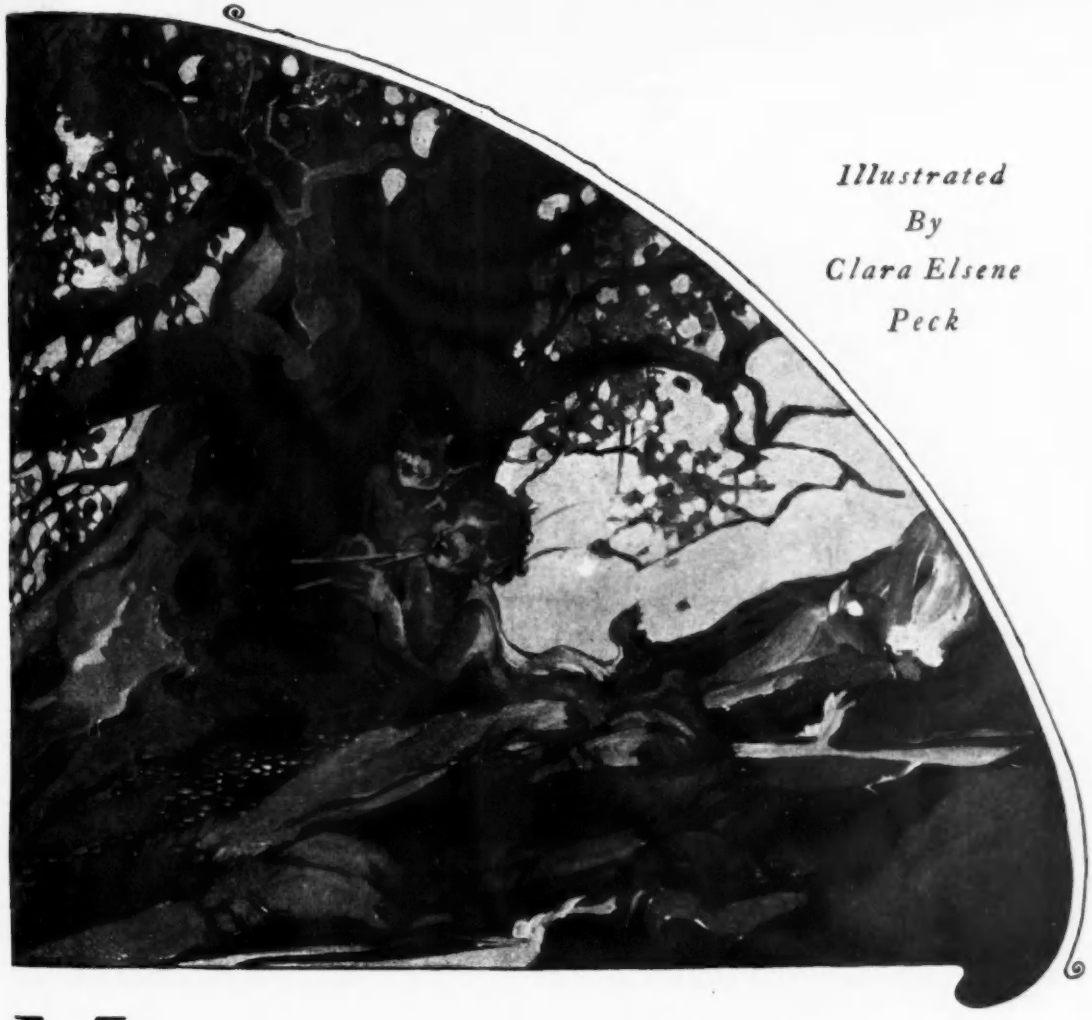
DEAR CELIA:

Your little note lies before me, and there is something sweet and touching in the request you make of me. I have—you remind me—been writing letters for many years to many friends, but these letters have all been addressed to women of my own age and never to young girls. I have—you also remind me—written on many different subjects—not only on politics and travel, but also on my own views concerning citizenship, friendship, invalidism, motherhood, religion, and so on; but I have never written about love—the love between men and women.

"Is this," you ask, "because you don't feel the same affection for your friends of twenty as your friends of forty? Or is it because you are unwilling to discuss what seems to many of your younger friends the most important topic in the world for them to consider? Or is it merely accidental? And if this is the case, won't you write a letter to me and give me your counsel and advice?"

Dear child, it is not an accident that I have never written such a letter as you describe. I have always assumed, perhaps mistakenly, that my older friends were more interested in hearing from me than my younger friends, and I have hesitated to approach the great subject you mention because I also feel it is one of the most important in the world, and I have feared that I could not do it justice. But I am deeply touched, not only that you should want a letter from me, but that you should want a certain kind of letter, and that you feel I can write it to you. So I shall try to be worthy of your confidence.

First of all, then, let me say—because if I do not say this first, you may misunderstand me in the light of what I shall say afterward—that I believe love between a man and woman is, or ought to be, the most wonderful experience which ever comes to either. I believe, as a Spanish writer, Concha Espina, has so beautifully said, that it is "the root of life, strong and deep, that rises from earth to heaven like a flame, like a cry, like a crown." I believe that when it attains its high and rare perfection it is greater even than mother love, generally exalted as the greatest thing in the world. I believe that without it the most crowded and successful life is incomplete and unfulfilled. If you are hesitating between what is generally known as a "career" and marriage with a man who really loves you and whom you really love, I believe that you would be making the most horrible kind of mistake if you allowed the thought of fame, or wealth, or independence to influence you in favor of the career. Twenty years from now, you would realize that you had thrown away your God-given birthright for a "mess of pottage."



Illustrated By Clara Elsene Peck

MARRIAGE

PARKINSON KEYES Which Should Read

Having made all these unequivocal statements, let me say next that I think we often do everything humanly possible to prevent the realization and fruition of such love as I have attempted to describe. I do not mean by this that we vulgarize it and degrade it—though heaven knows we sometimes do that very thing, forgetting that sex is "the foundation of manhood and womanhood, love, courtship, marriage, parenthood, and all that is most splendid in our civilization"! I do not mean that we respect laws—as we must do, for the greatest good of the greatest number—which sometimes prevent a man and a woman who love each other from being married. I mean that we are apt to regard an engagement, and a marriage, simply as the culmination of "good times" which have led to romance. Nothing else; nothing more. Now, "good times"—as we generally understand the term—are nine-tenths the result of youthful craving for excitement and one-tenth the result of congenial tastes. This ratio needs to be reversed if these "good times" are to form dependable stepping-stones to a successful marriage.

It is natural and normal and wholly right for a girl to want "good times"; but if—for instance—she plays tennis with a man merely because "the crowd" is going to the Country Club, and the Country Club is "the" place to be, when she would really rather be sitting on her own veranda playing bridge, she is going to be terribly bored in years to come if she marries this man because they have had "good times" together. She will hate tagging along while he wins silver cups and she never wins a set; she will be terribly lonely if he leaves her at home alone and goes off to win the silver cups without her. The jokes which he makes when he calls her "a born gambler" and "a regular card sharp" will sound less and less funny all the time. I am sure you will see what I mean. And if you think it over, I believe you will feel that I am right.

Romance, as we generally understand the term, is nine-tenths physical attraction enhanced by a favorable setting. The physical attraction should be just as strong in an unfavorable setting; it should give a sense of rest as well as a sense of exhilaration; and it should be combined with mental and spiritual attraction in equal quantities, in order to last. If a man appeals to a girl as he appears in evening dress on a ballroom floor or in a moonlit garden, and not in workaday garb or shabby clothes, in the hard light of day or in a downpour of rain, her feeling for him is not deep. If dissociating him from his sport roadster, his ample allowance, and his correct family background, and regarding him as an impecunious youngster with his own way to make in the world, he (*Continued on page 292*)

The Story of a Girl Whom Fate—And

The *Incredible*

By FAITH

Illustrated By

The girl said, as Hildreth hurried toward her, speaking a half-heard word of welcome, "I'm Julie Montgomery"

As It Began Last Month:

NEVER had John Montgomery questioned the wisdom of the way he had brought up Julie, his only daughter, until he met for the first time a girl her own age, clever, ambitious, and with a knowledge of the world that had nothing to do with lip-sticks and the latest dance steps. Julie was his own, and precious to him, but when he was no longer there to look after her, what would become of her?

That idea, too, was new to Montgomery. He had lived in the open, building his fortune in the lumber business of the North Woods. He tramped and hunted and swam. He seemed at the peak of his health and strength. Yet—he had had a heart attack on one of his rare trips to Montreal, and a physician had warned him that he must change his athletic ways, if he was to live much longer.

The thought was a keen anxiety to Montgomery—not for himself, but for Julie. Save for her few years away at school he had permitted her to found her life on him. She went nowhere, knew no one. When her father died, she would be left mistress of a fortune—and no more knowledge of life and people than she had at ten.

Her father was still puzzling over the question when an opportunity came to consolidate part of his holdings—and he went abroad to complete the arrangements. Julie refused to go with him. She was always restless and unhappy in cities. Montgomery was lonely, and it happened naturally that he began a conversation with two likable young people whom he met in a restaurant—Hildreth and Jack Desmond.

They were delightfully entertaining—and well they might be, for most of their play-times depended on their making themselves agreeable guests to their richer friends.

They were not altogether mercenary, however, for they usually accepted things only from people whom they liked, and they liked John Montgomery. His pleasure in the sights of Paris actually gave them the thrill one has in taking a child to the circus.

And John Montgomery liked them. He was not deceived by them. He knew they had not quite enough money for the set in which they moved. But he also knew that that very point would make them think over an extraordinary offer which was taking shape in his mind.

For Julie he wanted Hildreth's poise in social affairs—the effortless ease with which she dismissed a drunken man in a French restaurant without creating a scene—the clear eyes with which she summed up people and their character. It would be well for a girl alone in the world to possess enough sophistication to protect herself—even though she parted with a certain amount of her dhild-like innocence in acquiring it.

Her Father's Will—Sent to the City For

YEAR

BALDWIN

Charles D. Mitchell

Hildreth wore a negligée of palest green. Her mouth was touched to scarlet, and her even pallor was naturally flushed

CHAPTER V

ON BOARD ship Montgomery came to revise his reading of the Desmonds' circumstances. Jack borrowed some money from him, explaining he had lost more at smoking-room bridge than he had with him.

"I'll pay you back," he assured the older man, "for my quarterly income will be on tap soon. I've always been a fool for taking risks."

As a matter of fact he repaid before they landed, for this experience did not keep him from the bridge table, and he had a lucky night. But from the things he said and left unsaid Montgomery arrived at a fairly shrewd idea of the Desmonds' actual financial situation.

The boat was comfortable and slow. It was before the rush for passage home. Jack browsed around, finding friends, spending much time in the card rooms, and Hildreth and Montgomery paced the deck or sat in their steamer chairs and talked.

For the first time in his life Montgomery spoke intimately of his dead wife to an outsider. He made Hildreth, listening gravely, see her—her beauty and background, her courage in adventuring overseas, her uncomplaining acceptance of the exile, pioneer life. He showed Hildreth the photograph he always carried, held it in his big hands as he talked.

"Now—Julie. I haven't made you see her, really, have I? Brought up like a boy. Honest. Clear. Impatient. Quick-tempered. There isn't a thing she doesn't know about the woods. But she doesn't know anything beyond them. She's not—city-broken . . . I've made a mistake, Hildreth."

"Yes," said Hildreth, "I think you have."

"Is it too late?" he pondered aloud. "You see, when I—die . . ."

He hesitated, and Hildreth looked at him quickly. What was the nature of that recent "upset" he had spoken of? He *did* look ill.

"When I die," he repeated, firmly, "she'll have a lot of money—and she'll be alone. She'll want to live on up there, carry on the work as best she can, spend a little money on books and mail-order clothes. But—she mustn't. She's got to have her chance to get out of the woods and into life; to see the world and to marry happily. She won't be able to do so with less love than I've given her. And she's so inexperienced. I dread her meeting the sort of man who'd see her in a—well, golden dazzle—to whom the money would be the important thing. She's a great comrade on the trail, she's got the woodsman's sense, but she's quick on the trigger. Her instinct might, you'd say, guide her in judging character. But I don't know. If she were thrown without guidance into an entirely new life, her values would be bound to get confused, she'd be unsure of everything. I'm—I'm worried about her, Hildreth."

Hildreth said thoughtfully, "There must be some solution."

"I can't imagine you as a chap-
Hildreth in a voice as sweet and
She and Naida were close friends,

He turned in the long steamer chair and looked at her. It was a golden day, and the water rippled blue. It was the hour for the stewards to amble about with cups of steaming bouillon. Hildreth was sipping hers, nibbling soda crackers. The salt wind had brought color into her pale, clear cheeks, and her eyes were brilliant under the tight felt hat.

"You've no idea," said Montgomery slowly, "how much I want her to know you. You could do her so much good—open vistas to her that she doesn't know exist."

Hildreth was becoming a little bored with the unknown Julie. Yet she was conscious of being pleased and moved that this big, simple man should confide in her—should make it so clear that he trusted her judgment.

He went on tentatively: "If you and Jack could get away? . . . And come north to us? I couldn't promise you much . . . but the farmhouse is warm, and we have frills—for the woods—in the way of baths and electric lights. And we could find winter sports for you both and some shooting. Would that tempt you?"

"It certainly would!" she said warmly—and she meant it—adding on an impulse: "And if you can't come down again so soon, why don't you send Julie for a visit to us? You could join her later."

Montgomery's face was a study in clear happiness. "That would be wonderful," he said.

Hildreth knew some misgivings. What on earth would she do with a crowded season ahead and this country girl on her hands? However, she had offered, and she'd stand by her guns. Besides, it was all very indefinite, so she contented herself with a smile and the words uttered lightly, "Very well, it's a promise."

She told Jack later.

"That's a hot idea," remarked Jack, depressed. "Are you pledged as her shopping agent, her social secretary, or her chaperone?"

"Oh, nothing may come of it. And if it does—well, he's been so good to us . . . and he doesn't make me feel under that hideous obligation. I get so tired of the round—being agreeable no matter how I feel. It's different with Dad—he makes me feel as if we were really doing him the biggest kind of favor when we take him places and he pays the bills. If he sends us the girl, we must take her and do our best for her. We owe him so much just because he doesn't even think so."

Jack nodded. He was thinking of her words, "tired of the round." He was tired of it, too. But what else could they do?

"Sometimes," he announced gloomily, "I wish we had the nerve to cut loose and get away by ourselves."

"Love in a cottage," she mocked him gently, "and you with a dinner-pail going to work?"

"Don't be silly!" he retorted, rather irritated. "I could get something to do—if only we were free of the gang and didn't have the temptation constantly before us. It's so easy to say, 'Yes, we'll come.' I'm not joking. I wish we had the strength of mind to get out—and—oh, have a couple of kids and send 'em to public school and not think we'd cheated them by not entering 'em at Groton."

"We can't," said Hildreth flatly. "It's too late. And," she added somberly, "we're too soft."

There was a silence between the two, filled with unspoken and unutterable things—regrets and a sense of loss, and a vaguer sense of shame and futility.

After a moment Jack put out his hand and took her own. "Oh, to the devil with it!" he said, and smiled. "Anyway we are having a pretty fair time—while it lasts—and we have each other, darling."

She smiled back at him, and her eyes

erone to innocence," Naida told
cool as ice-cream. Hildreth flushed.
and had never liked each other

were wet. They had each other. Oh, that did count for everything. They had their times of danger and readjustments in their personal relationship—they grew angry, they grew careless and take-it-for-granted, they became irritable—but they loved each other. Real love—love that might even survive, she thought, in a cottage.

Upon landing, Montgomery spent the night with them in the pretty house in the East Seventies. He liked the house and everything about it, including the smooth service of the couple who looked after the Desmonds and who had everything in readiness when they arrived, so that the place had a lived-in look as if the masters had not been absent more than an afternoon or so. Hildreth explained to him that while she preferred an apartment, rents were so high, and this house had been sublet to them at a low rate by friends who were abroad on a three-years' tour.

"Otherwise," she said frankly, "we couldn't have afforded it."

On the following day he left, and all the way home he pondered over his plan, turning it over in his mind, and gradually the outlines grew clearer to him.

Julie had not come farther to meet her father than was her custom, so he did not see her until he stepped off the branch-line train at their nearest station. She was there, waiting, in a tweed skirt and sweater and a loose top-coat, with her hands thrust deep in the pockets. She said, as he kissed her,

"But you've been gone years!"

"Yes, longer than I thought. But here I am, home."

He wondered, as he said it, for how long. The English doctor had said definitely, "Angina." But perhaps he was mistaken.

He turned to Julie, shaking the fear from him.

"You're looking—" he laughed, gave it up—"*yourself*."

They had taken measure of each other in one long, deep meeting of eyes. To Montgomery his child seemed lovelier than ever, and she, searching his face in an inexplicable anxiety, found nothing to alarm her.

When they were home, when Cecile had greeted him in her quiet, stoic fashion and they were alone together in the comfortable living-room, Julie said suddenly:

"Hildreth—I am jealous of her. Your letters were full of her."

Her father laughed. "She's a dear. I'm very fond of her. And I want you to like her, for you are going to meet her sometime. But as for being jealous—" he laughed again and touched her hair, as she sat curled up on a hassock at his feet—"don't be foolish, Julie."

"She sounds so different from me," Julie told him.

"She *is* different from you," he agreed slowly.

"And you're sorry?" Julie asked with surprising shrewdness.

"In a way. Though for my own sake I'd not have you changed. Only for your own."

After a silence she proceeded to tell him all the little news of the farm, amplifying her not very articulate letters.

"Yes," thought her father, watching her, "it is time I came home to set my house in order."

She caught his grave glance. She rose and curled up comfortably on his lap.

"Oh," said Julie, "how *happy* I am!"

Soon after his arrival Montgomery went to the city in which his lawyer lived, and after hours of discussion made a new will. Herbert Dean, the attorney, looked at him gravely when, the stenographic work completed, the (*Continued on page 108*)

Portrait of I. J. Paderewski, Painted by Charles E. Chambers for the Steinway Collection

DADDY'S *Own Story*

Of the Man He Loved to Cook For, "KING" PADEREWSKI

Mr. Paderewski had to learn to play the piano, an' though I wouldn't 'zactly want to compare piano playin' to cookin', I never actually had to learn to cook—I jes did it natu'al like

YES, Ma'm! I'se Daddy — I'se Mr. Paderewski's chef! The Pullman Company give me to Mr. Paderewski twenty-five years ago, an' I belong to him ev'y time he's in this country. I always looked forward to his comin' and bein' with him, jes the same as he looked forward to bein' with me, 'cause I'se the best cook he ever had—he'll tell you so hisself.

Now, cooks is bawn, and I'se a bawn cook. Mr. Paderewski he had to learn to play the piano, an' though I wouldn't 'zactly want to compare myself to Mr. Paderewski or compare piano playin' to cookin', I never actually had to learn to cook—I jes did it natu'al like.

Yes, Ma'm! I'se cert'nly a bawn cook. It's in my blood, 'cause my father, he was in the same line of business. He was a slave, an' the folks what owned my father was ver' fine people an' good to their slaves. He was butler in that family, an' it's a sure thing you can't be a fine butler 'less you's a fine cook, an' that's what my father was.

I was jes a little feller then, but I'd watch him goin' into the dinin'-room, fixin' things up, an' I see how eve'ythin' was done. From that I growed up, fust to be a butler myself an' then a chef. That's what started me out.

Now, there's lots of things cooked in the kitchen what a little dressin' up will improve the looks of, an' that kinder improves the taste. The way a thing looks cert'nly helps to make it *taste* better, so if you's a good butler you knows how to fix up in the pantry the mistakes the cooks makes in the kitchen!

Yes, Ma'm! I'se cooked for lots of folks—all kinds of celebrities, too, includin' some ver' fine ladies, but the ver' greatest person I ever cooked for, and the last person I ever cooked for, was Mr. Paderewski. He was the ver' last person I ever will cook for, an' I cert'nly deemed him the shinin' light of 'em all—he was the star of my whole career!

Yes, Ma'm! I had my chef's cap on my head for more'n thirty-five years, an' 'twas while I was in Mr. Paderewski's service that I took off'en my cap forever, an' retired from my profession. That's what I is now—jes retired. Though I ain't so retired that I don't like cookin' better'n anythin' else—an' I likes to talk 'bout it, too.

Mr. Paderewski and the Madame were the ver' finest folks I ever cooked for. I felt closer to Mr. Paderewski than anybody else. My fust goin' to him was twenty-five years ago. He'd ben tourin' the country longer'n that, but that's when I come with him. It 'pears he'd had quite some trouble with his chefs in the beginnin'—they didn't understand his ways. Natu'ally he didn't like any of 'em, an' somethin' had to be done about it. He was havin' a terrible fuss and trouble with 'em—nobody did nothin' to suit him, an' he was gettin' so worked up and nervous, the Pullman Company figgered as I was the ver' best they had in that line of business, an' there wa'n't

By Mary Lawton

nothing too good for Mr. Paderewski, they'd better send me to him. I was mo' of a *private* chef, you might say, than any of the rest, so they figgered that I bein' a little more private would understand Mr. Paderewski an' his ways, an' suit him better'n anybody else, so they sent me 'way out to Frisco to meet him.

'Course I felt like lots of folks would feel, 'twas goin' to be a pretty tough job to please him, but I felt from the beginnin' I could suit him, an' I cert'nly did.

You see, eve'ybody knows what they wants—leastways they think they does—an' my principle's always ben to give it to 'em as near as I could.

Yes, Ma'm! I met Mr. Paderewski in Frisco on his fust trip that season, an' I started right out on tour with him. 'Course when I got there I was kinder nervous, 'cause I knowed they had a lot of chefs what fell down befo' me, but I made up my mind from the ver' beginnin' I was always goin' to do jes zactly the way he asked me, regardless of my own notions. An' that's a good rule if you is a cook!

Twenty-five years is cert'nly a long time ago, but I 'members jes like 'twas yesterday, the fust lunch I cooked for him the day I got there. We had a ver' nice bouillon to start with, 'cause Mr. Paderewski always wanted that fust, no matter what happened. Then comes a delicate little omelette. Now, that don't sound so ver' wonderful, an' there ain't nothin' ver' special 'bout a omelette, 'cept the way it's cooked. Some omelettes is as tough as a ole leather shoe, but my omelettes is light as a feather, so they's worth mentionin'. Then I 'members havin' some ver' nice, tender lamb chops, an' sweet potatoes, too, 'cause I likes 'em so much myself, I reckoned he ought to. But I knowed I must have somethin' ver' special for that fust meal—somethin' he cert'nly never had befo'—even in Poland! So I made up my mind I'd give him a salad with my famous Christmas dressin' on it.

Yes, Ma'm! That Christmas dressin' is a ver' special dressin'. Ver' few folks knows 'bout it, 'cause I only makes it on ver' great occasions. I figgered this fust lunch for Mr. Paderewski was a ver' great occasion for me—my poor ole head was goin' to stay on or fall off by that lunch, an' I knowed it.

My fust dessert—why, I 'members that jes as if 'twas today. I wa'n't so sure what to get for him, so I asks the porter what he reckoned Mr. Paderewski liked best. An' he say "Pancakes, maybe." So I made my German pancakes. An' they was cert'nly delicious.

'Course I was mighty anxious after eve'y course to know how things was goin' in the dinin' car. An' the porter he was anxious, too, 'cause he was gettin' mighty tired of all the different chefs they'd ben havin'. So I tipped him off to run out, soon's he got a chance, an' tell me how things was goin'. You see, that porter he'd ben with Mr. Paderewski for quite some time, an' had caught onto his ways, so he knowed right off which way the wind was blowin'. So soon's he could, he'd run out to the kitchen to me.

After the omelette he comes out, lookin' quite comfortable, an' he say, "Jimmie, eve'ythin' seems to be all right—so far!"

I say: "Yes, so far, so good, but we ain't *through* the meal yet! We's only startin'! Lord knows what'll happen 'fore we gets to the end!"

He kep' comin' back after eve'y course, and eve'y time he come back he was mo' and mo' smilin', an' when he come to the salad he was jes plum (*Continued on page 300*)

"The very first time I see Mr. and Mrs. Paderewski I knowed what kind of folks they was. An' I knowed that nothin' that I could ever do would be too good for them"

"Yes, Ma'm! I'se Daddy—I'se Mr. Paderewski's chef. I'se the best cook Mr. Paderewski ever had—he'll tell you so hisself"

The Story of a Man Who Just Had to Have

ONE

By Mary Singer

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

F. LEWIS LORILLARD really wasn't that kind of man. For all his outward pomposity and sartorial elegance, underneath he was a simple creature, a very simple creature indeed, who loved his home, and treasured his wife Emmy, and adored his two children Patti and Lewis 2nd, and valued beyond thought the position of respect and influence he held in his community. How he, a reputable citizen in good standing and head of the F. Lewis Lorillard Associates, We Merchandise Your Product—an organization which he had built up from a pup, so to speak—had come to get himself embroiled in such a mess, he couldn't for the life of him tell. But here was Emmy going around stiff-necked, and red-eyed, and talking divorce. And here were the children looking from one to the other of them with perplexed, suspicious glances. And he didn't want a divorce from Emmy, and he couldn't stand the sight of the perplexed, suspicious glances.

Good Lord, he loved Emmy! He always had, and he always would! He knew she wasn't as good-looking as she once had been. She had lost her figure, and she couldn't quite go the pace of the younger people who had grown up around her. But then he had lost his figure, too! And if he went without a night's sleep he didn't feel so awfully chipper either! Besides, he hadn't married Emmy for her looks twenty-five years before. He had married her because—well, because she was Emmy. That was why. And figure or no figure, wasn't she Emmy still? He had wanted to buy her things! and take her places. And he still wanted to buy her things and take her places!

That was why he had worked so hard. Gosh! He hadn't taken a vacation, a real vacation in—oh! ever so many years. He didn't even play golf. Because every spare minute he had—not that he had any when you came right down to it; being head of the F. Lewis Lorillard Associates didn't leave a man with spare minutes hanging on his hands—because every spare minute he had he liked to spend puttering around the house. They had had the house built only a few years ago, and it was himself who said so, it was a pretty nifty little shack. It had a rock garden, and a fountain, and an infinitesimal pool. And next year—next year—

But if things went on the way they were going, there wouldn't be any next year, not with Emmy, anyway. Good Gosh, if he couldn't get her to understand— But how could he get her to understand when he didn't himself? And he really didn't understand. He hadn't deliberately set out to get involved in this dilemma. It had happened—why, it had happened almost without his knowing it was happening!

As far as he could make out, it all came about because on a certain morning in June he had felt blue. Not that he had any definite reason for feeling blue. Everything had been going well with him, as a matter of fact; better than usual. He had just had the house boarded up for the summer and moved the family out to the bungalow on the point where they went each year. And that very morning, when he had come in to breakfast, Emmy had brought him some extraordinary good news.

"Lewis!" she had cried. "Guess what!" And before he could attempt to: "Patti's engaged! Doug gave her a ring last night!"

"You don't say!" He had been overjoyed. So overjoyed that he could hardly speak. "Doug!" He liked Doug. Liked his family. Liked his connections. "Where—where *is* Patti?"

After all, F. Lewis Lorillard was a girl with golden hair, a red, who said: "Isn't this *nice!* I've

LITTLE KICK

Before He Settled Down to Middle-Age

going to be fifty. And here was red mouth, and wide blue eyes, never lunched this way before"

"Here!" She came from behind a curtain to throw herself upon him. She showed him the ring. She hugged him and kissed him ecstatically.

"Well!" he had boomed. "I suppose I'd better begin saving up for a wedding? Eh, what?"

Patti had cried, "Oh! not so soon!"

And Emmy had echoed, "Indeed, not! We'll wait till she's twenty."

And he had had his breakfast and gone off to catch the eight-ten into the city, feeling rather elated.

Patti and Doug! He had always hoped that some day— But he had never been sure that it would come about. Girls didn't always choose the men who were most worth while. And the Crawfords, Doug's people, were well up in the world. Really—

But all of a sudden, in the midst of his elation, his thoughts had taken another turn. Patti engaged! Why, only yesterday she was a baby! Emmy had said they must wait till she was twenty. Twenty! That was so. Patti was going to be twenty. And if Patti was going to be twenty, he must be going to be—Good Lord! He grew panicky with the thought. He *couldn't* be going to be fi— Why, say! That was impossible!

He hadn't been properly forty yet. Of course, he had had birthdays. Forty-one, forty-two. So on. And Emmy had always given him a smoking jacket that he never wore, and Patti a pair of easy slippers that he sent unused, at the end of the year, to the Salvation Army, and Lewis 2nd, a couple of classy collegiate ties that he could always borrow back again should the need arise. There had been the birthdays. There must have been the years, too. But where—how— Here he was going to be fi— He gulped. Swallowed. Fifty! And he hadn't done half the things he had meant to do! All those trips he had planned in the back of his mind, all those adventures he meant to have, all those—

Not that fifty was old, mind you. Not at all! Men were just in their prime at fifty, just hitting their stride. Look what Wilson had been at fifty. And Roosevelt. At the very peak of their careers. The very peak! And when you got right down to it, age and being old were individual matters. Some men were old at thirty. Others were young at sixty. He himself had never felt better, stronger, haler, fitter, peppier. He threw out his chest, swung his cane. (Oh, yes! F. Lewis Lorillard wore a cane. It went with his sartorial elegance and his outward pomposity.)

But there was a chill down his spine, a clammy feeling around his vitals.

He sat down in the train and opened his newspaper.

And as he did so, the girl came in. Came in on her high, spikey little heels, and smiled, and sat down directly opposite.

"Good-morning," she said cheerily.

F. Lewis Lorillard raised his hat. He knew her. She came from the bungalow next to theirs on the point. Emmy had told him something about its being rented by a sort of club of six young business women. He remembered, now, that when she went in swimming this young woman wore the green bathing suit, and an evening or two before he had helped her to her feet after a gigantic wave had thrown her over.

The train gathered speed, and the girl took off her hat. Her hair was a cap of red-gold bells that bobbed around and seemed to tinkle. (The women of F. Lewis Lorillard's

family were all dark.) Her eyes were wide and blue. She wore no rouge on her cheeks, but her mouth was the smallest, reddest cupid's bow that ever was on land or sea.

"Going to be hot again," she said.

"Looks that way," agreed F. Lewis Lorillard.

He thought she must be about as old as Patti. Nineteen. Possibly twenty. (He found out afterward she was twenty-six.) She had more poise, though, than Patti. (He found out afterward that it wasn't poise, but brazenness hiding under a cloak of guile.)

"I hate hot weather."

"I don't like it much myself."

"It's nice out at the point, though. You hardly feel the heat."

"That's so."

"Sometimes I wish I didn't have to go into the city at all."

"Do you?"

He wasn't much of a hand with women, F. Lewis Lorillard, not conversationally, anyway. But she kept up a light chatter, and he had to answer. And when the train drew into the station forty-five minutes later, and he found that she walked in the same direction he did, what could he do but step side by side with her? And besides, for some reason, it was—well, nice, having her there at his side. Her hair was so gold, and her lips so red, and her heels so high, and her eyes had such a way of going over a man flatteringly.

F. Lewis Lorillard forgot the chill that had gone down his spine earlier in the morning and the clammy feeling that had come at his vitals. He forgot he was going to marry off a daughter. He forgot he was going to be fifty. He only knew that where an hour ago he had been blue, now there was a warmness pulsing through him. He stepped jauntily along. A girl can have that effect on a man without his being interested in her at all. Her youth alone will do it.

It was not in his planning to take her to lunch three days later. As a matter of fact he rarely took lunch. He was dieting, was F. Lewis Lorillard, and when noon hour came he usually went down to the cafeteria in the basement of his office building and appeased the gnawings of his stomach with a glass of buttermilk.

He was bound upon this mission on this particular day—was, indeed, in the very act of entering the cafeteria—when he heard his name called from behind. He turned about and—

"Oh, Mr. Lorillard!" cried the girl, for it was she, clad in a pale yellow frock that made her look, with her golden hair, like a shaft of sunlight. "Oh, Mr. Lorillard!"

Her voice was so light, so eager, so utterly childlike. "What a lucky thing I ran into you! For I've had the most embarrassing accident! I took this bag, this morning, to go with my dress, and I didn't notice that it had a hole in it—" She held up a smart little thing of white kid and poked a finger through a corner of it. "And I was just going to get some lunch. I get so frightfully weak if I don't eat at noon time. I wonder—would you think it dreadful of me if I asked you—I'll return it the very first thing in the morning. And I'll be ever so much obliged to you—"

"Not at all! Not at all!" boomed F. Lewis Lorillard, putting his hand to his wallet pocket.

On second thought, however, he stayed it. "Tell you what," he said, like a boy who has just struck upon a wonderful idea. "Suppose you let me take you to lunch? That would—"

"Oh, no!" said the girl. "Oh, no, Mr. Lorillard! I couldn't. I wouldn't impose upon your kindness. Besides, what would people think if they saw—"

"Nonsense!" snapped F. Lewis Lorillard with a grand disregard for such twaddle. "Come along."

He gathered her masterfully under the arm, bore her along into the cafeteria, to the back where there was a room cut off by a magnificent draped curtain.

"Gosh! I've got a daughter as old as you! What *could* people think except that— Such a fuss over a lunch!"

Now this room that F. Lewis Lorillard approached through the back of the cafeteria was not always approached thus, by a rear alley so to speak. In the street, on the most important and main side of the building, it had a magnificent and pretentious entrance. There was a long flight of gray-carpeted stairs leading down to it, and a foyer done in gray marble with wall niches where rose lights gleamed discreetly, and full-length mirrors, and rose and gray retiring rooms for the ladies and gentlemen, and a very major domo of a head waiter, tall and imposing in full dress. And—oh, yes!—an orchestra.

F. Lewis Lorillard had quite forgotten about the orchestra. When he had headed for the room behind the curtain, the only thought that had been in his mind was that if you were staking a lady to a lunch, you might as well do it properly. F. Lewis Lorillard was quite a stickler for what was proper. And a luncheon out of a cafeteria, eaten from a tin tray, with knives and forks wrapped in paper napkins, didn't seem quite right. That was why he had headed for the room behind the curtain. But he had forgotten the orchestra. And now it played him a dirty trick.

After all, one must remember that F. Lewis Lorillard was going to be fifty. He had a wife, two children, one of whom was on the verge of matrimony, and a position in the community. He wasn't—no, he wasn't—the kind of man who takes music, a lady, and a dance or two with his mid-day meal. No, no. But here was the orchestra. And a little square of dancing space. And a girl with golden hair, a red, red mouth, and wide blue eyes, who said, after a delicious cup of tomato bouillon:

"Isn't that *nice!* You know, I've never lunched this way before!"

She sat and smiled, and nodded her head, and tapped her feet to the time of the music. The waiter took a long time between courses, and while waiting, people got up and danced. Not jazzily, not jerkily, the way F. Lewis Lorillard saw them dance at the country clubs. The music wasn't conducive to that kind of dancing. It went slower, sweeter, more—more — well — sentimentally, romantically. F. Lewis didn't notice just then that three-quarters of the men eating at the tables were in the neighborhood of fifty and over. And that three-quarters of the women with them were no more than in their twenties, perhaps less. The management knew that, however. Hence the orchestra that played slower, sweeter, more—well—romantically.

There was one pretty thing that had a nice swing to it. The violins mounted to it gradually with a slow, pulling pianissimo. The girl sat humming it ecstatically under her breath.

"Pretty thing," said F. Lewis. "What is it?"

"'Can't Do Without You,'" She buttered a bit of crisp roll, ate it, then began to sing softly, her eyebrows lifted, her eyes half shut.

"All my life, I did without you—
But now I can't do without you—
All my life I never missed you—
Until I kissed you I never missed you—
All through life I went
And thought that I was meant
To live and be content
Without you—
Then I put my arms around about—
you—
And now I can't do without you."

"Take a turn to it?" said F. Lewis Lorillard.

A funny look was in his eye. A look that was duplicated in the eyes of three-quarters of the men in that room behind the curtain.

"Oh, let's!" breathed the girl.

What seemed barely five minutes afterward, when they were having coffee, and

SACHET

By Sonia Ruthèle Novák

"WHEN *I am gone to Araby,*"
My guest said, "Wouldn't myrrh
Be pleasing for a sachet gift?
Or what would you prefer?"

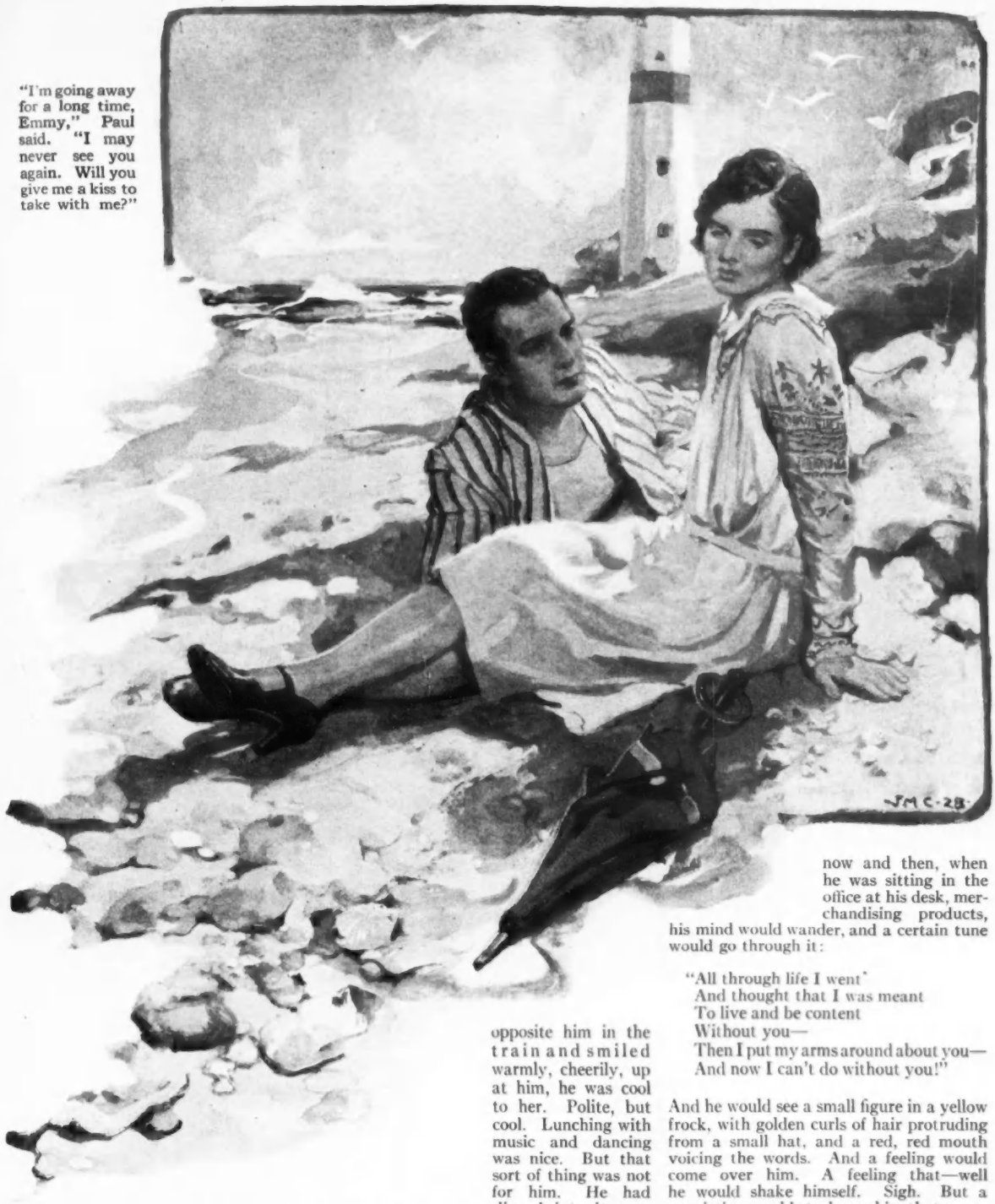
MY *jars were filled with many oils*
Out of the East, and paste,
But lately, I'd neglected them,
And let them go to waste,

SINCE *having caught the simple scents*
Of cool dew on cut grass,
And quick, hot rain on deep, piled dust
Where ragged whirlwinds pass;

AND *steady noon on peeling trunks*
Of old wild cherry trees,
So if I chose a sachet now,
I'd want it full of these.

I'D *want it bottled in blue wind*
With green stars shooting through,
And curving in a fitted mould
That's easy to undo.

BUT *since that is impossible*
To ask of any man,
I modestly replied, "I think
I'd rather have a fan!"



"I'm going away for a long time, Emmy," Paul said. "I may never see you again. Will you give me a kiss to take with me?"

pie with ice-cream, he suddenly looked at the clock.

"*Good* Lord!" he cried. "It can't be that late!"

The girl scrambled hastily to her feet, picked up her bag. "Now I'll catch it!"

They hurried out. F. Lewis went one way. She, another. He missed an appointment with a prospect he had spent months lining up, and all afternoon he was conscience-ridden.

"Darn fool!" he kept berating himself. "I could kick myself. Kick myself!"

The next morning, when she sat down opposite him in the train and smiled warmly, cheerily, up at him, he was cool to her. Polite, but cool. Lunching with music and dancing was nice. But that sort of thing was not for him. He had slipped into it once by accident. But she must understand that it would not happen again. He couldn't afford such a waste of time. Besides, what would Emmy say? How could he explain the incident to her, should she ever come to hear of it? Not that she would demand an explanation. But she had a right to, if she wished. She was his wife, wasn't she? And F. Lewis still clung to the old idea that husbands and wives sort of own each other.

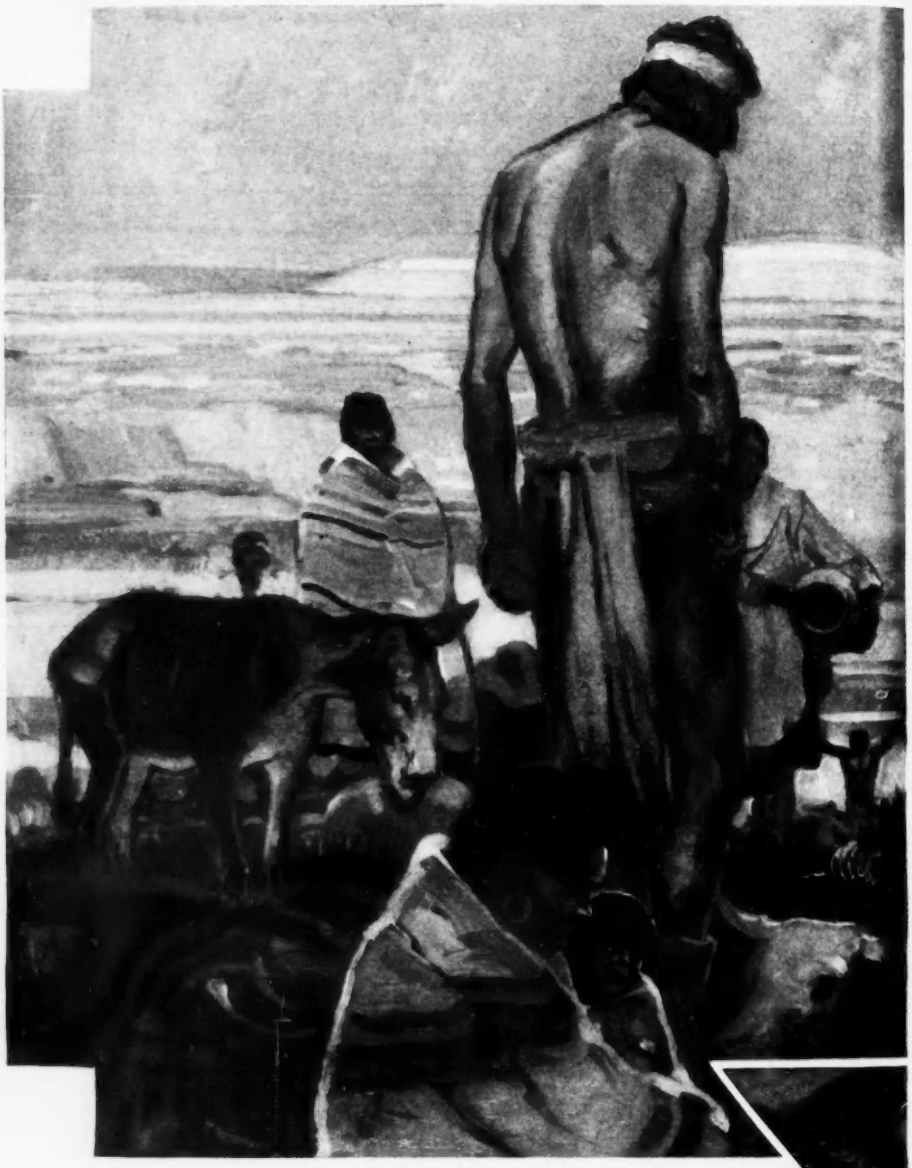
So he was cool to the girl. Polite, but cool. He said "Yes" and "No" and "Is that so?" to her various remarks, and he would not let himself warm up. But every now and then, when he was sitting in the office at his desk, merchandising products, his mind would wander, and a certain tune would go through it:

"All through life I went'
And thought that I was meant
To live and be content
Without you—
Then I put my arms around about you—
And now I can't do without you!"

And he would see a small figure in a yellow frock, with golden curls of hair protruding from a small hat, and a red, red mouth voicing the words. And a feeling would come over him. A feeling that—well he would shake himself. Sigh. But a conviction would steal over him that something—he knew not exactly what—had slipped out of his life forever.

As the summer went on, that conviction grew. F. Lewis waxed vaguely, indefinitely, restless and dissatisfied. Things that had brought him pleasure before seemed suddenly flat and meaningless. He sought something, craved it. There was ever within him an impulse to tear loose from himself and go running, flying, he didn't know where, but away, into strange places, among strange sights. He was abruptly tired of the sameness of his life. The work, work, (*Continued on page 156*)

THIS is not a muck-raking article. Current hearings before the Senate Investigating Committee are corroborating every statement Miss Connolly makes. In fact, the Indians' plight is even worse than we are picturing it. We hope that our readers will ask their Senators for the printed reports of the Committee hearings and then, through their clubs, insist that justice be assured the Indian, now and hereafter. We can not do less



Through the "management" of their affairs by the Indian and actual want. Water that should be theirs has been al- improvements that do not benefit them. Their welfare seems

"WE STILL

ALL day we had been rushing by motor through the awful grandeur of the New Mexico desert. Now, at sunset, we were approaching the Navajo Reservation. Overhead, like a glittering bowl, arched the blue sky. Against it in the west hung incredible masses of flaming cloud. The heavens were ablaze.

Gradually the sunset faded. The hush of twilight descended. In a world of terrible, still beauty we were the only moving objects. Yet one had no sense of aloneness. For the desert was peopled with strange shapes. They thronged us: jagged, precipitous buttes tortured into fantastic forms by centuries of wind and sun.

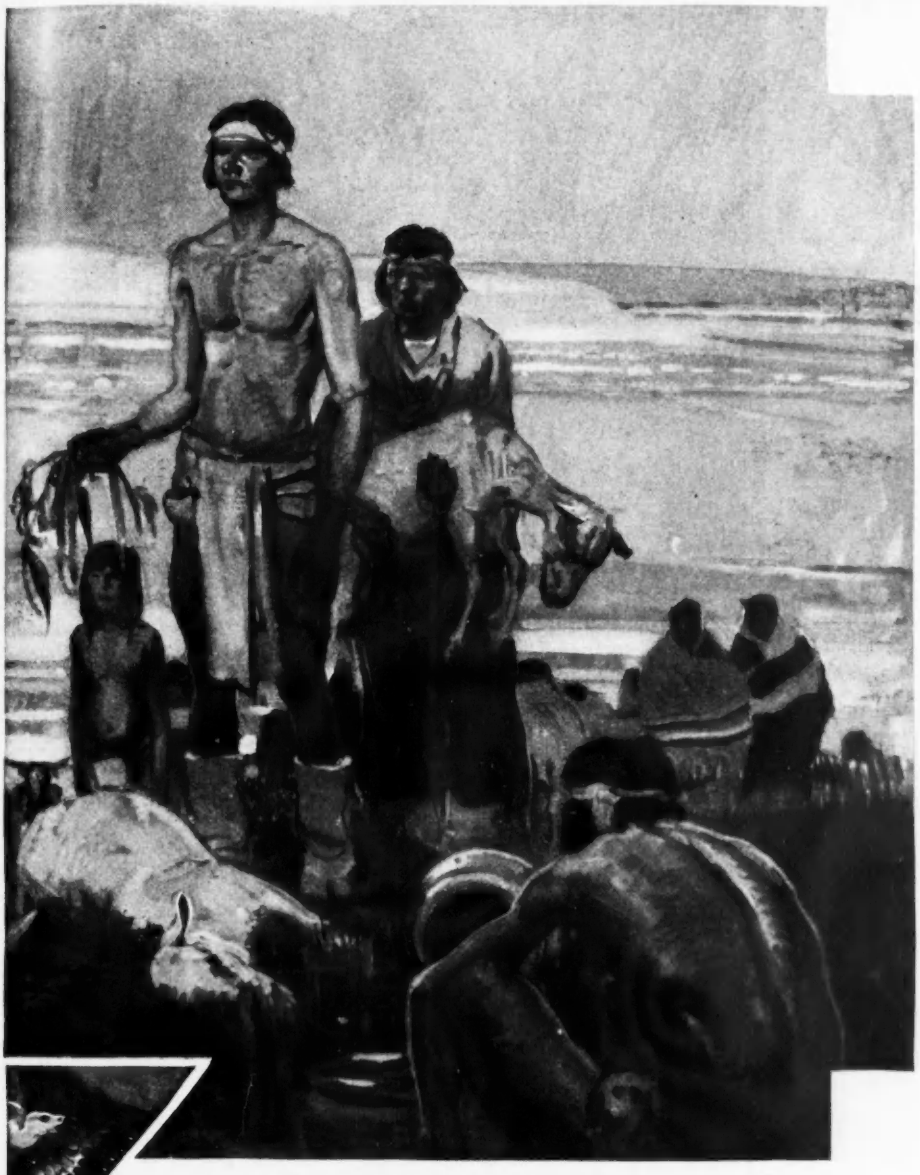
At last we were on the Navajo Reservation. We began to come upon evidences of human life. Flocks of sheep. And here and there a solitary Navajo hut ("hogan") made of logs and mud, with a fire blazing before it.

Presently the Navajos commenced to pass us on horseback, in twos and threes. Some were shouting and driving their sheep. Others jogged along wearily with bridles clinking.

The men wore shabby, soft-hued blouses, silver belts, long turquoise earrings, and colored bands around their heads. The women were in faded velvet basques of once-brilliant colors, six-yard cotton skirts of contrasting hues, and many strings of native jewelry. Bizarre as gipsies they were, yet dignified, as only Indians are dignified. And even in the dusk we sensed their dejection and their want. Their manner was that of an oppressed, disheartened people. And in every group were several who were coughing, coughing, coughing. On the desert in late summer!

The night settled more firmly down. Stars sprang out, like the eyes of dead Indians of the past gazing down bitterly on the sorrows of their descendants. On the white man's eternal, abominable game of robbing his red brother!

For a hundred and fifty years we have been about it—this slow, determined robbing of the American Indian. It is the black blot on our record as a nation. And it is a crime not of the past alone, but of the immediate present! There are still 225,000 restricted Indians in this country. And they are being looted—it is said—on a



Bureau many an Indian tribe has been reduced to poverty lotted to white settlers—their tribal funds have been used for to have been completely forgotten. And the Indians say—

Get ROBBED"

By Vera L. Connolly

Illustrated By Herbert M. Stoops

scale undreamed of in the past. Rumors to this effect had reached us on the Atlantic seaboard. And the Editor of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING had sent me West, to six different states, to talk to the Indians themselves. That was why I was on the Navajo Reservation that night.

Halting some of the homeward-bound Navajos, we exchanged chat with them there in the early desert starlight, one of our party acting as interpreter. We asked them how they fared.

They made discouraged replies. I can still see them sitting there, slouched forward on their ponies, their dark faces, lined with patient endurance, turned toward us eagerly.

"We need more land," said one. "We have not enough range for our sheep."

"But first, we need water-holes," urged another. "Our lambs are dying. We will lose many lambs this year. Water we must have."

All agreed with this. There was a chorus of "Ho!" meaning "Yes."

"Maybe," said an old man, "the Government will give us better stock to build up our flocks? Our sheep are not good. We are poor. It is hard to live." (There are some 35,000 Navajos. And their total earnings amount to less than $100 a year, a person.)

"We have much sickness. We need doctors. But the white people do not care," said a young man bitterly, between coughs.

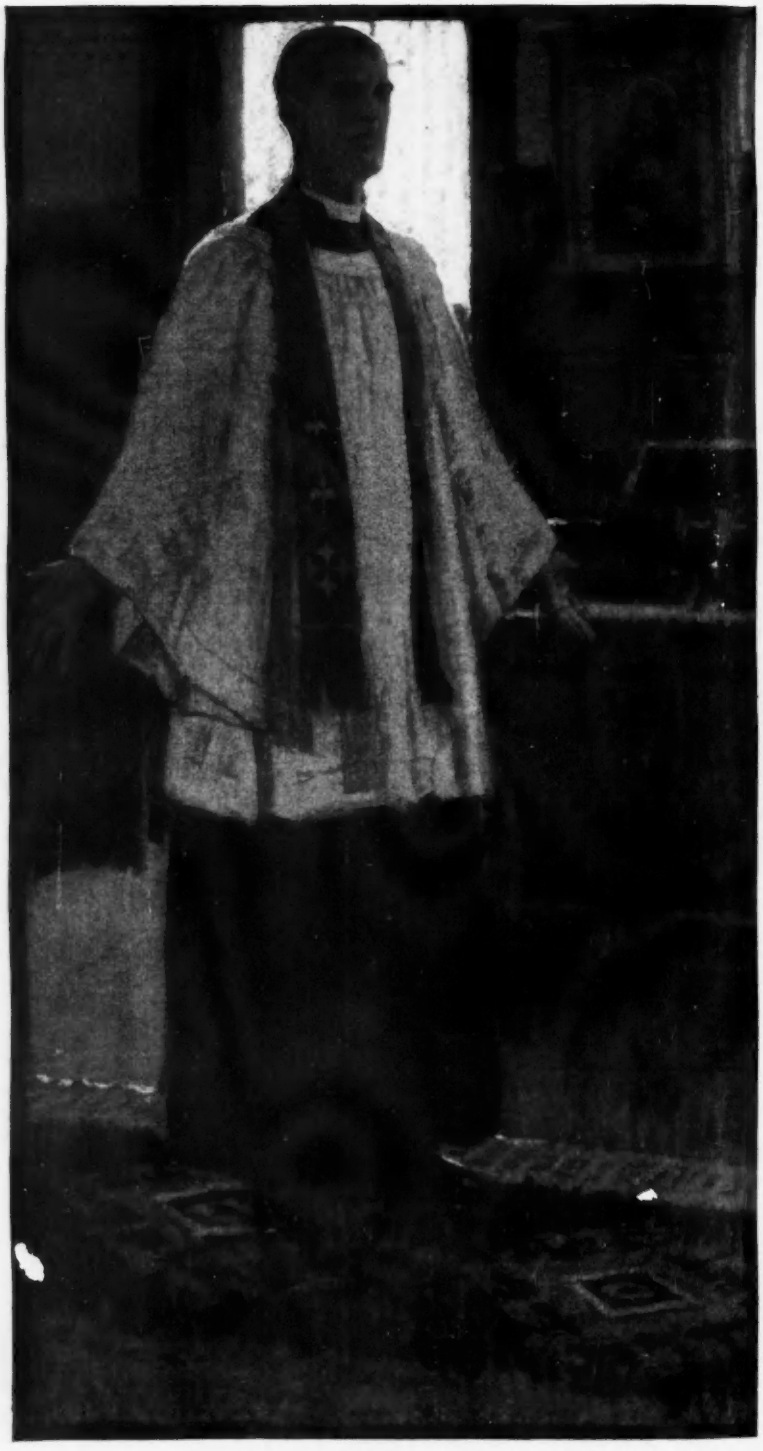
We assured them that many great-hearted American men—and all women who had heard anything about the Indians' plight—did care!

Leaving this hope in their hearts, we pushed on. There was a wrong being done the Navajos, greater even than lack of water or neglect of health. It was this we had come to hear about.

Turning sharply from the main road at last, we drove up the side of a hill, through a grove of stunted trees. We came out suddenly in a little clearing where two hogans stood and two Navajo families were sojourning. The Indians were moving about a small fire and in and out of the hogans. On a rude loom, set up out-of-doors, was a half-finished blanket. By the light of the fire an old silversmith sat hammering out silver jewelry from Mexican dollars.

In our party was one who knew these Navajo families well, and we were ceremoniously made welcome. Every man, woman, and child (*Continued on page 249*)

Little BOY Blue



"My dear," the girl said gently, "we missed you. We scrimped to buy the radio out. You're not preaching about God any more. You're

THE stout trustee settled himself gingerly into the farthest corner of the uncushioned pew and thought of St. Luke's, back in the city. With warm light slanting through stained-glass windows. With deep carpets and velvet upholstery. And always the murmur of organ music reaching half-way to heaven. The stout trustee, his eyes taking in the rude pine woodwork, the altar bare of embroidery and carving, the choir loft with its folding camp chairs, sighed gustily. And told himself that never again would he feel called upon to attend Sunday service in an isolated village church. Better to stay at home—to read and to meditate. The rest of the house-party were doing just that. Why hadn't he been content to make this summer day, the last day of a country visit, one of rest? Instead of—again the stout trustee sighed! For the stout trustee was prepared to be bored.

All about him the congregation was taking its place. Not the sort of silk-lined congregation that rustled through each aisle, at St. Luke's. Tired men, with sun-crisped faces and work-hardened fingers. Weary women, with children clinging to either hand. People who showed unmistakably and pitifully the mark of a poverty-swept farming community. The stout trustee, watching them from the shelter of drooping eyelids, felt oddly alien. Somehow he didn't belong in this starved house of worship. He belonged back in the city, where there was wealth and the sort of beauty that wealth alone could buy.

Up in the choir loft the organ—a wheezy, decrepit affair—was beginning to play. A young girl was sitting at the organ. The sunlight from one of the plain, high windows tangled itself in her uncovered, moon-gold hair. She played rather well—drawing a certain quaint sympathy from the rusty instrument. One could sense an undercurrent of reverence—one knew that the congregation was resting beneath that reverence. There was a sense of peace throughout the church. Peace and—

At the side of the pulpit a door opened abruptly, and a man came out. The stout trustee saw that he was a young man in a shabby serge suit. That he, too, looked thin and a trifle tired—that his face also showed the mark of the out-of-doors. He was like his congregation—this minister. Not over them, not above them. Common clay he was. Matching the pine woodwork and the wheezy organ. Again, and for the third time, the stout trustee sighed. Then all at once he was swept into the melody of the first hymn.

It was a simple hymn, the first one. So simple that they never sang it any more back in St. Luke's. In fact, the stout trustee was surprised to discover that he knew the words. A throwback, he told himself, to his childhood. He was equally surprised when he realized that he had joined lustily in the singing. Back in the city he was content to listen to the highly-paid choir. Perhaps, he told himself, he was singing because he—like the rest of

a radio so that once a week we could have you with us. But we took preaching about things. It's got you—the city and St. Luke's"

Margaret E. Sangster's

Story of a Preacher who Forgot God Because He Thought too Much of Himself

Illustrated by Maurice L. Bower

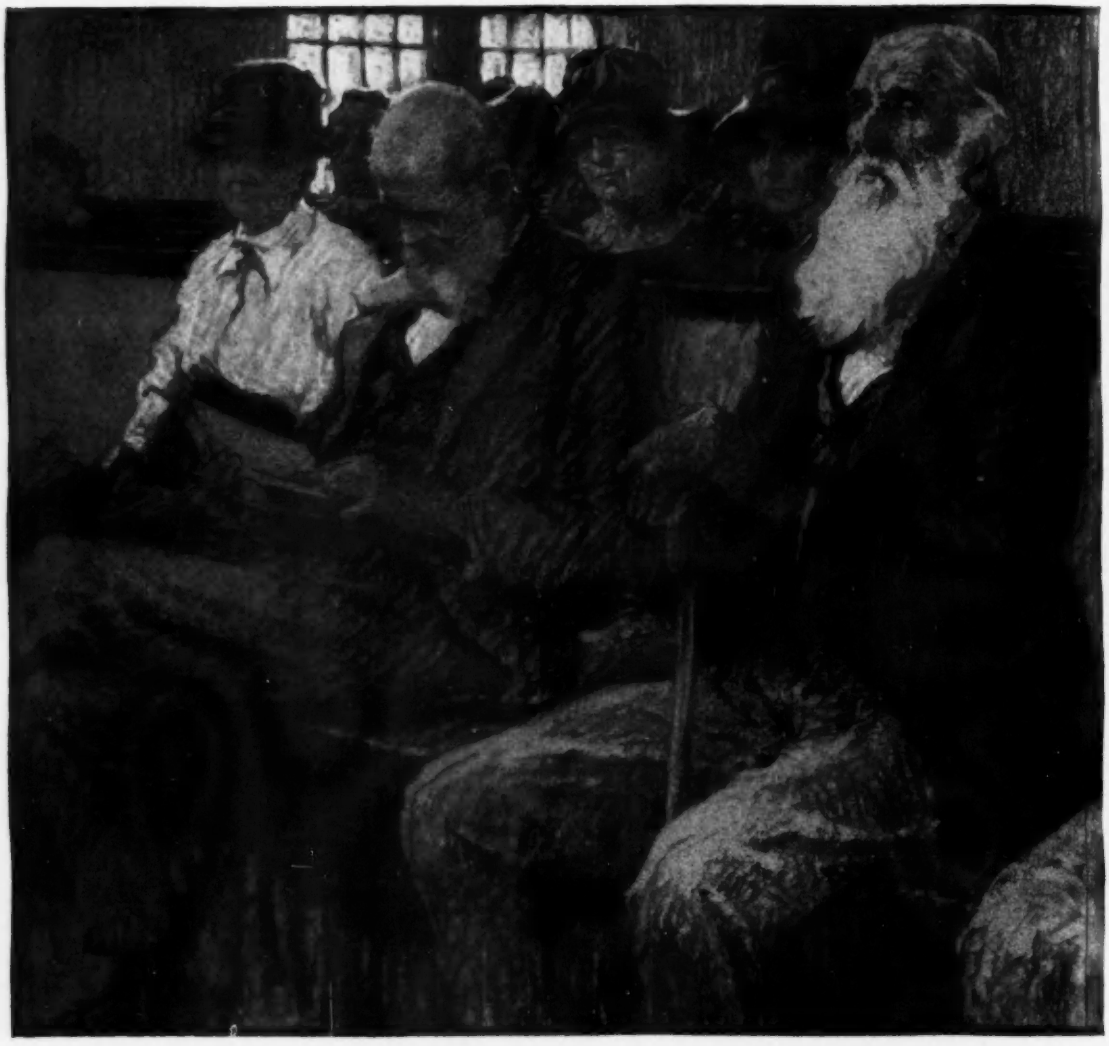
the congregation—was losing himself so completely in the music. It was as if in singing they found an escape. Somehow it was as if he also had found one. All at once, and for no reason that he could locate, the stout trustee was glad that he had left the house-party. Was glad that he had followed an impulse. He did not quite understand until—

Oh, not until the hymn was over. That—and the second hymn. Not until the thin, shabby young man had read the Scripture in a resonant, untrained voice. Not until the piteously small collection had been taken into unpainted boxes (shades of the silver service at St. Luke's!). Not until suddenly the thin young man had knelt to pray. For when he prayed, the thin young man was no longer a shabby country preacher. He was a glorified disciple with a golden message to give. Under the power and loveliness of that prayer, the stout trustee found that he was remembering many things—things that he had almost forgotten at St. Luke's.

They came to him again, these lost memories. With the sermon which was as lovely and powerful as the prayer—and as simple as the hymns in which the people had taken their part. The stout trustee had heard the greatest preachers of the time—in the ornate pulpit at St. Luke's, and in other ornate pulpits. Suave they were, these other preachers, and polished and word-perfect and elegant. They had built their sermons as a beautiful mosaic is built. Fitting phrase against phrase. Polishing this simile, burnishing that metaphor. But, oh, they hadn't been able to make the stout trustee think of his first communion, and his first heartbreak, and his first moment of fulfilment. They hadn't made him remember the prayers that he had learned at his mother's knee—and the other prayers that he had said above her grave. They hadn't made his young ambitions rewake—these other sermons! They hadn't brought the quick tears to his eyes . . . .

Covertly, and through those tears, the stout trustee found himself staring into the keen, almost hungry face of the young minister, trying to read there the secret of the fellow's eloquence and appeal. What was it? For it was more than youth and simplicity. It was more, even, than love. It was—all at once the stout trustee had it—it was a sympathetic understanding of need. This congregation—this weary, overworked, pitiful congregation! They needed *loveliness*. And through some divine power, the young minister was able to give it to them.

"If only," the stout trustee said in his



The secret of the young minister's eloquence and appeal was more than youth and of need. This weary, pitiful, overworked congregation needed loveliness. And

soul, "if only we had some one, back in St. Luke's, who could give it to *us!* We—we're just as tired and overworked as these people. We have money—and luxury—but we haven't this sort of thing. We haven't found it for sale. Not anywhere. Oh," all at once the stout trustee was sorry for himself and for the rest of the luxurious congregation of which he was a part, back in the city— "Oh, what a man like this one could do—"

The young minister in the pulpit was pausing. Suddenly, and as if he were utterly spent, he passed his hand across his brow. And then his head was bent in a swift, curiously personal benediction, and the girl in the choir loft was answering it with a thin, sweet thread of song.

The stout trustee found himself filing out of the plain little church among the shabby men and the women who were their wives and mothers. He went with his mind in a curiously uplifted state, with his heart refreshed and his soul a living thing. And in his mind—in his heart and in his soul—an idea was taking form and purpose and reality.

IT WAS six months before the young minister received the letter upon the engraved stationery of St. Luke's. For—even though stout trustees are rich and powerful and hold firmly the reins of church politics and policies—certain things take time.

It was six months before the young minister's face grew white with surprise—before his eyes darkened with unbelief! Before he hurried into his threadbare great-coat and started post-haste for the little cottage where the girl lived. The girl who had always—since he entered the ministry—shared his hopes and his ambitions and his dreams. But even in his hurry he had to pause. Twice—to read the incredible letter over—on the road to the girl's cottage!

The sunlight of winter. It wasn't so brilliant as the summer sunlight that had found her hair one Sunday morning in the choir loft of the little church. And there wasn't music coming up from her slim fingers. But the young minister thought that she had never seemed so pretty, so desirable, so much his own, as she did when she opened her cottage door to him. Her eyes widened with surprise when she saw who stood on the threshold.

"Why, Jaimie," she chided gently, even as she raised her lips to his kiss—"Why, dear. Shouldn't you be doing your mid-week sermon? Has something happened?"

The young minister's voice was hoarse as he answered. "Read this!" he told her abruptly. And thrust the letter into her hands. "Read it—it's a call. It's more than a call. It's a great opportunity. From St. Luke's. On the *Avenue*. In the *city*. They want *me*."

The girl was reading the letter. Her eyes, too, were widening, darkening. Her face, too, was swiftly white. But when it came, her comment was almost irrelevant.

"The Reverend James Lane Hall," she said, "that's how they address you. It seems so *grand!*"

And then, all at once, the tears were coursing down over her face.

"I'm crying," she told the young minister, "because I'm so proud of you. Because it's so wonderful—so utterly wonderful. Because we'll—miss you—so terribly!"

But the Reverend James Lane Hall had gathered the slender, shaken figure into his arms. Was holding it close.

"But, of course," he was soothing, "you'll go, too, if I go. If I decide that *I should go!*"

simplicity. It was more, even, than love. It was a sympathetic understanding through some divine power the young minister was able to give it to them

AND yet, when he went to the city—for he decided to go!—James Hall went alone. Not because he wanted to go alone, but because, with the girl, he had agreed that for the present it would be best.

"After all," she had argued, "you may—" was there a note of eagerness here?—"you may not be happy in a huge church. After all, you may find that your place is here. You may be coming back. And—"

The young minister had laughed. "And they may not like me well enough—to keep me—" he said. "Is that how you were going to finish the sentence, darling?"

But the girl had laid her hand tenderly over his mouth.

"Silly—" she had chided, "oh, *silly!* I was going to finish my sentence in this way! I was going to say that we hadn't planned to be married, anyhow, until the spring. And I was going to suggest that we keep to our original plans. In the spring—if everything is as it should be—if," her voice faltered ever so little, "if you still want me, I'll come to you. *In the spring.* Or you'll come back—" the slight faltering note had become a sob—"or you'll come back *home!*"

And so James Hall had gone to the city. But not until he had pressed many horny hands in farewell—not until he had looked deep into many wistful eyes. The people of the little wooden church were not clever at expressing emotion. Only—

"We'll miss you," one of them would say.

Or—

"I won't forget how you spoke—when my wife was took!"

Or—

"Let me know your address—I'll ship you a barr'l of apples."

"Per'aps—when you get your vacation—you'll come *home.* For just one service . . . ?"

So they spoke. Strangely diffident—oddly unable to tell what they were thinking. Only knowing that no new minister could quite fill the place that was being left vacant.

So they spoke. And, hardly daring to answer them, James Hall left for the city. With a battered suitcase in his hand and a great desire in his soul. And with, at the very last, a picture printed upon the surface of his heart. The picture of a girl with moon-gold hair and a quivering red mouth.

All the way to the city her voice, saying "Good-bye, Jaimie," made a rhythm with the revolution of train wheels and the flying landscape!

THE stout trustee—and two slimmer and lesser trustees—met the young man at the station. They felt very radical as they saw his shabby suitcase and the threadbare overcoat. They felt poised and sophisticated as they heard his exclamation over the limousine in which they had come to meet their new pastor. They felt even more so as they drove up the Avenue toward St. Luke's, and watched the growing wonder on a keen young face. But when, with him, they entered through the great arched doors of the church, they knew satisfaction. And the stout trustee knew himself vindicated. For the expression on James Lane Hall's wondering face was suddenly sanctified. And the look in his lifted eyes held a swift radiance.

They were proud of St. Luke's, these men. As they were proud of so many other possessions. It was their church. Even as the limousine was their limousine. Even as, in a way, the Avenue was their Avenue. Sometimes they thrilled with the pride of ownership—and this was one of the times. For—

"If," James Hall said softly, "if I could glorify God as greatly as this setting deserves! If only—*that*—" (*Continued on page 214*)

Scotty Allen

On Dog Sense

I've had a lot to do with dogs. And I have yet to find the dog that doesn't need bringing up to make it a good dog, just as a child needs proper bringing up to make it a decent adult

THE author of this article is a veteran of the Klondike gold rush, and for over forty years has worked with dogs. Three times he won the Alaskan Sweepstakes—a 450-mile race over ice and snow and sometimes through blizzards with temperatures ranging to 70° below zero. In 1915 he took 400 Alaskan dogs to the Vosges Mountains, organized them into a regular battalion, and carried ammunition to the French troops. And in all this time he has never found it necessary to be cruel to a dog

"I WANT you to chloroform this dog."

"Why?"

"He's dangerous."

"How?"

"Oh, a lot of ways. Tore the clothing off the last man who tried to handle him. Bit the fellow who cleans the kennel. Wants to fight every other dog. Howls and barks if he feels like it. Mess all around."

This conversation went on outside my place in Nome, Alaska, a few years ago. As I'd done a good deal of dog racing and brought up many dogs for sale, I suppose I was looked on as the proper person to put an undesirable dog citizen out of the way. However, I can't remember ever having killed a dog.

Dog Sense

While the man talked, I studied the dog. The poor fellow stood there with hanging head, muzzled, and leashed by a heavy chain. But I could not help noticing that his feet braced widely in the snow, that his nose was clean-cut and his eyes were keen, his chest wide and his haunches rippling with muscle.

"Will you do it, Scotty?"

By that time I'd made up my mind. "No," said I.

The fellow seemed a little taken aback. Then I guess he caught the way I was admiring the build of his dog.

"Would you care to take him?"

I said, "Sure, I'll take him."

For three days I kept the dog—Jack was his name—chained up in the big kennel where I kept my other dogs. I wanted him to get used to me, my voice, my way of doing things, and to the spirit of my other dogs. I knew by experience he'd absorb these things whether he wanted to or not.

Jack was a bad actor, all right. When I fed the gang, he'd rear up and make an awful racket, jumping and barking as if he'd tear me to pieces if I'd only give him a chance. I guess my own dogs wondered how the newcomer got away with any such behavior. They knew no animal that belonged to me was ever allowed such manners at mealtime. My old leader especially kept his eye cocked on me, no doubt looking forward to the pleasure of seeing this noisy hoodlum get what was coming to him.

But I didn't lay hands on Jack all those three days. I fed him and talked to him and saw that he had a good bed. However, I was careful not to give him a chance or excuse to jump at me. If he ever did, the row would be on. I wasn't just ready for that scrap, though I knew it had to come before Jack and I understood each other.

On the fourth morning the test came. My wife was worried. She knew Jack had a bad reputation, and his nerves had got jumpy with the row he had been kicking up.

"What's the use of taking a chance?" she said. "You know what he's done to others."

I went right up to him in a business-like way and put the harness on him. He took it without a hostile move, though I had my eye on him every second. I mated him with a strong, sensible dog on the tow line about midway between the sledge and leader. I counted on my old leader's keeping the team strung out so they wouldn't "gang" Jack, as dogs sometimes will when a new dog won't behave. That would have been the end of him.

Jack now began to jump up and down like a crazy creature. Just as his previous owner had said, the minute he was hitched, he wanted to take charge and be off. If he didn't like the way things went, he'd attack the driver or start a fight among the whole team.

On purpose I didn't have a whip in my hand. I spoke to Jack. I went around to the other dogs and adjusted their harness. "Shut up!" I called to him as he got more and more excited. When I passed him, I struck him lightly on his nose with my mitten. I wanted him to know that I had no worry about the threats he was screaming at me.

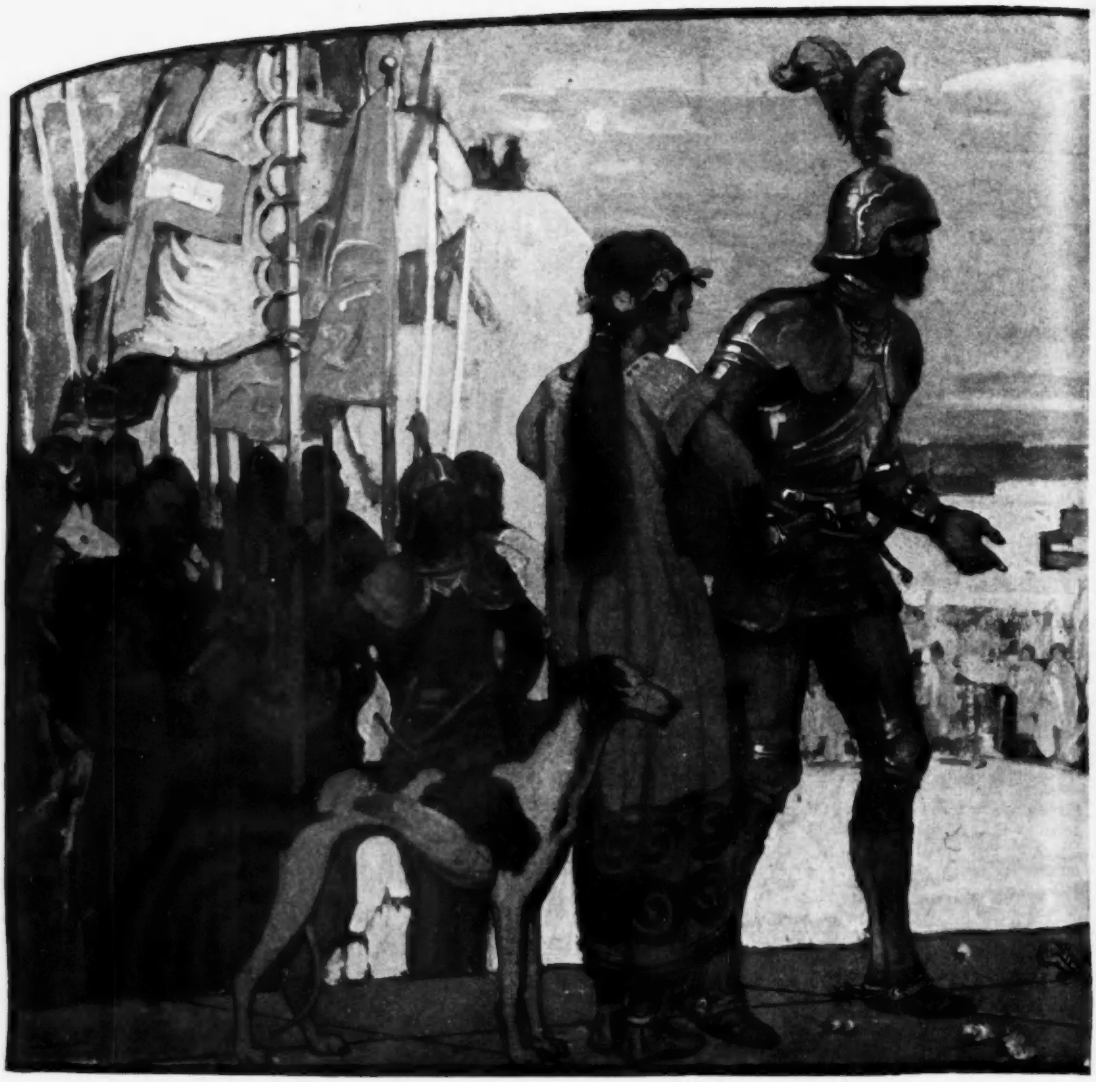
At this he flew for me like a mad wolf. But I had gauged the distance correctly. His tow line and neck strap stopped him just before he reached my throat. As he was yanked down, I sprang forward and seized him by his jowls. With the full strength of my shoulders I jammed his whole head into the snow. By throwing my weight into my elbows, I managed to hold him down until he relaxed. I had won the first round.

Now the big moment had come. I knew, and I knew that Jack knew, that I hadn't beaten him in fair fight. His fetters had given me the advantage. If I stopped now, he'd always remember this. Quickly I unsnapped his neck and

(*Continued on page 172*)

His father was a wolf—his mother a huskie—but no matter what kind of dog you have, teach him obedience first. It will pay you

I act toward my dogs as I do toward my children. I am friendly, appreciative, playful, and kind and firm



At the margin of white sand Cortez received his guests with roll of drums

The GOLDEN CABALLO

A Story of Cortez and the Strange

Illustrated by

THIS is the legend that took me in its grip while yet the snow lay in the north and icy blizzards were in the air. It sent me down into the hot, tropical land of Guatemala; farther, up a rapid-filled river of British Honduras, and into the jungle of Peten. It was a long trail, a curving trail, dipping alternately into the civilization of cities and the remote silence of places where human feet had rarely trod. It led along a shadow-mottled way, where giant palms laced their green, rattling fingers to blot out the golden sunshine overhead. Where liana vines matted in thick profusion like swinging green portières. Where purple orchids and crimson flowers hung down from green-swathed branches, censers filled with intangible jungle fragrance. And at the end of the trail was Flores, that tiny island capital of Peten, remote, apart, a little lost world in a lake of pale jade waters, surrounded on all sides by relics of the vanished Mayan empire, dreamy with hot sunshine and glamourous, moon-filled nights—Flores; the site of ancient Tayasal, the last stronghold of the once mighty Mayan people.

It was from Urbano Paht that I had the start of it. We had come into Benque Viejo at nightfall, tired from a three-day journey up the Belize River in a small, cramped motor launch, but impatient to be off the next morning with our mules and food supplies on the long jungle trail that would lead us into Flores.

and blare of trumpets. And again he spoke words of peace and conciliation

TRAIL DE FLORES

Beast that Became an Indian God

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

James E. Allen

The narrow streets were cobblestoned, with grass fringes in between. The houses were all of adobe, cool, thick-walled, palm-thatched. Pathways for oxen and mules and burros led down to the slumbrous river, where, drawn up on the bank like sleeping *lagartos*, the native canoes were moored. The river path was the trail of the moon, a great, golden jungle moon.

A mystical night, a magical night. A night for fairies, and elves, and gnomes. A night for all those spirit creatures whom the native Indios dread. And presently came Urbano Paht, to warn us of its dangers.

Urbano Paht is of Mayan birth. His face is like those you will see carved on monoliths and temple walls in Guatemala and Yucatan. He is noted for his knowledge of herbs and curative charms. He is old in years, and his vision is failing, but the sight of his heart and soul are keen. Unashamed, he believes in the ancient tales and legends of his people.

He came to us that moonlit night to warn us of the *Xtabay*, the dark-haired, evil woman spirit who lures travelers to destruction.

"For she has been on the streets of Benque," he said. "It was only last night we heard her wailing. And it is not good for you to be near the water, for that gives her most potent power."

Under the spell of his voice, we forgot the night and its haunting charm. For he

told us of things forgotten by most, remnants of folk-tales and legends. He told us of the Underground People, conquered long before the Spaniards came, who still dwell beneath the deserted ruins of cities hidden deep in the jungle. He told us of the Shadowy Man who lives in the cacao trees; and of the unearthly, singing ghosts who are the spirits of Mayan priests.

"But what of the horse of Cortez?" I asked. "Is it fact or is it a legend?"

He turned his dim, old eyes on me.

"What the people of my race call fact, yours call legend, Señorita," he said drily.

I wish I could give you the picture, as he gave it to me that night, of the glory of the Itzá nation as it was before the Conquest. Of the temples and palaces and markets, the lake crowded with commerce and pleasure, the life of a powerful, well-protected people ruled over by wise and kindly Caciques.

From time to time came rumors, he said, of strange, bearded men in the north and the west, who were cruel as gods, but whose lust was not for offerings of human hearts, rather for gold—gold—gold. They tortured and slew to obtain it.

And in the time of Ah Canek, he who was ruler of the Itzás of Peten, word came from afar that the terrible white lords clothed in shining silver, and bearing thunder with them, were piercing the matted jungle trails and were slowly coming southward.

Great was the consternation in the sacred city of Tayasal. And Ah Canek sent out a trusted messenger, one who was skilled with brush and dyes, to bring him a description of the strangers and to hear what he could of their reasons for the journey.

When at last, after many, many days and nights, the Indian returned, gaunt and weary, his body torn by jungle barbs, he brought a report so amazing, so unreal, that it only bewildered Ah Canek, instead of giving him the knowledge he wished. For how was the untutored artist of the jungle to describe intelligently the fantastic array of Cortez' army? How to draw accurately such unknown things as armor and cannons and wide-mouthed muskets? How to give a clear picture of buffoons and musicians and jugglers? Or the solemn ceremony of the Mass celebrated by the chanting monks?

But at least he told, with graphic word pictures, the desperate condition of the white invaders; how many had sickened and died while piercing the untrodden, fever-haunted jungles. He told how hunger dwelt among them until they were reduced to eating roots and leaves. And of how they made prayers to an unknown god that was bound on strangely-fashioned pieces of wood.

"Of many opinions were the Itzás of Peten," said Urbano Paht, that night. "Belen Ek, brother of the Cacique, wished to waylay them and exterminate them before ever they reached the lake.

"But Ah Canek would not give the word of war. Do you know why, Señorita? It was because of the ancient prophecies, written a thousand years ago by Chilan Balam, a priest-god of the Mayan people. For Chilan Balam foretold the coming of 'bearded, barbarous men, mounted upon *plumed deer*,' who should bring the sign of a new God to Peten. The deer was a sacred animal in the land of Peten-Itzá, for it was said that the gods often took such forms when they wished to communicate with the priests. And when the messenger of Ah Canek returned, bringing *a drawing of Cortez' horses*, it seemed to the Cacique that the prophecy was being fulfilled, and that to offend the newcomers was to offend the gods of Mayab."

I spoke to him then of the stone statue that tradition says lies buried somewhere at the bottom of Lake Peten and is glimpsed at long, rare intervals.

Urbano Paht nodded his head, but his answer was more vague. "Yes, surely, that too is a part of the legend, and there are many who claim to have seen it.

"But you will learn more of that, Señorita," he said, "when you reach the city of Flores."

Now, upon the followingmorning, the jungle took us to its heart. All day long we rode beneath an endless canopy of arching trees and palms. Each night we reached a tiny group of native houses straggling along the shores of a lake. And despite the menace of alligators, we bathed and splashed by moonlight.

On the third day we came to Flores, across a lake of jade-green water. Down the wide, eighteen-mile lake we sped in a sputtering motor launch that seemed strangely at variance with the remoteness of the place and the jungle through which we had come.

At first our boat was all alone on the shimmering expanse of water. But now, from little inlets and hidden curvings of the shore, lean black *cayucas* came drifting—canoes hollowed out of mahogany logs and poled by slender, brown-hued men. We passed them; they stared after us. The narrow, black craft rocked in our wake. And then, as we rounded a point of greenery, Flores lay before us.

Straight ahead, upon a little island that rose conically up from the water, with houses pink and blue and green clustered like flowers upon its slopes. Coconut palms reached up their slender trunks to spread into a rocket-like cluster of foliage. And crowning the very tip of the hill were the white towers of an adobe church.

From the left shore, the mainland, rose even more impressive hills. For here the ancient city of Tayasal once dominated from a lofty height the surrounding country and the wide vistas of the lake. Here and there, amid the engulfing greenery, gleamed the whiteness of terraced walls. But few indeed are the remnants

Lonely, dejected, the forsaken steed came. The loneliness of the animal

stood surrounded by empty magnificence, listening for footsteps that never
and the loneliness of the maiden fused into a companionship strange and rare

that remain of its ancient beauty. Only the high, unexcavated mounds give a faint suggestion of temples and pyramids. Of the mighty capital of the Itzás that filled Hernan Cortez with wonder, nothing remains but broken fragments that time has covered with a cloak of green.

Then, suddenly, we were in Flores. Our boat was moored amid the clustering *cayucas*. And we were climbing the steep, cobblestoned streets that led upward to the Plaza.

We found the *Jefe Politico*, or Governor, at his home. And he welcomed us with that beautiful phrase,

"*Amigos, aqui es su casa!*" ("Friends, this is your house.") From the moment he learned my mission in Peten, the resources of the city were put at my command. For there were many old documents, he told me, that dealt in detail with the legend of Morzillo.

So this is the rest of the story, as I gleaned it from rare old books and from handwritten manuscripts dim with the passing of almost four hundred years.

TIRED, tired, torn, and starving, came the once powerful army of Hernan Cortez. They had fought their way through jungle thickets; they had floundered through mire and marsh. They had builded bridges and forded torrents; they had climbed mountains of flint that cut feet and hoofs to the bone. Thrice a thousand had started on that long, incredible march from Mexico which was to lead them down to Honduras, where Cristoval de Olid, sent thence to conquer the country for Spain, had proclaimed himself its ruler instead.

To punish one man's treachery, Hernan Cortez had sacrificed the lives of a thousand; for Death took a never-ceasing toll, and Fever and Famine snarled and clawed at the dwindling ranks.

Yet somehow the Conquistador won through to the shores of Lake Peten. More than half of the terrible journey was finished, but no man knew what lay beyond. Great was the hope of the famished men that the Cacique of the Itzás would prove friendly. Across the expanse of jade-green waters shone the white temples of Tayasal. Drifting smoke from altar fires atop the terraced pyramids went upward against the hot, turquoise sky—was it a sign of peace or hostility?

Well knew the indomitable Conqueror that from hidden jungle fastnesses invisible eyes watched his every movement. And although there was little spirit left in the hungered, exhausted Indios and Spaniards, still at his command they maneuvered before him, marching with some semblance of formal and pompous array. The drums were beaten; the trumpets sounded. The red and yellow banners of Spain fluttered proudly in the breeze. And even the lame, foot-sore horses caught some of the martial spirit. They pranced, they pawed, they tossed their manes and tails—and Cortez ordered the muskets to be fired. He set his friars to sing a solemn mass to the accompaniment of sackbuts and flutes; he commanded the one surviving buffoon to make merry with his antics.

His own horse, (*Continued on page 229*)

"A Thing of Beauty"

The little flagstone terrace is one of the most charming features. A circular stone seat invites the casual visitor to stop

IS the home of the artist, Mr. John La Gatta, at Port Washington, Long Island. It represents an English type of architecture, and was planned with great care in order to secure the maximum of charm and comfort. Your own new home may be just as attractive if you will take pains with it

By Ruth Boyle

AS THE road from the village turns into Barker's Point Road on the outskirts of Port Washington, Long Island, your eye is caught by a charming wall which brings back memories of homes across the sea, quaint English cottages hiding shyly behind the most casual sort of wall, apparently built as the whim seized the owner, of whatever material happened to be at hand. This one is of brick and stucco and sapling, with the bricks in fanciful pattern showing through here and there as if the stucco had worn off long ago. And instead of going straight ahead, as one expects a wall to do, it curves out to take in a tree or curves in to give another room and sunshine, and at least once it lets a low limb grow right through it!

Through the gateway, where tall gates of slender saplings stand open, a path levels to a little house, low and rambling, and pleasingly irregular in outline, with a tall chimney rising from a roof of vari-toned slate. It is built of brick, wood, and stucco, and just to add further charm to this variety of texture, in certain places the bricks have been set in naive designs. It stands under tall oaks and graceful beeches, and the dark, sleek leaves of rhododendron and the delicate needles of the hemlock clustering close about it contrast effectively with the soft color of the walls.

The living-room is rather low, with sunny, rough-plastered walls crossed by hand-hewn beams. In this room even the shyest soul would feel at home

The charm of an informal house comes from its sincerity and its casualness. It should be a genuine expression of the character of the owner, and should also be thoroughly harmonious with the traditions of the locality

The irregular walls, the casement windows tucked into alcoves, the quaint wallpapers, the hooked rugs, and the old-fashioned rocking chairs and dignified highboys make each bedroom both individual and captivating

It looks like the home of an artist, and it is, for it belongs to Mr. John La Gatta, whose illustrations are known to every magazine reader. Mr. La Gatta looks upon the building of a home as something akin to the making of a series of pictures—a matter of line, proportion, harmony, color. He likes to play with his materials, change this, try that. His experiments do not stop outdoors. He is always trying one effect or another indoors. His wife can never depend on it that the green chair will stay downstairs where she last saw it. Suddenly it may change places with the rose one upstairs. As a result there is always a refreshing sense of creation in this house.

Until one walks around to the back of the house, following an informal path of brick and flagstones, one does not realize how high the site is, for there the land slopes away abruptly. This fact has provided opportunity for one of the most charming features of the house—the little flagstone terrace just outside the screened sun porch. A circular stone seat around an oak tree invites the casual visitor to stop a minute, and the sun throws the fleckered shadow of the leaves on the plain surface of the stucco wall enclosing the service part of the house. Here the La Gattas eat breakfast whenever the weather permits. There could be no lovelier spot in which to greet the day than this one—high enough to look over the treetops of the adjoining slope out to where the sky bends down to meet the water of the distant Sound—a view that gives the place an air of enchanted solitude.

Leaving the terrace and walking alongside the house, down some steps, and through a grape arbor, one comes to a large old-fashioned garden—a lawn surrounded by a curving, irregular flower border against a background of shrubs. Here the procession of flowers follows the season, annuals and perennials together, flaunting their color in profusion. Mrs. La Gatta, whose special care the garden is, has no snobbish preference for only the rare and delicate varieties, but cherishes all the easily grown and beautiful flowers that are the glory of the best American gardens.

The beauty of the setting and the exterior of this little house prepares one for the charm of the interior. The atmosphere is one of delightful informality. One steps into a tiny hall, where an oak chest forms a seat, and a great yellow globe gives one something to look at, and a green glass demijohn standing on the floor winks back at a sunbeam slanting through the diamond-shaped panes of the window. The living-room is rather low, with sunny, rough-plastered walls crossed by hand-hewn beams with interestingly carved brackets. The bookshelves are built around one window, and continue just under the ceiling and above the windows on one side of the room. The curtains are of crewel embroidery. Every little detail speaks of study and painstaking search for just the right thing, even down to the wrought-iron hinges and lock on the unusual door that opens on the porch.

In front of the fireplace is a comfortable sofa, backed by a long table conveniently placed to hold books and lamps. In one corner is a piano, which immediately strikes one as exceptionally interesting. Most pianos fit awkwardly into the average living-room, especially if it has the cottage atmosphere this one has. Mr. La Gatta tried various types of pianos here, and none of then seemed to belong, so, being unable to be happy without one, he did the only thing there was to do, designed the case for one himself. It is made of walnut, very simple, much lighter looking than the ordinary instrument, and its base and legs are actually graceful. The workmanship is not too finished and perfected; it looks as though an early (*Continued on page 210*)

THE girl could not speak at all, and the silence in the small house creaked with sorrow. In pity, though it wasn't time, her father sent her out to milk the goats. "He'll never come back," said her father's eyes

Illustrated
By
Jules Gotlieb

STELLA RYAN'S

Exquisite Story of a Girl who Learned at First Hand That

Lovers Can Sail Home AGAIN

He swung open the door and was gone without looking at her, gone as though he had never kissed her

"HE'LL never come back," said her father's eyes. Her brothers kept from looking at her. The girl could not speak at all, and the silence in the small house creaked with sorrow. In pity, though it wasn't time, her father sent her out to milk the goats.

The little black kid was not with its mother. The girl went seeking it down the glen, although she knew very well that it would more likely be wandering up into the hills. But when the heart is heavy it is not a black kid you're seeking, and you might as well be walking down the glen as climbing up to steep places.

When she came in sight of Killroe's fields, she went down behind the oak trees to the river. She feared to have any of the fourteen Killroes come running to weep with her, crying,

"It's a sad day for you, Maggie Costigan, that sends Nick Ennis sailing for America."

She wanted to escape weeping. But when she took off her shoes and stood in the river bed between two stones, the water wept at her ankles; and when she curled her toes, the little bubbles rushed up like words saying, "He'll never come back again!"

She left the water to sit on the river grass and dry her feet. Now that the water had said them, the words kept saying themselves. "He'll never come back again!" All about her spread the things he would never come back to. Along the road the lupin and the larkspur pointed blue like the smoke of peat fires. The old oaks held steady their stiff and crooked arms that were knowing of life and full of meaning like the arms of old men who have held women and lifted children and swung scythes. He would see other oak trees. But would he see a slate roof like Killroe's with pads of green moss and pads of yellow moss mottling it like sunshine through April leaves? Never a roof would he see. He'd be bending back and bending back, straining to find one atop the tall buildings that do hide their roofs against the stars.

What was there in tall buildings to draw the heart of a man so that he must be crossing the sea to find them? Years ago she'd come down the glen, running on quick, childish legs to look for another kid who'd strayed from its mother. She had met Nick Ennis coming up the glen with a bit of something in his hand. He was fourteen then, and she looked on him no more than on any other boy who on a market day would be cluttering the highway with his sheep. But on that day, when he had walked toward her with the bit of something in his hand, had come the difference.

They met near the big stone at the turn of the road. "Is it a letter you're carrying?" she asked him.

"It is not," said he and put the thing behind his back.

"You needn't be so quick to hide it," she told him. "I'm not in the habit of snatching."

Then he showed her what it was, a picture-postcard of tall buildings. There was a line of reading which said, "The Lower Canyon of Broadway." She looked at the boy and saw how blue his eyes were.

"Pooh!" said she. "What a lot of ugly towers!"

"They're wonderful," said the boy. "They're office buildings."

"Are they so? I wouldn't take two steps to look at any of them."

The boy said nothing, but she felt his heart, even on that day, reaching past her toward the west and the sea and the tall buildings that do hide their roofs against the stars.

And because his eyes were blue and had that far look of longing, she set herself to hold him back. Often she'd be meeting him to play jackstones on the smooth top of the rock where he'd first shown her the postcard. She was no match for him at jackstones, but she learned the way his glinting hair grew on the back of his neck, the quickness at the corners of his mouth, and the color of his eyes on a gray day. With the months and the years, these things took root in her so that when she'd be idle, thinking of nothing at all, they'd be there before her like the finest painted pictures. And when she'd be busy and thinking of many things, they'd be there behind her like a mist between two hills. But she began to be afraid, for on gray days or on sunny his blue eyes never lost the far look of their longing. They'd be turning from her, looking down toward the sea.

She began to listen on a market day to the talk among men, and she repeated to Nick what she heard. She told him,

"Ireland needs men."

And on another day: "Ireland needs machinery. But what good all the cogs and wheels in the world if the young men do be leaving the country?"

For a long time she was afraid to say "America." She dreaded to bring the word into the open with the dread of a wife who dares not say aloud the name of the girl who's taken her (*Continued on page 185*)

The Boy Who Anointed Two Kings

By Bruce Barton

Children of the Bible. No. III

A RESTLESS child wakes up in the night, thinking he hears a voice. An old man stirs at the call of the lad and bids him go back to sleep. "I called not, my son, lie down again." So begins a chapter in the spiritual history of the race.

It is recorded in two books which bear the name of Samuel. With him the tumultuous day of the judges expired, and the monarchy began. He himself inaugurated it, anointing both Saul, the first king, and David, under whom the kingdom attained its largest military prestige. The books tell a great deal about Samuel, the man; they tell more about Samuel, the boy, than the Bible customarily reveals concerning the youth of its important figures.

His father, Elkanah, had two wives. Many years his mother prayed for the honor that could come to a woman in those days only by the birth of a boy. When at length the boy arrived, she named him Samuel, saying,

"Because I have asked him of the Lord."

Naturally, she thought him superior to his half-brothers, and inasmuch as he made an enduring name for himself and their names are not even recorded, she seems to have been right. At least, if he was not superior by inheritance of intellectual gifts, she saw to it that he became so by educational opportunity. She sent him away to school, to Eli, the high priest in the temple at Shiloh.

How the temple came to be at Shiloh instead of at Shechem, where it should have been, we do not know. Nor are we told by what irregularity or obscure form of legitimate succession Eli was high priest. It was a time of semi-anarchy; but the temple at Shiloh was the best expression of the religious life of the time, though it was none too good at best, and Eli was the most capable man whom Samuel's mother knew to have charge of his education. So Samuel came to Shiloh, "and the child did minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest."

In his beautiful painting, Mr. Wyeth shows Samuel in the act of ministering, under the kind but exacting eyes of the old man. There was affection in those aged eyes, but there was sorrow, too. Eli had been cheated of the one thing that his heart coveted most. He was honored throughout the nation; he had lived a full life and come into a peaceful and healthy old age. All this he had—but his sons were fools. The dreams which he had cherished for them could never be fulfilled; already they had dishonored the priestly office by their wickedness and greed.

It was the custom, when worshipers brought their burnt offerings, that the priest should step up to the altar "while the flesh was in seething, with a fleshhook of three teeth in his hand." This he thrust in, and whatever came out on the hook was the priest's portion. The sons of Eli were too grasping to observe this tradition; they demanded their portion from the animal while the meat was still raw, robbing both the worshiper and the Lord. They were oppressive and proud; they made themselves a nuisance to the women worshipers. It was clear to Eli that neither of them could ever be his successor.

So kindly but sternly he watched the little Samuel, his heart full of bitter questionings. Had he been too easy-going, too indulgent, with his own boys? He must not make the same mistake with this young life. Had he failed to impress them sufficiently with the necessity for reverence and hard work? Here was his chance to repair that failure. So earnestly he taught and admonished and corrected; and "the child Samuel grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord, and also with men."

Once a year Elkanah and his wife came up to Shiloh for the annual sacrifice, and that was Hannah's opportunity for a visit with her boy. To Elkanah he was just one of the children, no dearer to him and no smarter in his eyes than the other boys who had stayed at home and were working on the farm. But Hannah boasted to the neighbors all the year about her lad who had gone away to school and would some time be a famous man. The love of mothers is like that.

Every year she brought him up a little coat. She worked on that coat, we may be sure, every week of the year. Possibly she selected the sheep herself, and sheared and combed the wool with her own hands. She spun it and dyed it. She wove it on her hand loom, a little more than a yard wide, and mixed the colors in a pattern of maternal love. She had to cut and fit it by memory and imagination, and so we may see her in our mind's eye going around among the women who had boys of about her boy's age, asking:

"How big should a coat be for a boy of twelve? Should it have the ornamental stripe woven across the middle breadth at the bottom, or would it be better to wait for that until he is a little older? What is the color boys like best?"

She measured the growth of her son by the clothes he outgrew, as men should, but too seldom do, measure their mental growth by the ideas they outgrow.

Picture the scene of the annual arrival at Shiloh. Elkanah and Hannah and Samuel are the center of the group. Eli and his two jealous and mocking sons are there, too. They laugh and crack rude jokes while Samuel tries on the new coat and throws aside the old one. Their mockery is born of suppressed jealousy—an inferiority complex, as we call it now. But the mother is too happy to care what they do. Eyes glistening with tears, she watches the boy turn slowly around so that she may see the coat both front and back. When the inspection is over, she clasps him to her bosom for a minute and then turns away, not to see him again for a long and lonesome year.

The sons of Eli "made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." Perhaps it was in those days that the joke started about the perversity of ministers' sons. Be that as it may, the sons of Eli were cut off for their sins, both in the same day, and the other members of his family were reduced to sorrow and want. All this was revealed in advance to young Samuel on the night the Lord called to him in the darkness.

If it were only the story of a child, precocious, high-minded, obedient, it would be a good story. It is more. It is the story of a man who grew up under conditions which offered the opportunity for a new beginning of faith and knowledge and justice. Samuel discerned that opportunity and met it with the decision and devotion of a truly great man. Under his leadership religion freed itself in good part from the superstition and degradation which had engulfed it, and became natural, simple, and sincere. We have in the pleasant story of the visit of the young Saul to the home of Samuel a glimpse of a religious feast as Samuel conducted such feasts, and it is refreshing. Religion should be joyful; it should be social; it should be bright and heartening (*Continued on page 224*)

Painting by
N. C. Wyeth

KINDLY but sternly Eli watched the little Samuel. Had he been too indulgent with his own boys? He must not make the same mistake with this young life. Earnestly he taught and admonished and corrected, and "the child Samuel grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord, and also with men"

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STUDIO OF

Helen Koues,

Why Modern Furniture Is Veneered

By J. R. Truax,
of the
US Forest Products Laboratory

"There is little that I can add to this excellent article on why furniture is veneered. There is no other way in which to make good furniture. Ninety-nine per cent of the case pieces are veneered, a construction that is as essential in the manufacture of good furniture as are four wheels on an automobile."
Robert W. Irwin, President, Grand Rapids Market Association

ALTHOUGH veneered furniture is found in practically every home, the average householder knows little of its merits, other than that it has a pleasing appearance. The beautiful effects made possible by the proper matching of figured veneer—effects that can not be duplicated with the costliest solid wood—are important features of veneered furniture, but after all, the inherent structural advantages of this type of construction account for the fact that the bulk of the finest wood furniture built today is veneered.

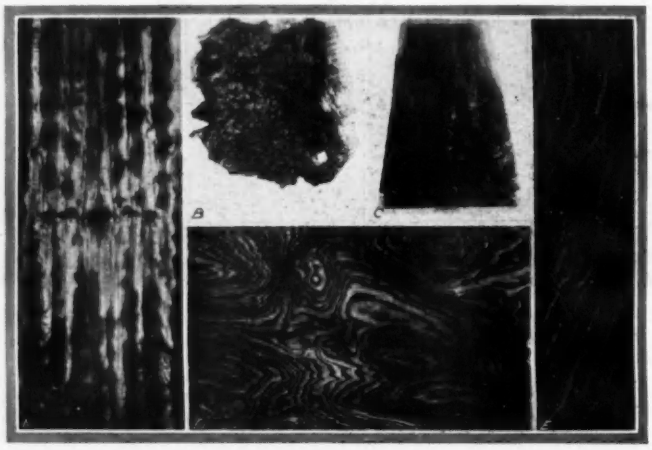
Chief of these advantages are beauty and symmetry, and a high degree of resistance to shrinking, swelling, and warping. Some people mistakenly think that veneered furniture must be inferior because it is veneered; to them only the word "solid" suggests a substantial piece. This is a mistake. The use of veneer in furniture manufacture is not new, but it has never reached a greater excellence of quality than now.

Look at the furniture in your own home. The sideboard, the table in the living-room, the bureau and the bed, the radio and phonograph cabinets at one end of the house, and the kitchen cabinets at the other—all these and even the doors of the dwelling itself may be veneered in part if not in entirety.

Examination of the edges of the cover or the doors of the radio cabinet, for example, will probably reveal one or two thin layers of veneer on both sides of a thick core. Close examination is necessary, however, because the machining and the finishing have probably been done so carefully that the veneers are not easily detected. The side and the back panels also are commonly made of veneer, but are usually somewhat thinner than the front and the top panels.

The case of any piano is almost sure to be veneered. For instance, the rim of a grand piano—the part enclosing its irregular, somewhat heartlike shape—is built of veneer by gluing several layers together in a suitable form and allowing the glue to set under pressure. If such a piece were built up from short, solid lengths it would be lacking in strength, comparatively expensive, and inferior in final appearance to the veneer construction.

A brief description of the process by which veneered furniture is made will help toward a better appreciation of it. In building a veneered table top, for example, the manufacturer starts with lumber for the core. Knots and other defects are first trimmed out, and the rather narrow stock is then cut into pieces of the required length. Enough pieces are glued together on edge to obtain a panel of sufficient width; an ordinary table top may have more than a dozen strips in its core. The moisture the wood has absorbed from the glue is next dried out, after which the glued panel is (*Continued on page 314*)



Crotch veneer, matched in pairs, is used to obtain the unusual pattern shown on the drawers and drop-leaf front of the dignified secretary in the center above. The illustration at the right shows five different methods of cutting face veneer for furniture so as to bring out the best figure of the wood. A description of each cutting method is given at the right

At the left: A. Two successive slices of red gum, laid out to show possibilities in matching. B. A partial peeling, following the curve of the natural surface, across knots and buds of walnut burl. C. A vertical slice along a walnut stump. D. Ash peeled from the surface of log by rotary cut. E. Oak sawed by cuts running along log from surface to center

The Studio

Good Housekeeping Studio has ing a six-room, model apart- build and furnish a new room products which meet the high When the room is completed, sented to you on these pages to help you in reproducing all Further help is offered in the contain full and practical ad- which we have found of interest "Color In Your Home," $1.00, every room in the house. For work from, "Furnishing and For Two Thousand Dollars," there are many more folios. The House," $5.00, is an author-

Address Good Housekeep- 57th Street at Eighth

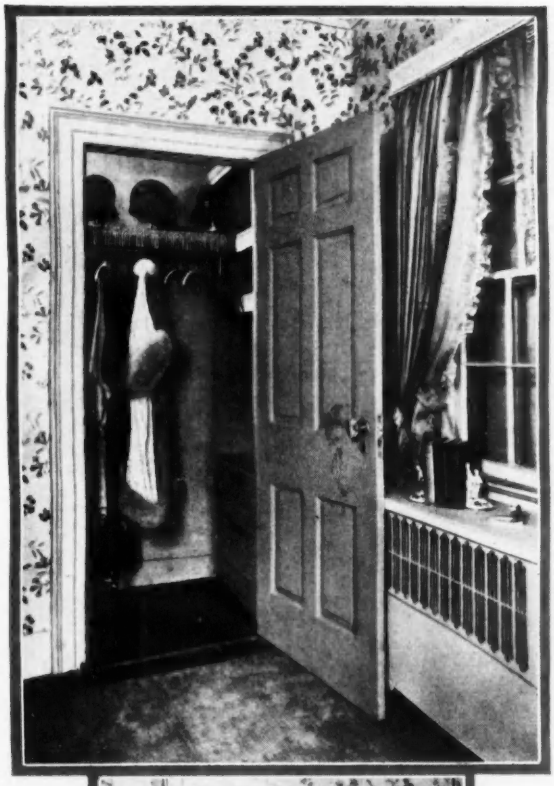
Furnishings and Decorations

Director

Service Folios

on exhibition in our new build-
ment, in which every month we
or rooms, using only those
standards the Studio requires.
it is photographed and pre-
together with a full description
or part of it in your home.
form of folios. These folios
vice by experts on subjects
to our readers. For example,
gives actual color charts for
those who desire a budget to
Decorating a Five-Room Home
25c, will prove interesting. And
"Helen Koues on Decorating
itative book on decorating
ing Bulletin Service,
Avenue, New York City

Comfort Color and Charm in a Small Closet



OUT of the treasure chest has come the closet. Our treasures, whether of silver or linen, lace or lovely raiment, are kept in closets today, and as the intention is to keep whatever is put in the closet in good condition, the first requirement is cleanliness, the second usefulness for the objects it is to hold, the third light and if possible ventilation. And to these may be added that delightful quality —attractiveness.

The Studio this month shows an average small closet, seven feet two inches long by two feet two inches deep, which is built into the bedroom of our model apartment on exhibition in our publication building. This closet was built to meet the needs of two people, and though small was designed to double its usefulness.

To begin with, it is lighted. There is nothing worse than fumbling in a dark closet. If possible, have a light in the ceiling, or if that is not possible, perhaps an exposed cord could be run along the inside frame of the door, and light placed directly over it either in the form of an ordinary bulb, or a fixture such as is generally used for showcases, which has the light placed against reflectors, and which is particularly good for this purpose. See list at right below.

As the closet was rather long, a sliding rod on which the hangers are placed is attached under a long shelf, and pulls out to the doorway when clothes are to be taken on and off, but slides back out of the way when not in use. This leaves a free space in front of the door to reach the shelves, and the two drawers which are built into the right-hand end of the closet, and makes it possible to walk into the closet without disturbing or crushing the clothes. An adjustable rod such as this is excellent for a small closet. They may be had in different sizes, and where the closet is not long, they may be placed at the back, directly opposite the door, to pull out into the room. Fortunately many closets are of the shape we illustrate, so that the clothes may be pushed back out of sight.

The upper shelf was built at a comfortable depth from the ceiling to permit reaching storage boxes, or the hat stands. The shelves at the side may hold sweaters, or any garments which are folded. To prevent dust, a top was placed across the upper shelf. This shelf from its base to its top is eleven and a half inches high, by nineteen inches deep.

Below these two shelves are two slanting shoe shelves, with a piece of molding at the edge to prevent the shoes from slipping off. In a space twenty-four inches long by ten inches deep, four pairs of slippers could be kept, and possibly soft bedroom slippers as well. This gives a place for eight pairs of shoes.

Below the (*Continued on page 290*)

Rose-tinted walls, green ruffles and shelf covers, and colorful garment bags make the closet shown on this page an addition to the room from which it opens. The hangers and hat stands are covered in green velvet ornamented with small ribbon flowers. A box, covered in figured paper, holds the various odds and ends which need protection. Slanting shelves keep shoes off the floor, while deep drawers hold underwear and stockings

COOPERATING

With us in building this closet: Paint, E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., Inc.; Garment Carrier, Knape & Vogt Mfg. Co.; Lights with Reflector, The Frink Corp.; Chintz on Shelves, H. B. Lehman-Connor Co., Inc.; Dress Hangers and Hat Stands, Carlin Comforts; Shoe Trees, Jay-Thorpe, Inc.; Clothes, shoes, hats, Saks-Fifth Ave.; Paper Box, The Box Mart; Garment Bags, Jas. McCutcheon

A peach-colored bathtub is set in a deep niche. The wall-paper, a soft green flowered in pastel shades, is thoroughly waterproof. Below, the toilet, also of peach-colored porcelain, has a little room to itself. The floor is covered with dark green linoleum, with a modernistic rug in green and tan, in the center

THE Builds a Dressing By the

STYLE, style, style! How fickle it is! Fifteen and even ten years ago, a coldly correct bathroom of gleaming white, spotless tiles, with nickel fixtures, was possessed with pride, while today, with our greater sense of luxury, we add color and greater comfort without detracting from perfect sanitation.

In decorating this bathroom which the Studio has just completed, we have put a theory into practise. The theory is that a modernistic feeling, somewhat restrained, when used with good taste, will fit in with the furnishings of the eighteenth century. With the flowered wall-paper and the draped dressing-table, modernistic lamps, fascinating modern glass boxes and trays blend happily, but give a fresh, new feeling that our visitors to the Studio are calling delightful. It is as much a matter of texture as anything else, produced by the use of so much mirror and glass.

A space 11 feet 3 inches by 9 feet 6 inches was used by the consultant architect of the Studio, as shown by the floor plan. A shower 3 feet by 4 feet was put at the left of the door, while the toilet was concealed in another closet of the same size at the right.

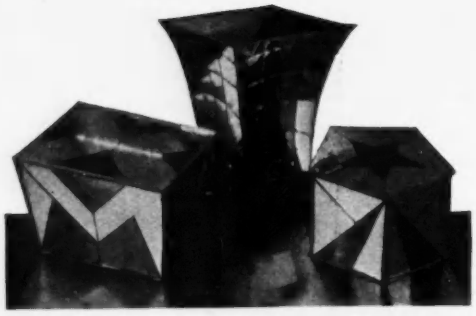
Green glazed chintz forms the draperies of the dressing-table. The front opens to show ample drawer space, while a three-fold mirror delights the feminine eye, and is well lighted by tall modernistic lamps of mirror. Below, the peach color of the basin is repeated in a deeper tone in waterproof window draperies

STUDIO Room-Bath Director

This closet has proper ventilation and a light. The usual door had a flat board put across its face so that it could be papered, and when closed, show no break in the wall. This could be done or not, but it is a distinct advantage from the decorative standpoint not to have the doorway evident.

This, too, makes it possible to use the room as a bathroom dressing-room—a bit of modern luxury which is within the reach of most people, if a little thought is given to its planning when building, or altering a house or apartment. With our modern ideas of hygiene, bedroom windows are left open all night, and therefore during the winter months the room is too cold to dress in with comfort in the morning. With a bathroom dressing-room of this type, the bathroom may be kept warm and the dressing done in it with comfort which amounts to a luxury. This is made possible by the separate compartment for the toilet, and the tile-lined shower compartment which is behind a closed glass door.

The pictures give some idea of the color scheme. After the plan was made, the paper was chosen. The background is in the modernistic feeling in tones of green, while over it are the gayest



Amusing modernistic boxes, made of bits of green and white mirrors, add a decorative touch to the shelves and may hold powder and cotton

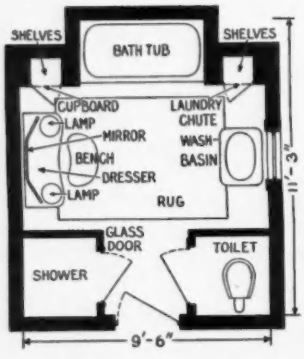
of realistic flowers in green, yellow, a rather bright rose, and brown. This paper has been given three coats of shellack, which not only make it waterproof and therefore suitable for a bathroom, but also give its surface a high glaze which is in sympathy with the modern feeling.

The bathtub and basin are of a soft peach tint which harmonizes with the rose in the wall-paper. They are standard models, and while they cost twenty-five percent more than plain white porcelain, their color is a great addition to a bathroom. They also come in green, blue, lavender, or yellow. All the exposed metal is chromium plated, giving the effect of nickel, but requiring no polishing, a feature which will appeal to all housewives.

The shower stall is lined with a new type of tile which is not expensive and is easily installed. The shade we selected is a soft green

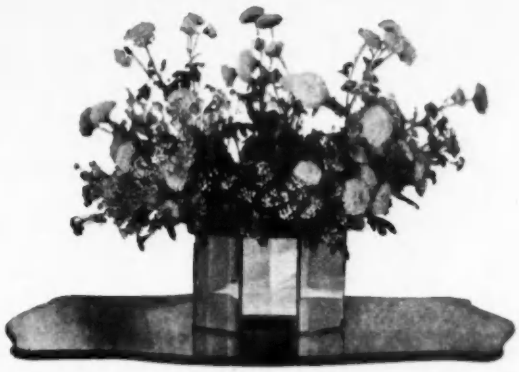
to harmonize with the rest of the room. The floor of this stall is of cement, with a drain in one corner. This is better than tile, which is apt to be dangerously slippery. A special mixing valve in the plumbing of the shower itself prevents scalding.

Two treatments of the doorway to the shower are possible, and both are shown below. In one we hung a curtain of rubberized broadcloth on rings from a rod just inside the doorway. This curtain is deep peach-color, of the same color and fabric as the straight window curtains. The second treatment, while more expensive, has the advantage of lasting indefinitely. This is a plate-glass door with nickel fittings, which makes the shower stall absolutely watertight and adds another gleaming surface to the room. A gallery at the top of the door gives ventilation. The metal on the door is (*Continued on page 299*)



Cooperating With The Studio

In building this bathroom are the following firms: Wall-paper, W. H. S. Lloyd Co., Inc.; Tile, Miami Cabinet Co.; Hardware, P. & F. Corbin; Glass Shelves, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.; Shower Door, Chas. F. Biele & Sons Co.; Plumbing Fixtures, Kohler Co., C. F. Church Mfg. Co.; Dressing-table, Baker Furniture Factories; Stool, Artcraft Furniture Co.; Upholstery and Draperies, Stroheim & Romann, Scranton Lace Co., Morton Sundour Co.; Lighting Fixtures and Lamps, G. E. Walter, Iva B. Kempshall, Mirrors, Harris Interior Arts; Floor Covering, Armstrong Cork Co., Floor Div.; Rug, Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Co.; Bathroom Fittings, J. A. Hoegger, Inc.; Accessories, Kanne & Bessant, Benello Bros., Wm. H. Plummer & Co., Olivette Falls, Inc., National Vulcanized Fibre Co.; Towels, Cannon Mills; Toilet Articles, Arden Chemical Co., Inc., Yardley & Co., Ltd., Pond's Extract Co., Parke, Davis & Co., Johnson & Johnson, Lenthéric, The Western Co., Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Maurice Lévy, A. P. W. Paper Co.



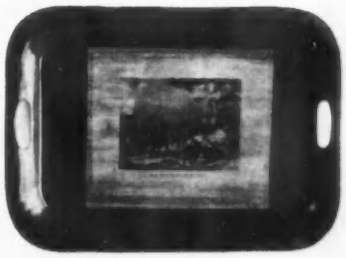
Effective for the dining table is this mirror box ($7.50) and 20″ x 12″ plaque ($10.50)

From the Smart Decorating Shops

This fascinating tea set is of Italian ware with bright, primitive flowers on a soft, yellow ground. The entire set with 6 cups, saucers, and 8″ plates, 21 pieces in all, $15

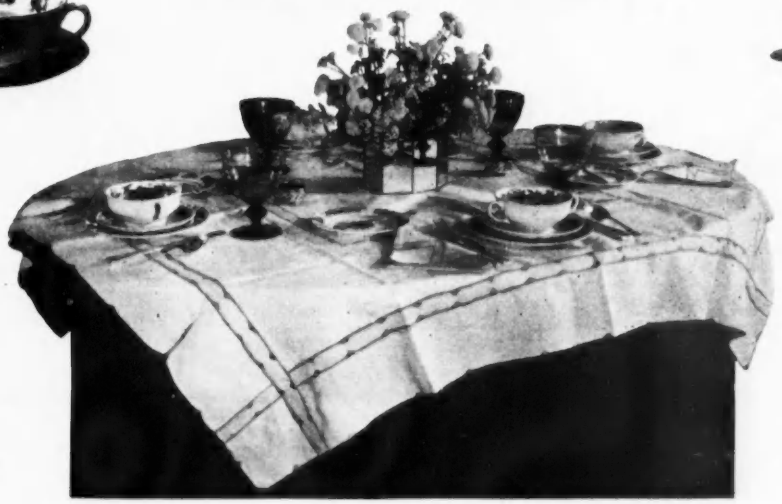
HOW TO ORDER

Enclose draft, check, or money-order drawn to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, to cover the cost of the articles you wish us to purchase for you. Please print your name. Give name of articles desired, color, size, price, page, location on the page, and month of magazine. Address Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 8th Ave. at 57th St., N. Y. C.



Attractive and useful is this painted tin tray decorated with a copy of an old sporting print. It comes in antique yellow with map or French prints. 22½″ x 16″, only $7.25

Attractive table and chairs for a Colonial house or summer cottage. The mahogany, drop-leaf table with inlaid bands is well designed, well finished, and easily carried about ($32); the attractive black Hancock chairs are stenciled in gold ($20). Exp. collect



A table set with this flowered pottery will be colorful and pretty. 8″ plates, $6 a doz. Butter plates, $4 a doz. Cream soups, $14. Linen cloth 54″ x 54″ with hand-applied yellow bands and 6 napkins 13″ x 13″; price, $17.50 Salt cellars of sterling silver and blue glass, $5.25 each

Above to the left is a deep-blue cut-glass goblet, unusually priced at $4.95 a doz. Beautiful, simple lines distinguish the smoky mauve goblet to the right. Price, $7.50 a doz. Oval, drop-leaf dining table 42″ x 54″ open, made of cherry with antique maple finish, costing only $35. Exp. collect

NEAR-TO-NATURE BABIES

By James Swinnerton

BLACK baby Leopard is not considered nice.
He likes to bite you once and *adores* to bite you twice.

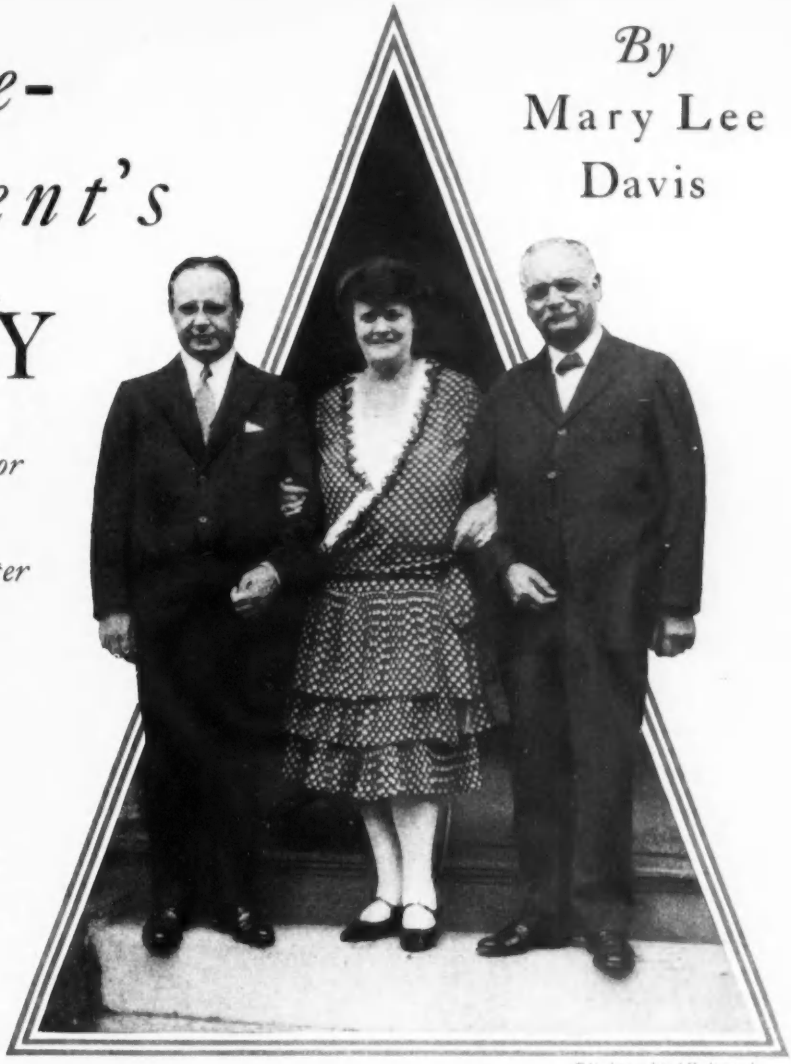
COPYRIGHT 1929 BY JAMES SWINNERTON

THIS is a baby boy Kiang;
He lives in far Tibet.
His mother doesn't care a hang
If his feet are sopping wet.

The Vice-President's LADY

A Friendly Neighbor Talks About the Vice-President's Sister Who Will be His Official Hostess

By Mary Lee Davis



©Underwood and Underwood

The friendship between Dolly Gann's husband and her brother is so sincere and so real that she never has to divide her loyalty to either

ARE you at home this afternoon? Because, you see, I wish to bring and introduce to you Dolly Gann, the new Vice-President's sister and his official hostess. Ever since the death of his wife, Charles Curtis of Kansas has made his Washington home with this sister and her husband. Now, the vice-presidential family play an important rôle these days, in social Washington, where the nations of both old and new worlds lavish upon our capital city their most sparkling array of diplomatic brain power. Here, too, come in increasing numbers America's own most keen political protagonists, as well as many of our most alert minds in science, law, and nation-wide administration. While the society of any great capital is bound to be intricate and involved, Washington today, because of America's peculiar position in world affairs, presents a spectacle strangely resembling a twenty-ring game of pigs-in-clover! But circle within circle of intriguing convolutions leave Dolly Gann completely undismayed, because she knows and loves this complex city on the Potomac with the same clear-eyed appreciation with which she knows and loves the actual geographic heart of these United States, into which she happened to be born.

For over thirty years, now, she has been studying the ins and outs of this official Washington; and no woman could fulfil the social aspect of her brother's new high office with more vital zest or more sincere appreciation for the multitudinous elements and the spicy human contacts it involves—a task to weigh down the shoulders of any one less capable, less wholesomely balanced.

But Dolly Gann knows her way about through the mazes and around the baffle-ments of the capital's close-clipped and high-hedged enclosures, with the skill and poise that come only of old acquaintance.

Born and educated at the state capital of Kansas, she came to Washington as a young woman when her brother was first elected to Congress, and for many years she served that much beloved brother in a dual capacity: First, as efficient personal secretary in his office "up on the Hill," helping keep that intimate touch and human contact with affairs back home which have been so essential to him in his long years of legislative life; later, as his wife slowly became an invalid, unable to round out the full home duties, Dolly Gann gradually assumed of necessity a practical and full responsibility for that growing family. Even after her own marriage and the late establishment of her own home, she marketed for both households alike and continued to be the ready, capable, cheerful, on-the-job big sister in any crisis—mender of any trouble, adjuster of any difficulty.

Every woman, if fortunate, knows some one friend to whom by a sure instinct she will turn if in need of ally and companion when pressed too hotly in life's shift of battle; some one, in the fine old feudal phrase, loyal to keep one's back secure in the fierce fending of attack in adverse fortune. Dolly Gann, as I have known her for over twenty years, has been such a friend to many who have turned to her with assurance of quick sympathy and sure response. I myself have lived long years in the far West and in the still farther North, where a generous act of tested friendliness is the frequent commonplace of action—if such a fine quality might ever justly be called "commonplace." But I recall no one who understood so well how to translate a swift appreciation of the loved one's difficulty into as swift a motion for relief, by the most direct, unhurried, but most efficient rear-guarding arm. I have seen her meet this test of friendship not once, but in a score of trying, difficult emergencies.

When I was a youngster at college, I met a girl from Kansas who attracted me greatly, perhaps because we were so opposite both in appearance and outlook. As I came to know Permelia Curtis better, I heard much of Aunt Dolly this and Aunt Dolly that, and realized that Perm's Aunt Dolly must be prime mover in that home, the one about whom the whole Curtis family revolved. *(Continued on page 280)*

By OWEN JOHNSON

Illustrated By Henry Raleigh

While Mimi and Fritz rattled on, charmed with the novelty of dining and wining in Paris, Sabina and Carl sat silent, shoulder to shoulder. Her first attempt at gaiety had died out; his depression of the afternoon returned and enveloped him

It Began Like This:

CARL and Sabina Baring had the reputation of unusual devotion, in a set where marriage was regarded as merely temporary and divorce a certainty just around the corner.

But Carl had fallen madly in love with Eileen Daikes, who had known how to rouse in him emotions Sabina had never touched. Finally Carl had begged Sabina for his freedom, and found her strangely acquiescent.

He rather suspected that she, too, had learned to care for some one, but he was wrong. She contemplated marriage, and she had even a vague understanding with Philip Sandhurst, but it was merely the suitable marriage, the friendly marriage, in which each would find congenial companionship. Her heart had never been touched. Even her love for her husband had been merely the first preference of an undisciplined girl. The only man who had ever appealed to her imagination was a stranger who had introduced himself as the Old Man of the Sea at a picnic on the beach with her children.

Their plans were made quietly and with dignity. Paris was decided on as the spot where a divorce could be secured most quietly, and Carl and Sabina sailed for a trip abroad—together, as far as their friends knew. In reality they took separate boats, Sabina going with Mimi Norton, an irresponsible young person who had already announced her engagement before securing her freedom to enter into it.

After a month's business trip in Bucharest, Carl returned to Paris. The loneliness a gay and happy city always casts upon any one who is alone came over Carl. The absence from Eileen had been torture to him, for her letters and cables filled him with alternate joy and rage.

His thoughts turned to Sabina, and he went to call upon her with the feeling of reaching home again after a long absence. She was dining out, but offered to give him dinner at her home before leaving, and with her Carl drifted back into the calm and friendly atmosphere of their life together.

At last Sabina rose to go to the dinner party for which she was already late. Carl held her coat for her, and—with a sudden impulse—kissed her lips.

"I wonder why he did that?" she thought, in the car. "Was it sincere—or was he merely lonely for Eileen?"

But the evening left her no time to decide. Sabina had been swept off in a wave of engagements during her stay in Paris, and was being courted by the Marquis de St. Regis. This evening she met his wife, and was amazed at the insolence with which she referred to her husband's infatuation for Sabina.

Filled with a healthy disgust for the mixed society into which she had drifted, she refused to go on to the newest night club with them. Instead she went home.

Carl was to call for her the next day to go to the lawyer. The tiresome business of the divorce demanded certain formalities.

SACRIFICE

A Story of the World Where Divorce—Not Death—is the Knife that Cuts Marital Knots

CHAPTER XVI

THE visit to the lawyer was dreadfully depressing despite the presence of Mimi. Arrived at their destination, they held a consultation.

"We can wait here in the car," said Carl, studying Sabina's face.

The conversation of the afternoon had shattered his equanimity. He wondered if Sabina would go through with it.

"Why wait?" said Fritz Norton. "It took Mimi an hour and a half, but then the lawyer was very attractive. We'll run over to the Crillon, and the girls can pick us up afterward."

He was a short, round-faced man who still retained certain dark good-looks, despite the lines dissipation had drawn under the eyes—a cosmopolitan type that had picked up the tricks of the *boulevardier*.

"That's it, run along and amuse yourselves—brutes!" exclaimed Mimi.

"The brutes salute you," said Norton, grinning broadly. He took off his hat with an acquired flourish.

Carl followed suit more somberly. Sabina stood undecided, watching their departure.

"Through the court, second stairway on the *entresol*," said Mimi, who had been interviewing the concierge. "Come on, Sabina. It's like going to the dentist, but you'll feel much better afterward. I don't know why, but I cried like an idiot."

They went through a short, damp court and found the entrance. An old woman opened the door cautiously and ushered them into a dim study lit by a feeble opalescence from the window. The quiet and the gloom, the long table, the tall, spectral chairs, the shelves filled with musty books and folders, affected Sabina disagreeably. It seemed such a furtive, shoddy place for an act that was to change her entire life.

"It's not exactly cheerful," said Mimi. "The law, my dear, always frightens me to death. Don't you feel guilty at once?"

Sabina did not answer. She sat down at the table, placed her handbag before her, and began slowly to draw off her gloves. Monsieur de Maistres came in immediately, a quiet, elderly Frenchman with gray side-whiskers of the Louis Philippe tradition, who brought in with him an odor of onions from the farther apartment. She looked at the genial, bourgeois head that was like an old family portrait, noted the shrewd, kindly eyes, and was agreeably reassured.

"Monsieur de Maistres at your service," he said with thin hands clasped before him.

"I am Madame Baring," said Sabina, noting his indecision, "and this is my friend, Madame Norton."

"Be seated, if you please," he said in good English. "Monsieur Carslake will be arrived immediately."

He looked at her, Sabina thought, in some surprise, as though she did not appear as he had expected—not like, perhaps, the agitated, volatile types that he was accustomed to pass in review in this lugubrious study.

Steps sounded outside, and the bell rang noisily. A large, round man with a bald head and sagging cheeks, in a double-breasted checked suit, drew up ceremoniously, bowed, and shook hands with Monsieur de Maistres.

"Ladies are never really on time in Paris, you know," he said jauntily without apology. "Well, here we are. Mrs. Norton, pleased to meet you."

Sabina disliked him at once—his breeziness, his sleek familiarity, the flamboyant prosperity of the sharper who was making a fortune out of the needs of her distressed sex.

"Why on earth did Carl choose him!" she thought with a beginning of resentment.

"Will the ladies please be seated," said Monsieur de Maistres, indicating the opposite side of the table.

He waited, took his seat, picked up a paper-cutter, and bowing again to Sabina, said, as though he were reciting a part:

"Madame Baring, it is my understanding that you have decided on taking an action for a divorce against my client, your husband, Mr. Carl Baring. That is correct, is it not?"

"Correct," said Carslake, unbuttoning the tight coat and relaxing capaciously in his chair.

Monsieur de Maistres waited until Sabina had nodded her acquiescence.

"And I am to understand that there is no hope at all of a reconciliation?"

"None whatever," said Carslake before she could answer.

He rolled up his gloves and stuffed them in his pocket, eyeing Mimi Norton, who was a type that appealed to him.

"That is true, Mrs. Baring?" continued Monsieur de Maistres, as though he had not heard the interruption.

Sabina nodded again. "That is true."

Her voice sounded strange to her. Why all this unnecessary comedy? It was only a question of signing her name to a petition.

"You have prepared a paper, then, putting forth the reasons why you desire to be separated from my client and why it is impossible for you to continue as man and wife?"

"Here is the paper," said Carslake, taking out a document from his brief-case and passing it over.

Monsieur de Maistres meticulously adjusted his spectacles and began to read, nodding from time to time. Once he glanced at Sabina with a compassionate look, which struck her as quite an unnecessary bit of comedy, and twice stopped to place his finger on a particular phrase with a questioning raising of his eyebrows. Each time Carslake roused himself from his contemplation of Madame Norton to say emphatically,

"Oh, absolutely."

"They are making a farce out of all this," Sabina thought, with growing irritation at the casual manner of her lawyer.

"These are grave, very grave charges you make against my client, Madame," said Monsieur de Maistres in his routine way.

"They certainly are," said Carslake according to his cue.

"And you are quite determined to press these charges, Madame?"

Carslake broke in again. "Are you empowered by your client to ask for a reconciliation?"

"*Hélas!*—no. I regret it, Madame," said de Maistres, spreading his hands in an empty gesture.

"In that case, then, there is nothing for Mrs. Baring to do but to affix her signature to the complaint."

Carslake, leaning over, drew the paper from the hands of Monsieur de Maistres, who, having punctiliously repeated his rôle, relaxed into the background without further interest.

"Here we are, Mrs. Baring. This is where you sign. Do you read French? Well, anyhow here's a translation."

He placed the two copies in her hand, offered a cigarette to Mimi, and said smiling,

"Still living with your husband?"

Mimi began to laugh. "What do you think?"

"Oh, I hope not."

"Signed my papers a week ago."

"Who represented you?"

"You don't reason about love in such a manner," the Marquis said out every other image. When you are master of yourself, you are not in

angrily. "If you do, you know nothing about it. When it grips you, it blots love!" Sabina raised her eyes to his and dropped them immediately

"Mr. Stephenson."

"Lucky fellow—"

All at once the voice of Sabina broke in, "But I can't sign *this!*"

They turned. She was staring at the paper in her hands with a look of blank amazement.

"But it isn't true! It's a pack of lies!"

Monsieur de Maistres rose and went discreetly to the window.

"Why, Sabina darling, what's the matter?" said Mimi, coming to her side.

"But just read what's put down there. It's abominable."

Mimi began to laugh. "Of course, it isn't true. You know it. I know it. The Judge knows it. Every one knows it!"

"Mere formality, Mrs. Baring," put in Carslake impatiently. "Here's a queer fish," he thought. "The idea of balking at that!"

"But it isn't true! I won't sign such a pack of lies." She glanced at the complaint again and pushed it from her with one finger, like a dirty rag. "Why, it makes him out a perfect brute."

Carslake began to drum on the table with his smudgy fingers. "There must be *some* complaint in an action for divorce, Mrs. Baring," he said stiffly.

"Tell the truth then. Say that we have agreed to separate—loyally—in mutual respect. But not this filthy mud-slinging!"

"After all, your husband has deserted your home," said Carlslake with a crafty smile.

Sabina glanced at him, loathing him.

"What my husband has done has been understood between us," she said unthinkingly. "You say here that he has been cruel, abusive—"

"Mere matter of form."

"That he has deserted me and my children—"

"Certainly."

"That he has caused me pain, anguish, humiliation,"

"That is to be inferred."

"That he has made me so miserable by his conduct that to live with him is intolerable. But not a word of it is true. My husband is an honorable gentleman, not the brute and the blackguard you make him out to be. If I sign this, I am worse than the things I accuse him of!"

"Then why the devil did you come here?" was on the tip of the lawyer's tongue.

A queer case. Pretty ladies in quest of their freedom were not ordinarily squeamish. He felt the resentment of a personal attack. Clients usually treated him as a friend and were delighted to accept his guidance through the night life of Paris. His face reddened.

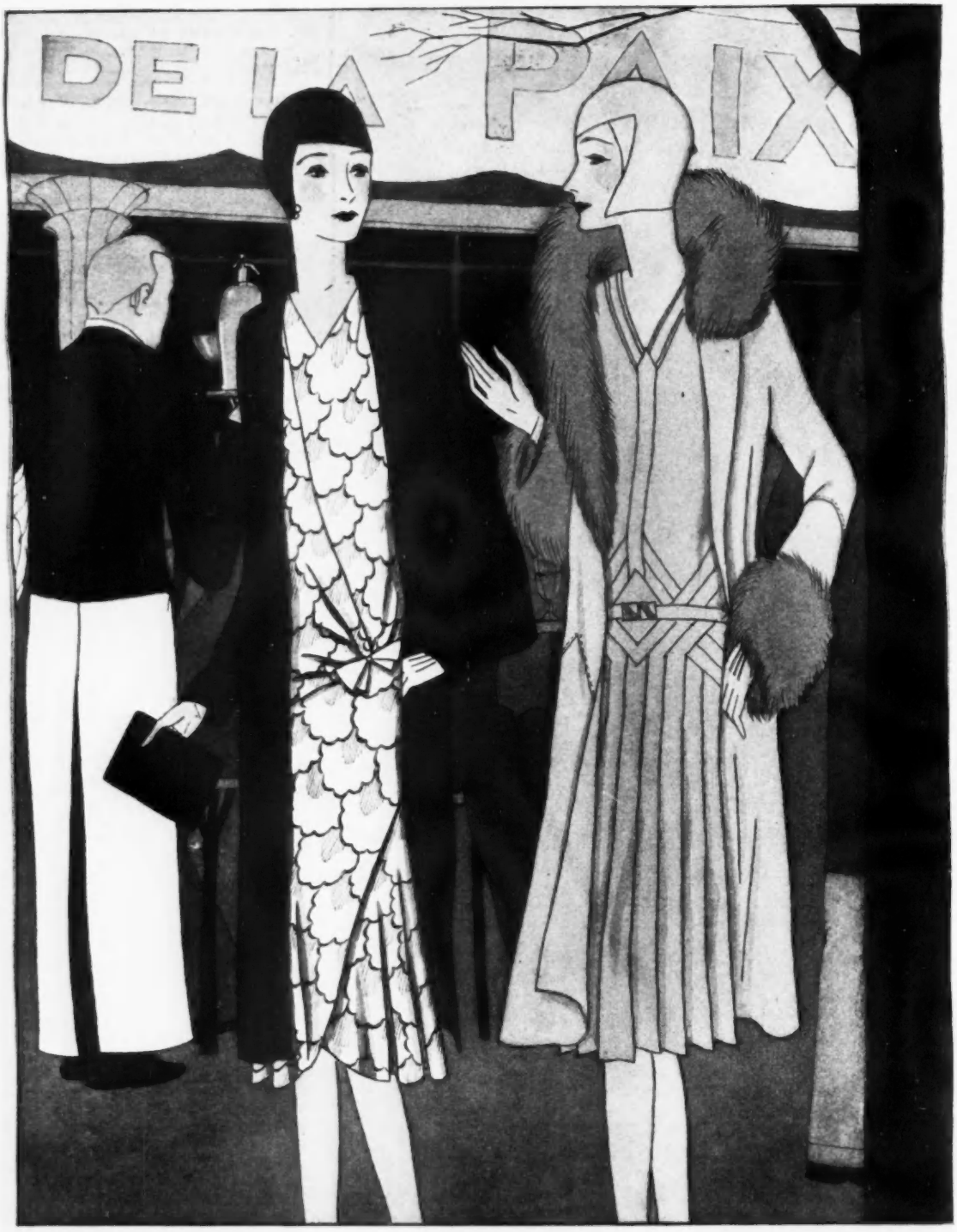
"The paper is in the customary form. I did not write the divorce laws of France, Mrs. Baring."

Mimi made him a sign and, leaning over, began to whisper in her friend's ear. Monsieur de Maistres turned with a gesture of warning to the younger man.

"Perhaps Madame would prefer it if we withdrew for a moment. It will give her time to think over what she wishes to do!"

Carslake shrugged his shoulders, gave a look of understanding to Mrs. Norton, and followed him out of the room.

"After all, dear," said Mimi, "what can you do? If you don't get your divorce here, you'll have to go to Reno, won't you? And there it is (*Continued on page 130*)



Spring Fashions Are on the Way, and Paris Sponsors the Ensemble Anew with Emphasis on a Dozen Varieties

DOEUILLET-DOUCET *herald the spring with a blue and white printed crêpe de Chine gown and a furless coat of blue rep, the cape divided in back to leave the line straight and slender*

PATOU, *whose genius in complicated simplicity of design is undisputed, sends this spring ensemble of wool in a tweedy weave, the skirt full, the coat trimmed on collar and cuffs with fox*

AGNÈS MARIE CHRISTIANE

In Felt or Straw, Brims Go Up and Brims Go Down, For Smart Millinery of 1929

Helen Koues, Director

SPRING fashions appear on the horizon again, even though there is still a month of wind and unsettled weather before Easter. The French couturiers are just now showing their new collections, but the smart woman, choosing from all their offerings, is always the one to crystallize the mode.

Although no radical changes are predicted, the French clothes on these pages indicate slight deviations from the past season, and the wise woman will delay selecting her spring wardrobe until April, when the fashions will be established. Next month, these pages will show all the important models from the openings in Paris and give the latest news about them.

Spring millinery, however, runs ahead of the other fashions. The hats for 1929 have already been shown in Paris, and pictures of the smartest and best models are illustrated on this and the following pages.

In general, hats continue to be small, with a wide variety of kinds and shapes of brims. The brims are narrow in most cases—at least, on one side—and nearly all are irregular. The two hats above are clear examples of this unevenness, one side longer than the other in both models. There is some suggestion that crowns will be slightly higher, but, if this does happen, it will be cleverly effected by discreet gathering or draping of the crown near the top, without adding a great deal to the height. The crown that fits and follows the shape of the head has proved so becoming and practical that smart women will be slow to change—and, too, high crowns lessen the youthful tone of any hat.

The tricorne shape is asserting itself, but it is difficult to say if it will develop into a favored type. On certain women it is exceedingly smart, but it does not go with bobbed hair because the ends of hair show too much at the sides. The new tricorne is the reverse of the one we are used to, the points not even, as in the Deffontaine mode, below, but a tricorne, nevertheless.

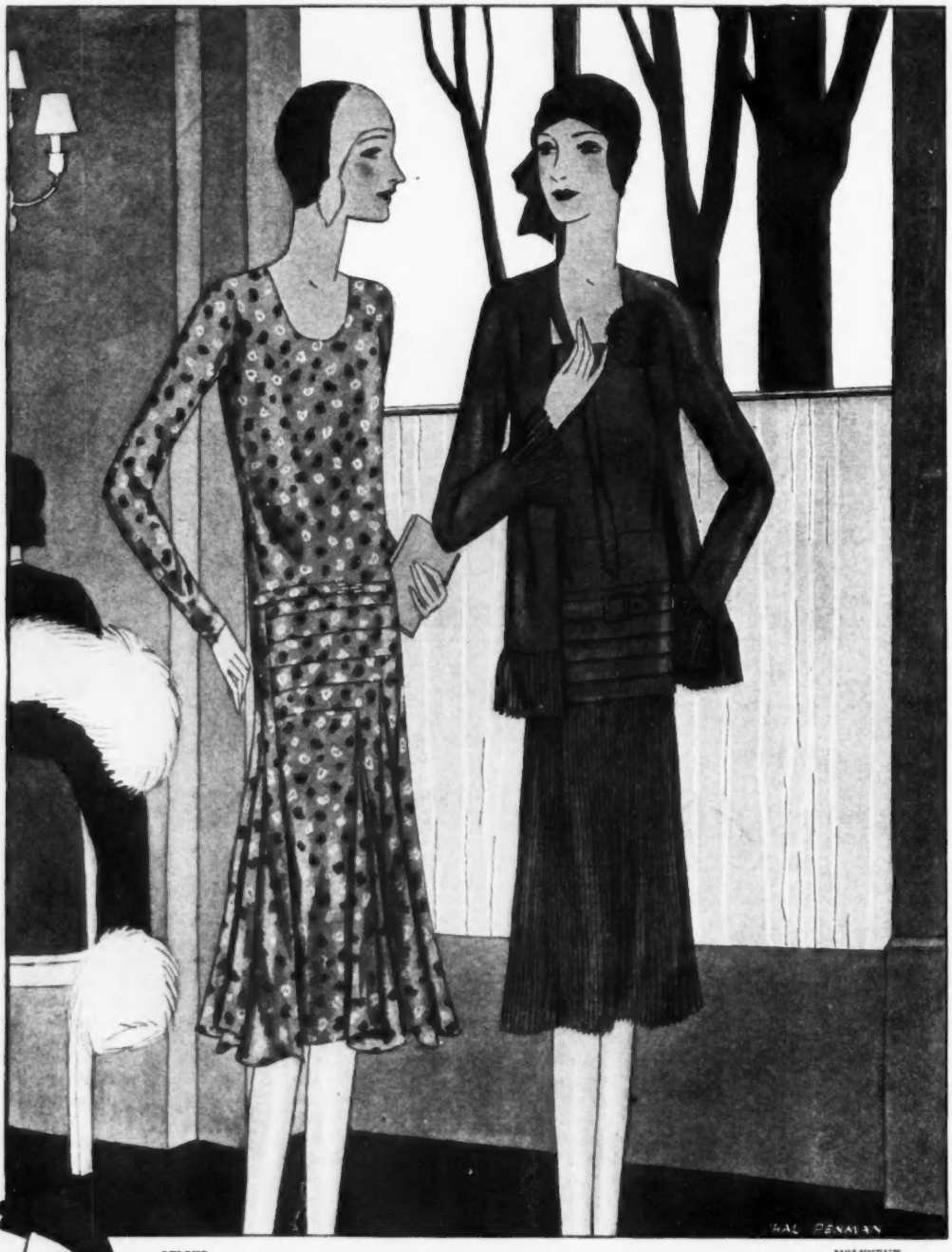
Another new hat is the one that follows the line of the neck in the back, with the front brim either up off the face or down like the back. Examples of this fisherman's brim, as it is called, are found on pages 70 and 71. The helmet is still good, and the classic cloche, which continues to be important, changed only by a touch here or there to stamp it new. A few tiny tucks taken across the front of the crown or on one side will do it. The béret is still important and not only for sports wear. Chanel has recently given it added interest in Paris by making it of chenille. It is pretty and soft in the new material, as comfortable as was the Agnès chenille cap last year and very becoming to those with youthful or small faces. Some of the smartest are made of felt with a perky, stiff, little bow on top at one side.

DEFFONTAINE

Of the materials, felt holds its place, although, as always at the beginning of the spring season, it gives way slightly to straw until toward the end of July, when it has its second blooming. Felt means comfort, and felt means chic, and the two together give a feeling of satisfaction scarcely equaled by any other fabric for millinery.

The new straws are treated as though they were felt—the same lines, the same manipulation. Many of the French designers are using a new straw, parasisol, as well as its older sister, bakou, with which we are all familiar. Also the heavier leghorn varieties in their natural color were bound to come in this summer, because yellow is so important a color just now. Leghorn naturally goes with a yellow season, for both country and town.

Sometimes two materials are used together, the second material incrusted in design. It is nice to know that *crin*, or horsehair straw, will (*Continued on page 275*)



LELONG MOLYNEUX

LELONG *and* MOLYNEUX *sponsor georgette for spring: Lelong's, a small flower print in three shades of green; Molyneux's, all one tone of green. The jacket is edged with knife plaiting.* GABY MONO'S *helmet-shaped hat (below) is black felt encrusted with white*

GABY MONO

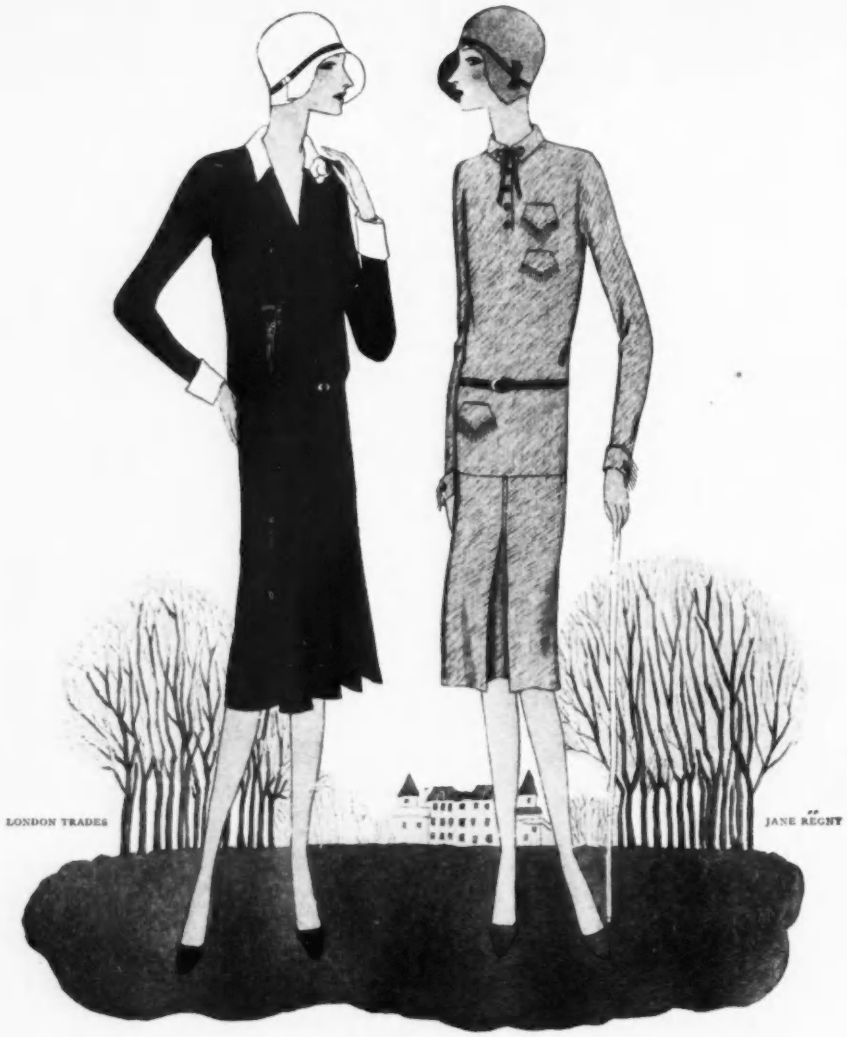
PARIS SAYS—WEAR A GEORGETTE FROCK, PRINTED OR PLAIN, TO THE SPRING LUNCHEON

LELONG LOUISEBOULANGER

LELONG *and* **LOUISEBOULANGER** *achieve distinctive sports suits: Lelong's of bright red crepella with plain cardigan type of jacket; Louiseboulanger's of putty-colored fancy homespun, with a tiny collar on the jacket.* **REBOUX** *designed the dark red felt cloche*

Finger-Tip Jackets in Wool or Silk Complete the Newest One-Piece Paris Frocks

REBOUX



Rodier, Coudurier-Fructus, and Ducharne's Spring Review of Color, Weave, and Pattern in the New Materials

By Our Paris Editor

THE growing tendency to make more sumptuous evening gowns and more feminine afternoon gowns is synonymous with a tendency to make more interesting fabrics. Weave has for long been a point of interest; it still remains one of the most important, for it is even more interestingly handled this season than last. But combinations of workmanship, patterns, and colors also enter into the subject to such a degree that texture can scarcely be said to be the most vital point. There is a feeling everywhere for combining two sorts of material or weave in one fabric. There are crêpe de Chines with satin stripes or dots, georgettes with applied designs in ottoman weaves, chiffon bases mixed with lamé thread—all sorts of combinations and tricks of the weaver's art. If there is any one color that stands out, it is perhaps yellow-green. The fabric-makers all predict much popularity for its various shades, as well as for strong continuation of blues, putties, and reds. Some of the loveliest patterns are of greens and browns mixed, of red, blue, and white mixed, of red and white, and of two or more shades of blue.

There is as great a profusion of patterns as ever at this season of the year. In general, patterns for chiffons and lamé materials are exceedingly large and rambling, and patterns for crêpe de Chines or day silks are small and close-set. There are many flowers, many conventional designs, but fewer extremely modern or cubistic than formerly. Designs are impressionistic rather than exaggerated. There are also many dots, but irregularly spaced so that there is no resemblance to the conventional polka-dotted materials of last season. I have seen few stripes and few borders.

Flowered chiffons are going to reach the zenith of their popularity, and a wave of lamé (metal brocades on thin material) seems to be rising in the background. In spite of the fact that summer is not usually the time for metallic materials, this year will be an exception, but these newer ones are softer with the color predominating, and the metal threads are used merely to give a soft luster.

The newest note among the wools is the very thin wool materials, such as ettamine, georgette, Romain, tussor (the famous Tuslikasha of Rodier), and wool voile. These thin woolens were noticeable

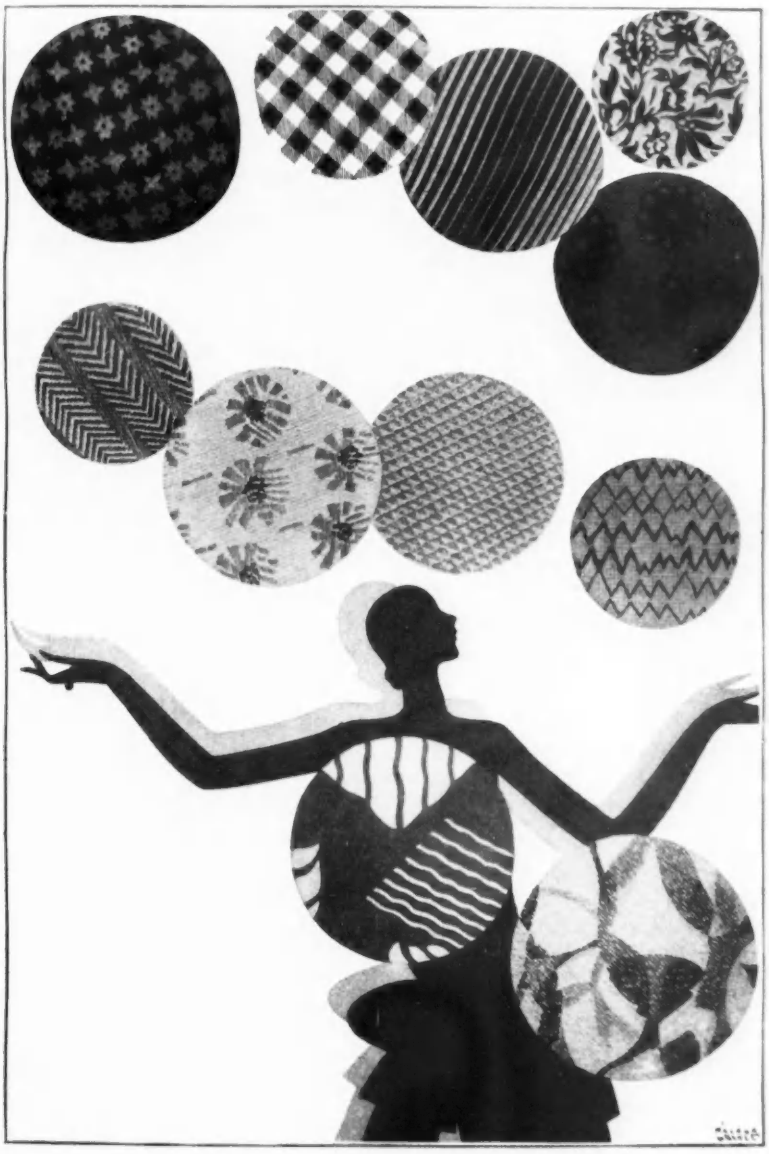
at the last dressmaking collections and will be even stronger at the next.

The house of Rodier, the greatest artist and manufacturer of woolens in the world, has many novelties to show, as well as many developments of former weaves. A great many fabrics are shown with an overcoating of white acquired by a cross weave, that makes them look snowy and softer in coloring. This softening of all colors is typical of the collection, except for a range of printed Tuslikashas in flag colorings that is also very striking. These stronger colors are mostly reserved for scarves and trimming, however, while the plain materials are soft and dull. Rodelic, a wool voile, Toillic, a heavier almost linen-like weave, and Kashafin, a fine thin kasha, are among the important textures of the season. Rodier's printing, on Tuslikasha, which he has done for several seasons now, is superb. The manner in which the color is laid on resembles hand painting, and of course in the case of many Rodier fabrics is hand-blocked. There are little flowers, Indian motifs, waves, leaves, and the already mentioned series of squares printed with navy signal flags in raw colors.

The Rodier jerseys are as interesting as ever, and there is a new material called Moussajour, which looks like an openwork jersey, but which is really a drop-stitched fabric without the pull and give of jersey. Then there is a Djersaplume, very important, a fine, airy, loosely-woven jersey that reminds one of the old Shetland scarf, only that it is even thinner and lighter. The colors used for this are dull and soft, and the texture is exquisite.

Of course, there are the usual embroidered georgettes, embroidered linen and silks, fashioned as no one else can except Rodier. These latter, however, have more interest from a decorating point of view than for clothes. The curtains, tablecloths, napkins, covers of various sorts are magnificent, and the tendency to design here is of the most modern. But on these embroidered cloths the embroidery thread is usually écru and the base an off-white, so that the result is restrained and elegant.

Ducharne is one of the greatest makers of silks, especially patterned silks, in the world. The printed crêpes and chiffons from this house may be found at all the famous dressmakers, and his flower patterns are a marvel of both restraint and originality. A great many leaf designs are shown, both large and small, as well as every sort of flower motive both realistic and impressionistic. The tendency is to have the backgrounds well covered—a dark background, for instance, with light pattern, making the general effect light. For chiffons the patterns are large and spreading, because chiffon falls softly, and thus the pattern is minimized. For crêpes, where the material is less clinging, the patterns are smaller; the printed marquisettes also come into this class. Browns, reds, yellows, and greens are noticeable, and beside the *(Continued on page 155)*



RODIER, DUCHARNE, COUDURIER-FRUCTUS, three important fabric creators in Paris, designed the charming spring materials illustrated here. The four in the center, straight across the page, are Rodier's, all woolens in new designs. The five at the top are printed silks for the daytime; the one of tiny flowers and the checked one, Ducharne's; the striped one and the flower spray, both from Coudurier-Fructus; and the one with scalloped circles, Ducharne's again. For the evening, are the ones in the two largest circles: first, a brocaded satin from Coudurier-Fructus; and the other a lovely sheer lamé from Ducharne

This Print Ensemble and the Jersey Meet at Luncheons

HAT FROM SAKS-FIFTH AVE.

MODELS FROM JAY THORPE

SPRING ENSEMBLES AND TWO VERSIONS OF THE FISHERMAN BRIM

Spring introduces two versions of the fisherman brim, illustrated at top of both pages. The model above scoops back and front with a plait at either side to fit the brim snugly at the nape of the neck, where fit is all-important. It is of Havana brown felt and is simply trimmed in a smart, two-toned ribbon of chartreuse and brown, tied demurely at side

First slender, then flared below, spring's silhouette is bell-shaped, as seen in the ensemble above, which features a Havana brown crêpe Duveen coat lined in brown and beige print to match the dress. Two narrow, scalloped tiers on the coat, as well as the plaited flounces on the skirt, break the straight line from the thighs downward. A net tie lends femininity

Jersey achieves distinction in more ways than one. From a purely sports fabric a few seasons back, it became more formal this winter in black, while spring proclaims its smartness for ensembles as shown in the Lelong model at left. Here a green shadow jersey coat, which develops a slight flare in back, is lined in honey-beige jersey to match the dress, cut on princess lines

This Wool Crêpe and the Checked Tweed are For Town

MODELS ON THIS PAGE FROM BEST

JACKET SUITS, PLAITED GODETS, AND CHECKS ARE SMARTLY NEW

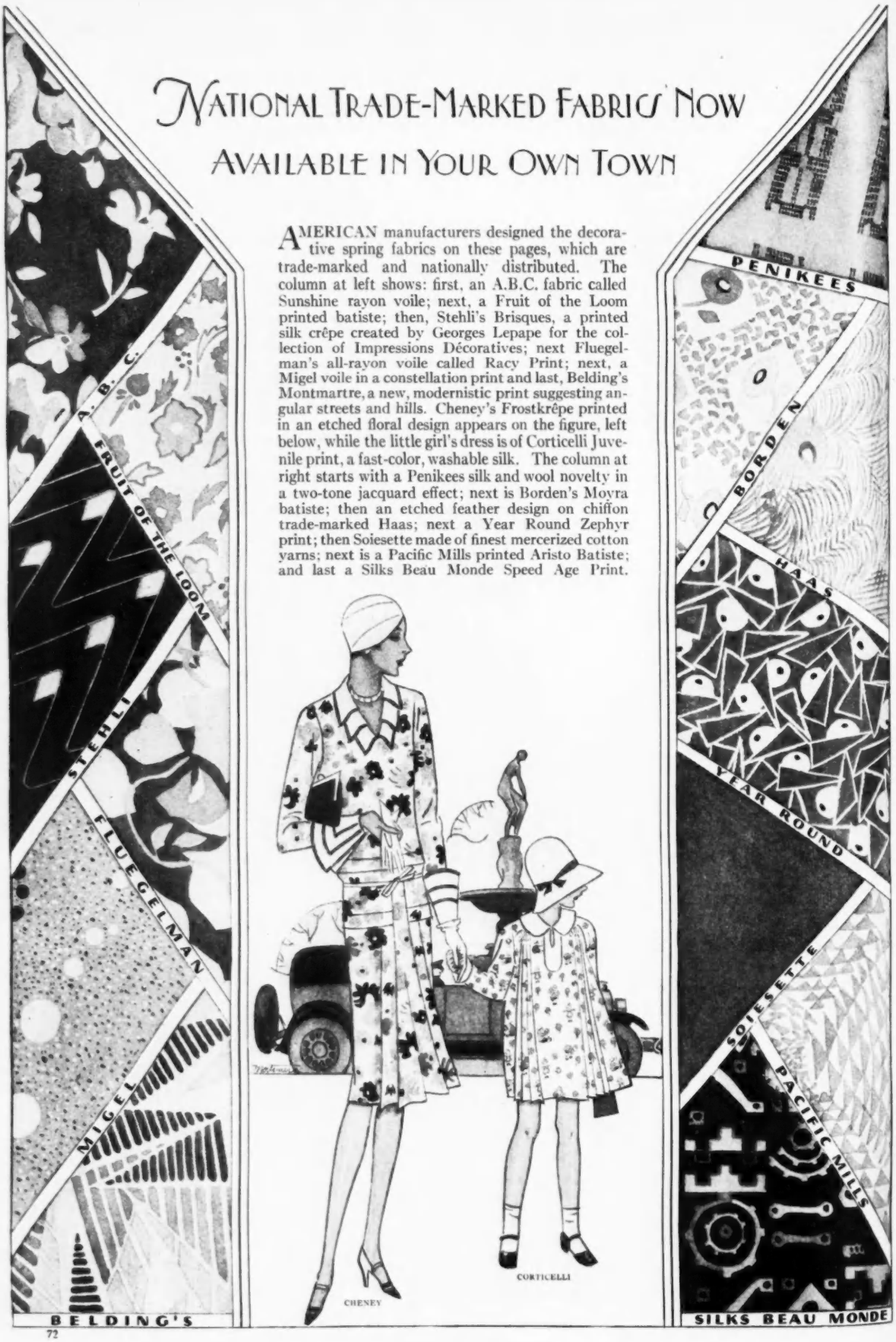
Always in search of a new way of interpreting felt, Paris milliners now seek inspiration from the sou'wester, fisherman hat, as seen above in a Reboux model of raspberry felt. It shows how simple a hat may look though complicated in line. The brim is plaited in back, while the front has been cut to tie back in a bow to hold the plaits in place, the sides remaining long

In tune with the vogue for femininity, now all-important in clothes, comes the jaunty jacket suit for spring, not severely tailored but softly becoming and usually without fastening. Outstandingly smart is the London Trades model above of navy, heavy wool crêpe faced in novelty knit in tones of blue and white to match the blouse, which ties with shaggy, wool tassels

A revival of checks is predicted for spring, not only in woolens but in silk and cotton as well. To be smart, they are bold, as shown at right, in a London Trades short jacket suit of blue, red, and beige tweed, tied at neck in a cravat collar. The ensemble idea is carried out in its lining of natural shantung which matches the sleeveless blouse. The skirt is plaited at side

National Trade-Marked Fabrics Now Available in Your Own Town

AMERICAN manufacturers designed the decorative spring fabrics on these pages, which are trade-marked and nationally distributed. The column at left shows: first, an A.B.C. fabric called Sunshine rayon voile; next, a Fruit of the Loom printed batiste; then, Stehli's Brisques, a printed silk crêpe created by Georges Lepape for the collection of Impressions Décoratives; next Fluegelman's all-rayon voile called Racy Print; next, a Migel voile in a constellation print and last, Belding's Montmartre, a new, modernistic print suggesting angular streets and hills. Cheney's Frostkrêpe printed in an etched floral design appears on the figure, left below, while the little girl's dress is of Corticelli Juvenile print, a fast-color, washable silk. The column at right starts with a Penikees silk and wool novelty in a two-tone jacquard effect; next is Borden's Moyra batiste; then an etched feather design on chiffon trade-marked Haas; next a Year Round Zephyr print; then Soiesette made of finest mercerized cotton yarns; next is a Pacific Mills printed Aristo Batiste; and last a Silks Beau Monde Speed Age Print.



Spring Silks, Woolens, Cottons, and Fabrics Made of Newer Fibers

SPRING'S new fabrics of wool, silk, cotton, and the newer fibers are shown on this page in lovely sports weaves. First at left is an unshrinkable Visylka dress fabric, combining wool, cotton, and rayon; next, an interesting Everfast printed piqué, and Darbrook's guaranteed, washable, satin-stripe Baroda crêpe. A novelty knitted fabric is Security's Alpine in an angular stripe design made of kashmir worsted and tinsel; then a printed Celanese moiré in a design by Foujita. Roubaix's Mashie Coating is a colorful two-tone tweed in a check design, and Sag-No-Mor, a knitted fabric in a three-tone lacy weave. The little boy wears a Braeburn jersey suit buttoning at shoulder, while mother selects a Svelda Print sports dress of Bemberg. First at right is a three-tone check effect in a Forstmann lightweight dress tweed; next an Aberfoyle all-cotton figured éponge; and Mallinson's Vagabond Crêpe Brocade, a washable shantung with crêpe finish. A fine wool voile is the Walther fabric, and Lorraine a fast-color gingham, while Botany's Botinette is a fancy basket weave in a wool and rayon mixture.

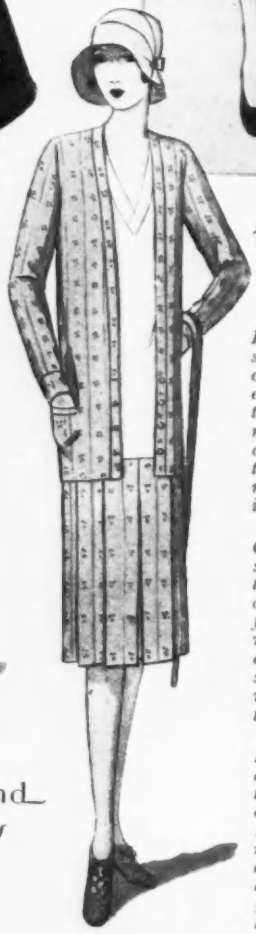
Let Our Shopping Service Buy for You

Of black spiral crêpe, the lovely, one-piece frock, below, is trimmed at the surplice closing, collar, and cuffs with white georgette; the skirt is plaited in front, the back is flat, and the wide hip-band fits snugly; also in copen-blue; 16, 18, 38 to 44; $19.75. The three-piece knitted sports suit of silk-and-wool (below) has a soft, white, slip-over sweater; the skirt is plaited in front and on a silk bodice; eggshell-tan, rose-red, pale blue, or green, all flecked with white; sizes, 14 to 42; price, $25

Spring Clothes from Fifth Avenue

How to Order

Let our Shopping Service speed these smart clothes to you for Easter. All you have to do is select the ones you want from these two pages and send check or money-order to cover the amount, together with description of size and color wanted. Be sure to give hip and bust measurements. Send order to Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.



Street and Sports

For Easter in Town and in Country

Every one will want a tweed suit for spring, and this is one of the newest and smartest, the coat of seven-eighths length, the skirt wrapped, the sweater of rayon-and-knit in a novelty weave. The pockets are set on in a smart way with seaming to the hem. It comes in a gray or tan mixture, the sweater harmonizing; in sizes 14 to 40; and only $39

Checked effects are smart for spring as in the three-piece novelty tweed suit (above, 2nd fig.) with its charming blouse and tailored finger-tip jacket. The skirt has a wrap-over effect, but is on a bodice, and the blouse is flat crêpe with a suede belt; the suit is a black-and-white mixture of light-weight tweed, the blouse solid red; 14 to 40; $29

For Easter, choose this printed crêpe de Chine frock with circular tiers and soft bows, in navy, black, or tan ground with colored flowers; 16 to 40; $15; or the two-piece one in flat crêpe with surplice line and deep jabot, the skirt plaited all around, on a bodice, and with georgette vest and a flower; black, light navy, or green; 34 to 44; $25

In the Afternoon

A Page of Semi-Made Fashions We Will Buy For You

How to Order

Do you know that all you have to do is send your order to Good Housekeeping in New York and we will buy these new spring clothes for you? And that everything on this page is semi-made, with all the difficult sewing like plaits, collars, and pockets finished, so that all you have to do is sew up the seams and hem? They are remarkable values, with prices which mean that you can have two dresses instead of one, and a spring coat and jacket suit for very little. Send check or money-order, together with size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

Send 25c for the Bride's Booklet, telling about invitations, decorations, the trousseau, and all details for weddings, to Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

Out-of-Doors

Just the thing for spring days is this one-piece, semi-made, cloth dress to wear under a coat or with a fur. It comes all cut out to your size, of novelty wool and rayon-tweed, with a detachable vest and cuffs of cotton piqué, and little pearl buttons. On the skirt are diagonally set-on pockets topping side plaits; a belt of the material and a buckle are included; comes in black, navy, brown, or light red combination; 14 to 40; only $6.95

Since jersey is smarter than ever this year, and since bows give a charming effect, the two-piece, semi-made, fine, wool-jersey dress, above, belongs in your wardrobe. A bow starts at the V neck; the others follow the smart stitching effect on the blouse, all finished for you. Just sew up the seams and hem. The skirt comes with white silkaleen bodice and has inserted godets; in spring shades, blue, tan, green, or rose; 14 to 40; $7.95

So practical for windy days in March is this soft, wool tweed coat. It is semi-made and a bargain; all cut out to your own size with the shoulders joined, the front facings and collar attached, cuffs and pockets made up, and the buttons included. It has large, set-on pockets with rows of stitching, and is double-breasted; beige-and-brown, or black-and-white; 14 to 42; coat $9.95; shoulder lining; $2.50; coat with lining; $12.45

In the House

This is just the frock to bring the first cheery note into your spring wardrobe. All cut out to your own size, of printed crêpe de Chine (2nd fig.), it has a becoming scalloped collar and jabot. There is a group of plaits at one side, above which the belt ties. The collar is hemstitched and made up, and the plaits are set in. All you have to do is sew up the seams and hem; in black-and-white, navy-and-beige, or marine-blue-and-white; 14 to 42; only $9.95

Inside the house as well as out, smartness is the rule today, and that is the reason for the neat and becoming semi-made, cotton-broadcloth, printed frock (above, 1st fig.). The collar, cuffs, and piping are in plain color, and the surplice line is stitched, and the waistband is in two sections; the skirt is plaited across the front, all difficult sewing finished; in navy, French-blue, or oyster-white ground printed in contrasting colors; 14 to 44; and only $3.95

Charmingly youthful is this semi-made costume with jacket of newest design. It is three-piece, of flat crêpe, the skirt with a bodice, finely plaited all around, the jacket with no fastening and set-on pockets, the blouse with long sleeves and round collar and appliqué in contrast. The front of the blouse and the pockets are made up, the skirt plaited; all material included; marine-blue-and-white, brown-and-beige, or green-and-white; in sizes, 14 to 42; $14.50

For active sports wear nothing could be more practical than the attractive blouse pattern at the right, M-27, sizes 34 to 42, 30c. The smart new skirt pattern, M-28, comes in sizes 37, 39, 41, 43, or 45 hip measures, and costs 40c. A more formal blouse pattern is M-29, sizes 34 to 42, 30c, which is shown with suit pattern, M-30, sizes 34 to 42, 60c.

HOW TO ORDER

For any of the four smart, new patterns which are shown on this page, write, giving your size, and enclosing the correct remittance in stamps, check, or money-order, to Good Housekeeping Pattern Service, 57th Street, at Eighth Avenue, N. Y. C.

SMART COUNTRY PATTERNS FOR TWEED AND JERSEY

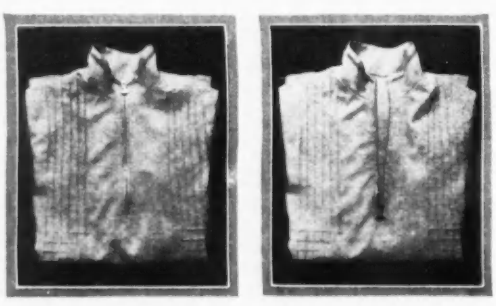
By Caroline Gray

THIS is the time of year when we want to be out of doors, enjoying the feeling of spring in the air. But the air has a way of remaining chilly for at least another month, so we need warm sports clothes of woolens and tweeds to wear at this time under our coats, and later without them. As this is the time to plan and make the clothes of this type which you will need for the spring, whether you take an active part in sports or are merely an interested spectator, we have selected from our Paris sketches for this month's patterns these smart new sports clothes—a suit, two blouses, and a skirt—which are both easy to make and to wear.

While tailored simplicity still dominates sports clothes, a more intricate cut breaks the severity of blouses and skirts without subtracting from their comfort, and plaits and pressed godets add fulness to the skirts.

Tweeds, jersey, and the rougher woolens are the best fabrics for sports the year round, supplemented by tub silks and colorful cotton fabrics for the warm weather. Sweaters, worn with harmonizing scarfs, are always welcome for warmth as well as variety, and several blouses of silk or piqué are indispensable to alternate with the jersey blouse of your three-piece suit.

The unusual dress at the left has individuality and is really comfortable and practical for active sport. The pattern for the blouse is cut in 8 sections, and that for the skirt is in 6. The skirt has a fitted hip yoke opening on the side, thus giving the necessary smoothness around the hips. It is plain in back and has five slightly circular godets in front. After the skirt is stitched together in the usual way, press the seams open, turn to the right side, and crease back each seam. Then make a line of machine stitching as near the edge of this crease as possible. This gives the umbrella-like effect which is so new and smart. Made of tweed, in size 36, this skirt will cost about $10.



The novel feature of the blouse is the flat, round neck closed with a hookless fastener. These fasteners are most practical for sport wear. They are made on tapes in several neutral shades and can be attached to a garment in no time at all. They come in several sizes and may be bought reasonably at the notion counter. The pictures at the left show how the fastener appears, both open and closed. To use, start by folding the upper end diagonally on the wrong side and sew securely. Spread the blouse flat on a table and with the fastener closed baste the tape in the opening, between the applied (*Continued on page 155*)

MAKING THE SPRING HAT

By Grace Henderson

NEARLY all the new hats are small, this spring. Like the smartest of the advanced models worn in town during the winter, the crown conforms to the shape of the head, and the brim, if any, is narrow, or one-sided, or manipulated in an unusual way. Frequently the brim is cut off entirely in front and turned or twisted or applied as a novel sort of trimming, as in the hat illustrated.

The brimless cap exposing one eyebrow is charming on the right person and will be seen more than ever; and the hat with the narrow, shaped brim turned off the face on one side and down on the other gives much the same effect, but as the line is softer and apt to be more becoming, it satisfies the woman who prefers a brim.

The important requirement of any hat this season is the perfect fit of the edge of the crown and the brim to the neck and hair line, and the exact adjustment of the crown to the brim and to the depth of the head.

Felt will be almost universally worn for town and sports early in the spring, but later, with no decrease in its popularity, there will be many interesting combinations of felt and straw, or straw alone. Many straws today are soft and pliable and are handled like felt, although some stiff straws are still being used.

This month no pattern is given for making a hat, but the directions in this article are accurate, and by following them you need have no difficulty in making the hat above.

The first step in making this hat is to buy a felt hood. Take this hood to a man who blocks felt hats and have him block the crown to your head size and half an inch deeper all around than the depth of your head. Tell him to make the brim slant slightly as in the illustration. When this blocking has been done, there will be a little line all around the hood marking the joining of crown and brim. Cut the crown from the brim half an inch above this line all around. This will leave you with a crown which just fits your head and is cap-shaped. Make sure that this crown does not wrinkle at the back, as it will if it is too deep.

Mark the center front, center back, and the sides over your ears with pins, both on this crown and on the brim section. Then take the brim and from a point about 2 inches toward the front from the pin over your right ear cut diagonally from the outer edge of the brim to the inner edge on the other side about 2 inches in front of the pin over your left ear. This will give you a piece of felt approximately 27 inches long. Next put pins in the crown 2 inches in front of each of the side pins. Beginning in the center back, slip the half-inch, turned-up edge of the brim under the crown and pin in place around each side as far as the pins in front of the side pins. In size 22″ this will leave a brimless space 7 inches long across the front. Turn the right side of the brim up and pin in place as shown in the illustration. Then turn back the left side of the brim and pin as shown. Now try on the hat.

Of course, the brim is still shapeless. If, however, the space across the front seems right for you, take off the hat and trim the brim as follows: In the center back it should be about an inch wide, gradually growing broader on the right side until, at a point about one and a half inches in front of the right ear it is 2¼ inches wide. Trim the lower edge of the right-hand turned-back section so that it measures about 1½ inches wide, and cut the top of it diagonally across as illustrated. Then, working from the center back around toward the left ear, make the brim gradually wider, until, at a point about an inch in front of the left ear, it is 2 inches wide. From this point to the end of the turned-back section it gradually tapers off so that the section is only 1½ inches wide at the end. Cut the end of this section diagonally across as shown.

Your hat is now ready to be sewed together. With invisible stitches, from the inside, sew the brim to the crown across the back and around each side as far as the turned-back sections. Then sew these sections to the hat. The right-hand one should be sewed along its lower edge only, the top and diagonal end being left free. The left-hand one should be sewed along its upper edge (*Continued on page 276*)

Illustrated By Charles D. Mitchell

The Story Of a Woman Who Found There Was Only One Thing To Do When You Can Love Only One Man—

STRIKE UP

TOURISTS in sun-kissed Hollywood rush to Montmartre, extras eat at Armstrong's, the very young dance at Cocoanut Grove, but the wise go to Tessie McCane's.

In the shadow of a hill that at night looks for all the world like Queenstown from the sea, her little whitewashed cabin of a wayside inn opens a friendly half-door to those who believe that a dinner means something other than beer and skittles. Under its thatched roof farce flickers and drama flares, for water seeks its level, and Tessie McCane of the cloudy eyes and the lilting laughter is the girl who makes Hollywood human. Stars may rise and stars may fall under the kleigs of the ballyhooed boulevard to the eastward, but every evening she stands near the hearth, giving greeting to those who lift the latch, famous and near-famous, rich and near-rich, great and near-great, and the straggling camp-followers of them all.

When the rough-beamed, smoke-darkened room fills, she goes around in front of the booths that line the wall, speeding the waiters, sending orders to the cook, cajoling friends, welcoming strangers, lifting or lowering the speed of the crowd. From the background of a San Francisco childhood and many a generation of blarneying McCanes she has brought the high art of a soothering tongue. Men and women volley back her smiles. Some one asks her to sing, and she stands, her hand on her hip, her gray eyes leaping over to where Jed Hart, whom she married more years ago than she tells in print, sits at the grand piano.

"Strike up the band!" she calls to him, and he ripples out the chords that prelude her singing.

All kinds of songs her patrons demand, syncopation and negro spirituals and sentimental ballads, songs of Dixie and of Scotland and of the Ireland she has striven to transplant into her little cabin club; but there is one song which, no matter how often nor how long they call for it, Tessie McCane sings no more.

She sang it, and Jed played it, with no

Gold and white the Dare girl was in the light from the high lantern, but it was to Tom Price, standing behind her, that Tessie's gaze went, indictment and condemnation flaming from its depths. "You had your nerve," she flung at him

the BAND

By Mary Synon

one for audience except a tottering old waiter, on the night when they opened the place under the Hollywood hill. The last one of their few guests had gone from the shack she had worked so hard to make a place of charm, and Tessie had slumped down upon the piano stool, cuddling her head upon Jed's shoulder in weary contentment.

"It's nice, isn't it, Jeddie?" she sought his approval.

"Fine."

"You like it, don't you?"

"Sure."

"I feel we're going to make good here."

"You'd make good anywhere."

"So would you."

"Stop kidding the talent, Tess. You know better."

"I know you can."

"If I could, you wouldn't have to work, would you?"

"But I love to work!"

"Not like this."

"I do. Truly. I'd work if you had a million."

"We'll never have the chance to find out." His slim fingers wandered idly over the keys; his somber eyes held unwavering glance upon the dying fire. "I'll never be anything but your piano player."

"Jed!"

"You know it."

"I don't." Tears shone in her eyes. "Stop talking like that. You'll do something with your music, something big."

"People don't want my kind of music."

"They do."

"Be yourself, Tessie!"

"I am. Jed, why don't you believe in yourself?"

"You can't build a skyscraper on shifting sand."

"You can if you drive the piles deep enough."

"What's the good of talking about it?" He bent over and kissed her dark hair. "Anyhow, I love you, Teresita."

"I love you, Jed. I love you so much I can't say it." She leaned back to look deeply into his eyes. "I've got to sing it."

She began to hum softly the old song which was chalice of the sacrament of her love for him, and he drifted into the rhythm of its accompaniment.

"Just like that, Jeddie," she said, half in laughter, half in tears, when she had ended. "Oh, Jed, Jed, I love you so!"

Passionately she clung to him, as if she already saw the shadow of a fate that would strive to take him from her.

"What'll I ever do if you don't love me any more?"

"I'll love you."

"Forever?"

"Forever."

"And two days afterward?"

"Maybe three."

"Don't be stingy."

"All right. Nine."

"Strike up the band!" She clogged across the floor, her hair tumbling over her radiant face. "Who's happy? Everybody! Step on it, Jeddie. We're hitting nothing but the high spots, boys!"

She would sing the song, too, when Tom Price came to the cabin, sitting in a booth from where he could watch her while he smoked. She would smile at him when she took up its melody, and knew that his look never wavered from her; but before she ended she would always turn to Jed, her eyes shining with that love which had rushed her headlong into reckless marriage. Sometimes Jed would answer her by a deeper intensity in his accompanying music, and she would lift her voice to a triumphant paean of promise. Then, the song done, she would purse her red lips into a whistle, and saunter over to Price.

"How was that, Tommy boy?" she'd ask him saucily, cocking her head like a robin.

"You know it's good, Tess," he'd tell her, "and you know that you're a fool to sing like that for a handful of people when you could have fifty-two weeks a year with Alart."

"I'm no Melba, Tommy, and you can't kid me into thinking I am."

"Who says you are? You're yourself." He would always put out his cigarette then, and bend closer to her. "Tessie, you've got something that's better'n a voice. It's what old Maggie Cline, and Lotta Faust, and Sally Gates, and all those girls who could put the alphabet over the footlights have always had."

"*It?*"

"That's the Hollywood for it, but I don't care what you call it, personality, or power, or genius, or just plain get-up-and-get-'em. It's what catches and holds the crowd. It's what registers. It's what makes fame and fortune, and you've got it, Tessie."

"G'wan with you," she would laugh. "Don't be tempting the beautiful cloak model out of her happy home!"

"Why won't you try it, Tess?" he would persist, for Price had won his place as chief scout of the Alart circuits by dogged determination no less than by his ability to pick winners.

"I like—this." Her eyes circled the cabin. "I built it, Tommy. I'd wanted it a long time. I worked for it, and saved for it, and planned and schemed for it. Now I have it, and I don't want to give it up."

"I see." His look always went to Jed, darkly and romantically handsome in the light of the leaping peat fire as he drifted through dreamy melodies on the piano. "Jed could go with you, Tess."

"He couldn't," she'd say too quickly. "He has to stay out here. He isn't strong enough to stand the gaff of living out of a trunk. He'd have been a great pianist if he could have stayed in New York, but he had to come to the Coast." She would look to see if Jed were not gazing that way, then tap her chest significantly. "No, he couldn't do it."

"And you won't?"

"I can't."

"All right, Tessie."

"All right, Tommy."

She would grin at him in bright friendliness and, turning back to the room, drift to where Jed played. With her hand on his shoulder she would shuffle for a moment, then break into some gay little song before she went out to tell whatever cook chanced to reign in the kitchen that the gravy on the ham steak should be a richer brown. Sometimes Price would halt her again as she repassed his table.

"Why do you want to waste on cooks the voice that can sing that song the way you do?" he would complain.

"It's not wasted. You'll thank me for using it when you get your dinner. Besides, I'll sing it again for you."

"When?"

"Next time."

She sang it for the last time, however, on the night Price came into the shack with Doris Dare. Jed was meandering through lush meadows of soft music while she settled a quarrel between two temperamental waiters, and she came to lean over the piano and tell him of its outcome. He listened inattentively, his gaze on the doorway, and she bent closer and blew his hair.

"Wake up, Jeddie!" she laughed, then realized with the swiftness of a hotly protective love that some force beyond her had already galvanized him into waking.

She looked over his shoulder to see the Dare girl at the door with Tom Price.

Gold and white the Dare girl was in the light from the high lantern over the lintel, a deliberately framed picture of exquisite loveliness which caught and held more glances than Jed's in the pause of her entrance; but it was to Tom Price, standing behind her, that Tessie's gaze went, indictment and condemnation flaming from its depths.

"You had your nerve," she flung at him in a tone lower than the gay assumption of good fellowship she launched toward the girl.

"I couldn't help it, Tess. I'll tell you why after a while."

She led them across the cabin, steering them past booths where other golden and white maidens from the studios had found parking space. Nadia Banning, divorced during the week from a Jugo-Slav nobleman whose legal residence was Gary, Indiana, was dazzling a Winnipeg youth on a visiting hockey team. Judith Copley and Cedric Stuart, those poignant lovers of the screen whose next super-special would be "His Neighbor's Wife," an adaptation of the opera of "Tristan and Isolde," which it would, of course, make famous, ate lustily of corned beef and cabbage and shouted for more. The beautiful Sari Blake, who preferred to be called Mrs. Milton Kleinman in deference to her husband, was honor guest of a Mr. Oberndorf of Omaha. Flanked by her vigilant mother and a visibly adoring gentleman from Kewanee, Illinois, sat Petite Parsons, Wampas star of the latest vintage and one of the good little girls of the silver sheet. Beyond her rollicked the youth and chivalry of the recently completed program special, "A Hindu Honeymoon." One and all they gave their tribute of an instant's attention to Price and Doris Dare, and Sari Blake shrugged around from her Mr. Oberndorf to appraise the effect of their appearance upon Jed.

Tessie McCane felt the tension, saw the stares, and tossed her head.

"Music, lights, camera!" she called. "We're all here. Start the show!"

From above the chair which he held out for Doris's measured gesture of sinking into it with swanlike grace Tom Price's glance signaled precaution to Tessie! "Keep still," it bade her, but she flung up her chin as she turned to the room, and whistled her way back to the hearth.

From its point of vantage she could watch Jed without appearing to stand

A PRAYER FOR SACRIFICE

By Lexie Dean Robertson

THE *alabaster box*
Held Mary's dearest treasure—
How often had she gone
Alone to that quiet cupboard where it lay
To know again the pleasure
Of its smooth, cool beauty
In her hand,
To breathe the rich perfume
That clung about its surface
And live for one brief moment
In some far, lovely place
Where roses scattered crimson
On the sand.

WHEN *gentle Mary gave*
The alabaster box to Christ, her King,
She brought Him all she had
Of loveliness and secret, shining dreams
To be a sacrificial offering—
It was her beating heart she laid
At Jesus' feet.

DEAR LORD: I pray that Thou
Wilt teach my selfish heart to be
As generous as Mary's. Let me bring
All that I hold dearest, Lord, to Thee,
And in the blessing of Thy love to find
Such giving sweet!

Tessie blazed to instant defensiveness as she faced Doris Dare, but the girl swept past with a look blended of anger, contempt, defeat, and triumph

guard over him, and while she waved, and laughed, and threw out the welcoming "*Caed mille failthe*" of her Irish ancestry to girls in rhinestone-spangled gowns and ermine wraps as they crowded the shack with their attendant swains, she saw how his mood of brooding discontent had been intensified by Doris Dare's coming. All the jealous miseries of fear which had assailed her since her first suspicion, weeks before, that Jed was in love with the girl boiled up into a spurt of agony which tore through her heart.

"I'll kill her," she thought in fury, then plunged into the depths of the wretchedness of realization of her own futility.

"What can I do?" she kept asking herself behind the mask of her professional gaiety.

"I can't let him go," her love cried as she looked down upon him. "He's mine!"

All the power of her passion for him, augmented by the mother-love which had grown in her through the years of her watchful care, rose in revolt against the fear of loss; but she felt, as she watched his gaze upon Price's companion, that Jed loved Doris.

She gave him signal for a song and saw that he obeyed her mechanically. As she sang, she strove to review what she knew of his infatuation for the Dare girl. Doris had first come to the cabin with Waring, who collected girls as assiduously as he collected press notices. Unlike most of Waring's feminine trophies, she wasn't new to the Hollywood game. She had played small parts on some of the lots, and, although she had never skyrocketed into any flaming success, she managed to make enough for the front she needed to keep her in the picture. Even before Tess had reason to combat her, she had realized that Doris Dare lacked that saving quality of workmanlike self-sufficiency which balanced the many sins of Nadia Banning, and of Judith Copley. They worked for what they got, but Doris was a leech, sucking men's blood for sustenance.

"But why does she want Jed?" Tessie asked herself for the thousandth time. "He can't give her anything."

Then she saw the look in his eyes, and knew that he was giving Doris Dare exactly what she wanted for the moment, the thrill of a fervid, forbidden passion.

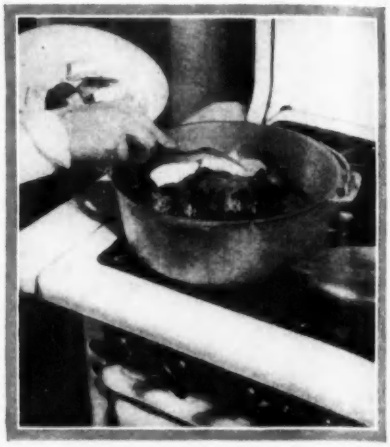
"Oh, God, don't (*Continued on page 145*)

Good Housekeeping INSTITUTE

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

Katharine A. Fisher
Director

The covered self-basting skillet may be used either on top of the stove or in the oven



The Dutch oven of today has a tight-fitting, self-basting cover and may be had in cast iron or cast aluminum as you prefer

Preparing Inexpensive Meals

The Third of a Series on Meal Preparation

By Katharine A. Fisher, Director
And Demetria M. Taylor
Of Good Housekeeping Institute Staff

MENUS and recipes for inexpensive meals were given on these pages in February, following a discussion in January of some methods for reducing the food bills. The preparation of meals in which the cheaper foods are generously presented is the next step to be considered, since care and resourcefulness in cooking are no small factors in keeping within our food budget. Suitable equipment also plays an important part, so we are here discussing the use of several types of utensils, as well as methods of cooking, that are particularly adapted to the preparation of many of the cheaper foods.

Cabbage and the root vegetables are available for a comparatively long season and may be considered cheaper foods. Appetizing recipes using raw cabbage and carrots in salads and relishes have often appeared on these pages and have become favorites in many homes. We have also stressed the importance of using very little water, about one-half cup, in keeping vegetables full flavored in cooking. Canned fruits and vegetables add variety to inexpensive meals when the list of cheaper vegetables dwindles at any season. The Institute method of preparing canned vegetables brings them to the table with the full flavor of fresh ones. The contents of the can, liquor and all, are turned into a skillet and the vegetables boiled rapidly, as this, with the large surface exposed, makes for quick evaporation. When nearly all the liquor has boiled off, the vegetables are seasoned for serving.

The use of left-overs is always a problem in keeping down food costs. Our advice is to avoid as much as possible having any left-overs to use. However, the last of a roast or a pot roast must often be considered, and we frequently turn to our favorite recipe for a well-seasoned hash, a cooked fish pie, or a shepherd's pie. For these the old-fashioned chopping bowl and knife produce better results than the food-chopper, while the latter is more suitable for preparing cooked meat and other foods for croquettes, or the tougher cuts of uncooked meat for Salisbury or Hamburg steak, and Beef Loaf.

Cereals should find a place in meals for any food budget. In addition to the breakfast cereals, macaroni and rice may be prepared in a wide variety of ways. Cheese is often used with these cereals, and to cook it to perfection in such dishes, use sufficient to give a full cheese flavor and grate it or cut it very finely. Mix evenly with the other ingredients and cook at a low temperature as in the *Cheese-Macaroni Loaf* shown in the oven meal illustrated. This is the recipe for an unusual main dish:

Cook in boiling, salted water until tender one-half cupful of macaroni broken into small pieces. Drain. In another pan cook one teaspoonful each of chopped onion and parsley with one tablespoonful of chopped green pepper and one tablespoonful of butter in one-fourth cupful of water until the water boils away. Add this to the macaroni with one cupful of soft bread crumbs, one-half cupful of American cheese rubbed through a grater, one teaspoonful of salt, and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Now fold in evenly the three egg-whites beaten stiff. Pour into a buttered baking dish, set the dish in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for forty-five minutes. Serve with asparagus sauce. Serves six.

Oven meals lend themselves to the preparation of the cheaper foods, and they are time-saving as well. Pot roasts, braised meats, beef loaf, stews *en casserole*, may all be done in the oven as well as other baked main dishes, vegetables, and a dessert to complete the meal. Any dishes requiring approximately the same cooking temperature may be baked at one time. From time to time we have given menus for oven meals such as those in September of last year in our article, "Make a Good Friend of Your Oven."

The utensil known as the "waterless cooker" is well adapted to the preparation

Preparing Inexpensive Meals

of inexpensive meals. Plan to use the space in the cooker satisfactorily. These cookers usually have two inset pans and a rack for them, so that several foods may be cooked separately at one time. The bottom of the container may be used for cooking the main dish, such as a meat loaf, a stew, or a pot roast with vegetables, while another vegetable and a dessert may be cooked in the inset pans. We have found that potatoes are better cooked in the bottom with the meat than in an inset pan.

Generations of housekeepers have used the Dutch oven. The Dutch oven of today has a tight-fitting, self-basting cover which keeps the food juicy while it cooks to a delicious tenderness. There are cast-aluminum as well as cast-iron Dutch ovens and the cast-iron ones have recently emerged in attractive colors, enameled on the iron, and durable as well as colorful.

New cast-iron Dutch ovens require special treatment to prevent rusting. Wash the oven and scour it with steel wool and soap or a scouring powder and soap. Then boil in it for an hour with the cover on, a solution of two tablespoonfuls of washing soda to four quarts of water. Empty and again scour as before. A steel bristle brush will aid in the scouring. Now cut up about a pound of beef suet. Let it entirely melt in the Dutch oven, covering the sides and inside cover with the melted fat. Pour off the fat, wipe out the utensil with crumpled paper, and it is ready to use. Always dry the oven thoroughly after washing it, and if it is being put away for some time cover the cast-iron surface with unsalted fat.

Oven meals are fuel savers since several dishes requiring about the same cooking temperature may be baked at one time. The casserole also lends itself well to the preparation of the cheaper foods

Savory stews, juicy pot roasts, and braised meat en casserole make use of the tougher cuts of meat, and all may be cooked well in the Dutch oven, which may be used either on top of the stove or in the oven of the range. Select any of your favorite recipes. This delicious *Pot Roast with Vegetables* will prove a favorite. Dredge with flour a four-pound beef chuck or a compact piece from the bottom round. Brown on all sides in two tablespoonfuls melted fat in a skillet, or in the Dutch oven. Add one large onion, one cup of celery, both finely chopped, one-half cupful of carrots cut in cubes, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one pint of water, and two cupfuls of stewed tomato. Cover and cook slowly four hours. Remove the roast and stir into the gravy two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed smoothly with one-fourth cupful of cold water. Stir until thickened, and serve.

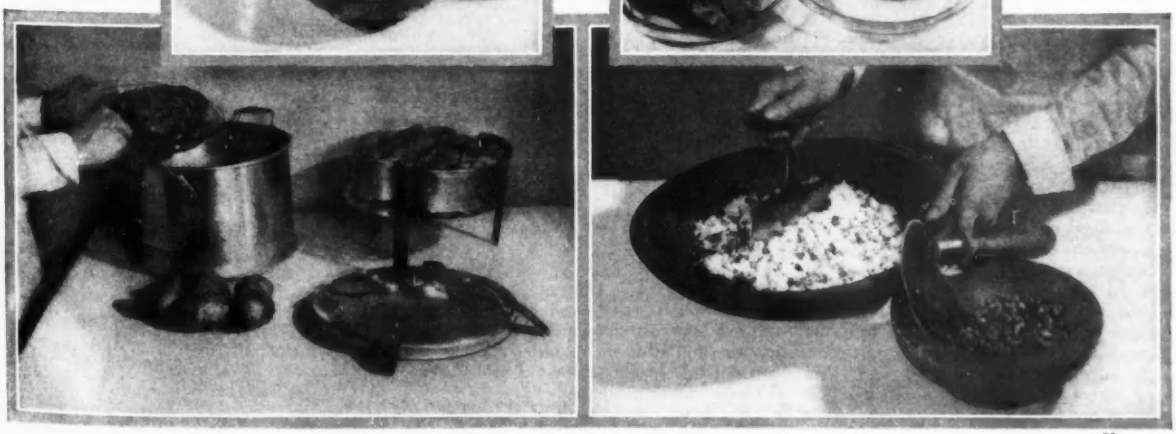
This *Vegetable Fish Stew* will also be popular. Melt five tablespoonfuls of fat in the Dutch oven and add three medium-sized onions finely chopped. Cook these, stirring frequently, until onions are a golden brown. Add two cupfuls of diced potatoes, two cupfuls each of diced carrots, turnips, and celery, one bay-leaf, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, and one pint of hot water. Cover and simmer until vegetables are about half cooked. Add one (*Continued on page 226*)

The pressure cooker is valuable when saving time is important. Stews take forty-five minutes time

An entire fuel-saving meal of meat, potatoes, and two vegetables may be cooked in the "waterless cooker" at once

The food-chopper can be used in making beef loaf, Hamburg steak, and in chopping other foods

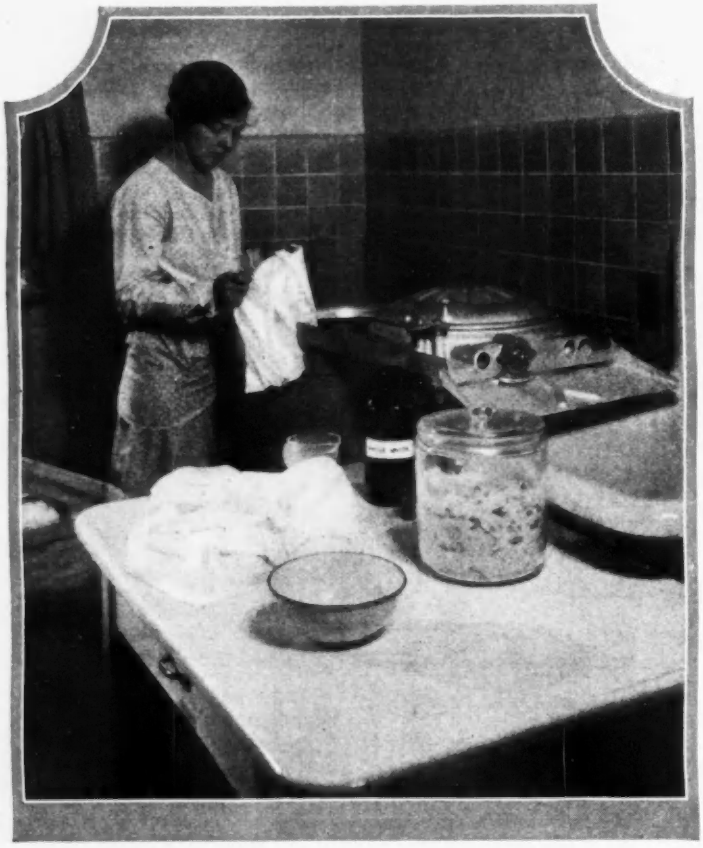
The chopping bowl produces better results when making hash or shepherd's pie, and chopping nuts, parsley, etc.



Fashions In STAINS

By Eva Wilson
Of the Institute Staff

Photographs by H. T. Williams



When bleaching a number of garments, make use of your washing machine, as directed in the article

IN REVIEWING our readers' mail for the past year, we have noted the month-by-month increase in the number of questions regarding the removal of stains caused by some of the newer medicinal preparations commonly used in the home. As the lists of certain stains and of the materials upon which they occurred grew longer and longer, one of the members of the Institute staff exclaimed, "Why, there must be fashions in stains!" Therefore, it seems timely for us to consider methods of removing some of these stains that are the subjects of daily inquiry, whether or not we agree that they are in the fashionable class.

"The enclosed sample of gray georgette is stained with some of the medicine I was so unfortunate as to drop on my dress of the same gray georgette. I tried to remove the spot with several different things, but nothing I tried had any effect upon the stain. Will you kindly advise me what to do?"

Upon examining the sample submitted, we noticed a slight oiliness of the stained material. Therefore we placed the goods upon a pad of soft cheesecloth and applied carbon tetrachloride freely with a soft cloth, patting the stain gently to absorb the dissolved oil quickly. After a few applications the oil had disappeared, but the stain remained. As we had been told the name of the medicine, we inquired of a pharmacist what might be the ingredients of that compound. We learned that the drugs which probably caused the stain were soluble in water, so we sponged with warm soapy water, using a mild soap, and followed with clear warm water to remove the soap. The stain disappeared after this treatment.

As an experiment we tried several other cleaners on a second spot of the same medicine and found that they set the stain, thereby making it impossible to remove it by simple methods. This shows the importance of knowing the composition of the substance causing the stain, for often the simpler remedies such as water are most effective.

We have had countless inquiries regarding the cleaning of all kinds of fabrics, stained with various ointments and salves used as home remedies. In general these stains are of an oily or greasy nature, and any washable material containing them should be cleaned first with a grease solvent, such as carbon tetrachloride, then thoroughly washed with warm water and soap. In this way the greater part of the "grease" is removed by dissolving it, and the complete removal of the remainder by careful washing is assured.

This treatment should be followed for stains from all compounds oily in nature. Cod-liver oil may be removed easily, *when fresh*, from practically all materials by applying carbon tetrachloride freely, as described, then washing the garment thoroughly in warm soapsuds. It is important that attention be given to stains from cod-liver oil as soon as possible after they are made, for in a short time they become extremely difficult to remove. One of our Forum contributors avoids many difficulties from this particular source by giving her baby his oil while he is in his bath.

In removing an oil or grease stain of any kind from a garment, the chief problem is to avoid the forming of a "ring." This often occurs because not enough of the grease solvent has been used to flush out the dissolved grease. The cleaning fluid dissolves the grease and carries the soil with it farther out into the material, where it evaporates, leaving the grease and soil and thus causing a ring. Many times this can be avoided by placing a thick pad of absorbent material, such as cheesecloth, under the stained portion of the garment and applying the cleaning fluid freely with a soft cloth large enough to hold a considerable quantity of the liquid. The pad under the garment absorbs the soil and therefore should be moved from time to time to put a clean surface under the stain. The cleaning cloth, too, should be folded over to a clean surface or changed as it becomes soiled. Should a ring show a tendency to form, brush the garment lightly with the cloth wet with the cleaner *in long, even strokes* toward the seams or edges, thus shading the ring out of the material. When sponging a garment in this way, it is well to use a piece of the same material as the garment, or at least as nearly the same color as possible. Do not sponge dark material with a white cloth, as the lint may be rubbed into the material and cause a white spot. Many times a garment is so generally soiled that a ring forms or a light spot is made when the grease stain is removed. The only remedy then is to clean the whole garment. In such cases, the Institute advises sending the garments to a dry cleaning establishment, where the inflammable liquids used in the work may be handled with less danger to the garment and to the worker. Good Housekeeping Institute advises against the use of any inflammable liquid in home cleaning.

A simple way to maintain the freshness and daintiness of summer silk dresses is to cover completely with fuller's earth every part of the dress just worn that came in contact with the body, especially the back across the shoulders. Leave the powder on the dress overnight and brush it off in the morning, or when the dress is to be worn again. The fuller's earth will absorb the slight natural oiliness that comes from the skin and prevent the dust from clinging to the fabric, causing it to darken.

The spots of salad dressing that so often spatter on the front of a delicate dress are

usually best left alone till the garment can be removed and the spots covered thickly with fuller's earth. This should remain on the fabric at least twenty-four hours, and two or more applications may be necessary, according to the extent and degree of oiliness of the stain.

Stains soluble in water may be removed from materials ordinarily spotted by water if sufficient care is used. A light gray silk crêpe dress was spotted with cranberry jelly. As the spot was stiff, it was evident that the sugar in the jelly was holding the color, and could the sugar be removed, the spot would disappear too. As water is a solvent for sugar, it was decided to use it in cleaning this dress provided it did not spot it. A drop was put on the inside of the hem and found to leave a mark, thereby showing that if water was used, it must be used with extreme care. Several thicknesses of cheesecloth were wrapped around the end of a glass rod (a small stick such as an orangewood stick may be used), and dipped into clear warm water. The excess moisture was squeezed out, and two or three thicknesses of dry cheesecloth wrapped around the wet pad on the rod. The spot was rubbed with this padded rod as lightly as if touching up a painting. The slight moisture thus applied dissolved the sugar and carried it, together with the color of the cranberry, into the pad beneath the spot. The pad was moved and the outer wrapping of the rod changed after each application to avoid again staining the material. After the stain had disappeared, the dress was pressed on the wrong side with a warm iron with the result that no one could tell where the spot had been.

Ink spots are always "in style," and just now ink upon white silk seems to be the favorite. Many inks are extremely difficult to remove from any fabric, but fortunately the writing fluids in common use ordinarily present no special problems. Place a pad of absorbent material under the ink stain and remove as much of the color as possible by lightly pressing it with a cloth wrung out of lukewarm water. When no more color comes out, apply fresh hydrogen peroxide to the stain and add a few flakes of mild soap. Hold the spot over steam for a few minutes, then rinse well in lukewarm water. A few drops of dilute oxalic acid, one-half concentrated strength, will clear up brownish spots that may occur. If the ink returns, repeat the entire process. A dropper is a convenient means of applying the peroxide. After the stain has completely disappeared, the whole garment should be thoroughly washed in warm soapy water and well rinsed.

After an application of peroxide of hydrogen and soap flakes, hold the stain over steam. This aids materially in removing ink spots from white silk

Mercurochrome headed our list of "fashionable" stains, probably because it has supplanted iodine to so great an extent in the home treatment of cuts and other wounds. If white cotton or linen is stained with mercurochrome it may be bleached out with equal parts of javelle water and boiling water. The fabric should remain but a few minutes in this bleach, then be rinsed well, examined, and the bleaching repeated if necessary. Small spots may be stretched over a bowl of clear hot water while the cold javelle, full strength, is applied directly to the stain with a dropper. After a minute the material is dipped into the hot water. It will probably require several applications of javelle to remove the stain entirely. This also must be followed with thoroughly washing and rinsing, as javelle weakens the fabric if allowed to remain in it.

When removing a stain with a liquid cleaner, careful manipulation is necessary if you would avoid a "ring." Arrange the garment so that you can work rapidly and freely

Today people are bringing out their heirlooms of furniture and searching attics and barns for coveted antiques. Happy is the woman who has a chest of old linen in keeping with the period of her prized furniture. But often, upon opening such a chest, the linen is found to be badly stained and discolored from age and disuse. Many letters come to the Institute asking for suggestions as to the treatment of these linens. If one has a grass plot and plenty of sunshine available, there is no better way of bleaching than to use nature's own means. Lacking these, other methods (*Continued on page 208*)

Products of the Sea

By

Dorothy B. Marsh

Of Good Housekeeping Institute Staff

PERHAPS in no other single article of food has the housekeeper in years past encountered more difficulty, real or imaginary, than in the preparation, cooking, and serving of fish foods. Fortunately, however, the fishing industry in all its branches has been aggressively engaged in perfecting its products to overcome these seeming objections. Today our markets sell not only canned fish of superior quality, but fresh and frozen fish fillets in package form as well, fish fresh from the ocean, which has been cleaned, boned, skinned, and wrapped with the utmost care. No fishy odors, no disagreeable cleaning to be done, all ready to cook.

Those of you who were our readers last year will recall the visits which Institute staff members made to the various branches of the fish industry. In spotlessly clean canneries we saw the fish so recently drawn from the sea being cooked, freed of bones, flaked and packed in tin cans, and sterilized—all within a few hours—all with the most scrupulous care. Codfish cakes, mackerel, salad fish, haddock, codfish, salmon, tuna, lobster, herring, finnan haddie, sardines—these and many other varieties of canned fish now find their way to the grocer's shelf in all parts of the country, ready for immediate use whether in salads, creamed dishes, or any one of the many fragrant casserole dishes.

Then there was the message of the tons upon tons of fish which in increasing numbers every year are being cleaned and boned in fillet form and then wrapped in parchment paper to be rushed to our markets all in the same day. Minus head, scales, tails, fins, and bones, and delicately flavored as only fresh fish can be, these fresh fillets of clear meat bear little resemblance to the whole fish bought in the old way. Haddock, cod, halibut, flounders, sole, and other varieties of fish are all now being marketed as wrapped fillets. And in buying these fillets the housekeeper pays so much per pound and according to the weight of the individual fillets.

A still newer development in package fish which has made rapid strides toward country-wide distribution during the past year is the frozen fish fillet—fillets in whole or cut form frozen by a wholly new process and packed in sanitary sealed packages of transparent, waterproof wrapping or parchment paper or in sealed cartons. These fillets are so rapidly frozen at low temperatures that the flesh cells do not break, the juicy texture and flavor of the fresh fish are retained, and no bacteria can grow—in fact, all the qualities of the pure, fresh ocean fish are fixed. And these frozen fish fillets can be cooked just as they come from the package. Frozen cod, haddock, mackerel, smoked haddock, and sole fillets are now being distributed in this form. Only recently the Institute staff was asked to pass an opinion on several new frozen fish products now being marketed. Frozen clams, shrimp, and scallops in the neat packages illustrated on the opposite page, are amazingly sweet and delicious and have all the natural flavor of the fresh product. They will surely appeal to all fish lovers.

With such a wide variety of canned fish products as well as fresh and frozen fish fillets—all ready to cook, and now procurable in many of our markets—the home manager has every reason for making fish one of the staple meat products of her meals. And because housekeepers are constantly appealing to the Institute for correct methods of cooking fish in simple ways, we are including the Institute's best method of broiling, baking, and cooking fish fillets.

In broiling fillets it has been our experience that the fillets have a much finer flavor if broiled in their original form and not turned. For this reason do not spread the fish out, that is, do

Below is shown a delicately-seasoned, frozen, fish-sausage mixture in cake form, packaged and ready for use

Frozen haddock fillets like those shown below are available in whole or cut portions

Fresh fish fillets, as well as canned fish products in wide variety, are now available in almost every market ready for every-day use

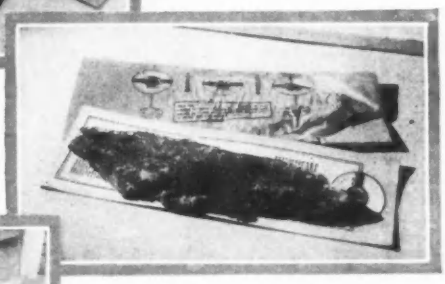
Frozen sole fillets are marketed like the haddock wrapped in transparent, waterproof paper and packaged

not separate the fillet halves. One of the greatest mental handicaps to the housekeeper in broiling fish is the difficulty experienced in removing it from the broiler to the platter intact, and the fact that parts of the fish invariably cling to the broiler either through breakage or insufficient greasing. With this in mind we suggest the following methods of broiling. Preheat the broiler oven ten minutes. If a heat-proof glass platter is available, dip the fillets in melted fat or oil and lightly salt them. Arrange them in pairs, one on top of the other, in their original position, on the platter. Place the platter on the broiler rack, insert the rack in the broiler oven about two and one-half inches from the heat, and broil the fish until it has lost its glassy appearance, allowing about ten minutes to the pound. Baste the fish at least once with fat or oil, or about twice with a tablespoonful of hot water. When tender, draw the broiler out, salt the fish, garnish the platter, and serve.

If you prefer to broil the fillets on the broiler rack, it is an excellent plan to have in readiness a piece of cardboard cut slightly longer and wider than the fish and thoroughly oiled on both sides with an unsalted fat. As described above, place the oiled fillets on top of each other on the cardboard, placing this in turn on the broiler rack with the dripping pan below. Broil as above. When tender, grasp the cardboard at either end and slide the fish directly on the serving platter. Then resalt the top of the fish, garnish it with several slices of crisp bacon, put a bit of parsley on top, and serve with the following Lemon Butter:

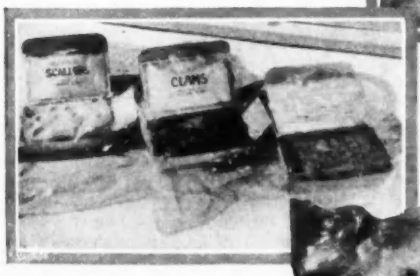
Cream one tablespoonful of lemon juice with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and blend all together. Set aside to chill until the fish is served. This Lemon Butter may be rolled into balls, garnished with parsley, and served on a separate dish, one ball being placed on each service of fish. The above amount of butter serves four.

One manufacturer of frozen fish fillets arranges the individual fish fillets on cardboards which are then carefully wrapped and sealed ready for immediate purchase



This same manufacturer distributes frozen smoked-haddock fillets which are delicious

One of the choicest frozen fish fillets is the mackerel, which retains all of its original sweetness



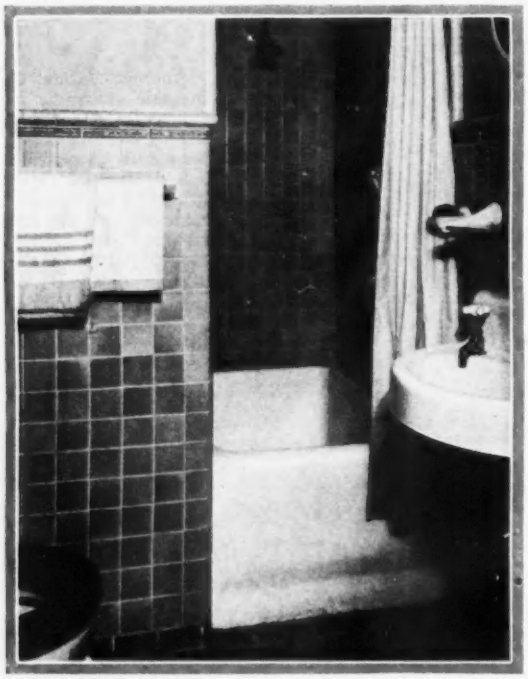
Scallops, clams, and shrimp are now being packaged and frozen ready for use

Above are shown frozen cod fillets as they appear in market carefully wrapped and ready for your purchase

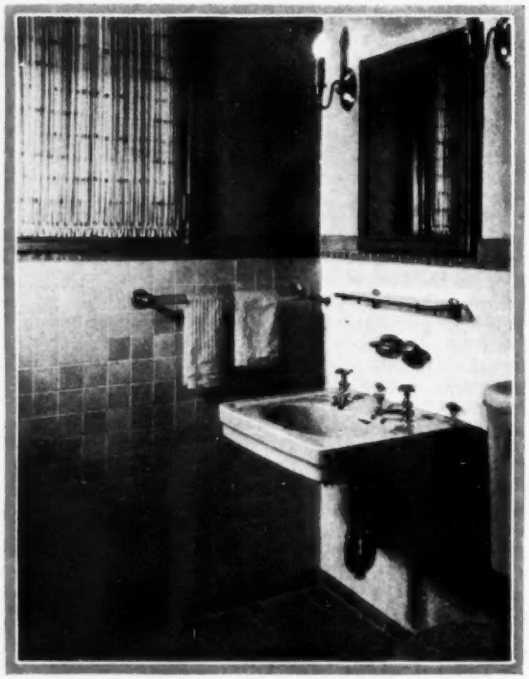
Another method of broiling fish which the Institute frequently uses is the following: arrange the fillets, which have been dipped in oil and salted, one on top of the other in a baking pan. Then alternate thin slices of onion, tomato, and green pepper over the surface of the fillets, allowing one small onion and tomato and one-fourth of a medium-sized green pepper to every two fillets. In the bottom of the pan pour two cupfuls of milk. Place the pan on the broiler rack far enough away from the heat that the fish can cook without scorching. Broil until the fish is tender, allowing about ten minutes to the pound. When done, carefully lift the fillets to a hot platter. To the gravy left in the pan add more milk, enough to make two cupfuls, and thicken with three tablespoonfuls of flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little water. Season well, add one chopped, hard-cooked egg, and serve over the fish or in a separate bowl.

In baking whole fish it was always a task to stuff the fish, sew it, and prepare it for baking. The new fillets make it possible to serve this same delicacy with far less labor. Prepare a well-seasoned bread stuffing as follows: Melt six tablespoonfuls of fat in a frying pan, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, and sauté until the onion is tender. Then add two cupfuls of dry bread crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, four tablespoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of sage, one teaspoonful of chopped celery, and one teaspoonful of parsley. Mix well, and then arrange a layer of this stuffing between every two fillets. Spread melted butter or oil over the surface of the fillets, place in a baking pan with one-half cupful of hot water, and bake in a hot oven of 450° F. for twenty minutes or until tender. Remove to a hot platter and serve with Tomato Tartare Sauce made in the following manner:

Cook one table- (*Continued on page 191*)



When an extra bathroom is essential it frequently can be installed, if necessary, in a very small space



The downstairs lavatory conveniently located proves a step-saver when the bathroom is on an upper floor

PLUMBING
That Meets Your Needs

By George W. Alder
Consulting Engineer of the Institute

FORTUNATE are the people planning a new house who are able to take advantage of what is available in present-day plumbing equipment. Naturally, every one has an appreciation of the desirability of modern plumbing, and the family that has lived in a house for any length of time usually knows well the shortcomings of the plumbing facilities. If a new house is planned, therefore, steps will be taken to avoid the present limitations.

Perhaps your home now satisfies you in most respects, but is not all that you desire because the plumbing facilities do not meet your present needs. It is usually possible to replace old equipment or to make desirable changes in the plumbing layout to secure a more satisfactory arrangement. For example, your kitchen may be entirely satisfactory as an efficient work center except that the sink, which of course is most important in its functions, is old or of poor design, or it may simply be placed too low, as are most sinks installed some years ago. If the sink has served its day of usefulness and needs replacement, there is a wide choice in modern equipment, and it should not be difficult to make a selection to suit your present wants and also your purse. If you haven't a dishwasher, sinks having efficient dishwashing equipment built in are now obtainable. In these the drain to carry off the water is plumbed directly to the waste pipe, and the washer is filled either from the sink faucet or by special water connections controlled by conveniently located valves.

Combination faucets from which either the hot or cold water, or a mixture when required, issues from the same spout are being used on many of the modern sinks. These come with a long spout that extends conveniently and yet can be swung back out of the way when desired. Some of these faucets have a hose attachment to be used as a spray for rinsing dishes, for washing vegetables, and for similar work. It is a relatively simple matter for a mechanic to change existing faucets and install one of these newer types. And it may be that this will be the one thing needed to make your sink convenient.

Good Housekeeping Institute inaugurated, and for years has consistently followed, a campaign for sinks hung at a height that is not only convenient, but takes the backache out of work done at the sink. We consider 36″ a minimum height from the rim of the sink to the floor, and we know that even as much as 39″ is more convenient for some women. In your own house there is no reason why your sink should not be placed at the best height for you and the others who work at it. Do not be content to use a sink hung 4″ or 5″ lower than the minimum 36″ as practically all sinks used to be hung. If your sink is too low, by all means have it rehung. You will find the expense justified through the greater convenience and comfort that result.

SEASONABLE BULLETINS

Household Devices Tested and Approved	15c
Cleaning Equipment and Methods	25c
Laundry Equipment and Methods	25c
Heating the American Home	25c
Cooking with Electricity	25c
Fish and Shellfish Cookery	25c
Vegetable Main Dishes	25c

For a list of other bulletins write to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

What a difference there is between a modern, well-equipped home laundry and the old-fashioned one with its dim and damp surroundings, laundry trays at washboard height, and the old coal stove for heating water and sad-irons! There is no reason now why the laundry should not be just as attractive and convenient as the kitchen.

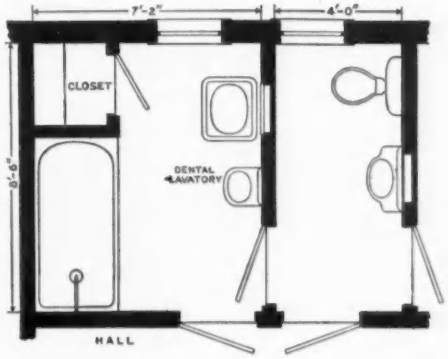
If you are planning a new home, consider placing the laundry on the same floor with the kitchen, or if this is not feasible, make the laundry a finished room in your modern, clean basement. Give special attention to light and ventilation. It will be a paying investment. Use color in the walls and trim if you like, and make the laundry cheerful and comfortable.

If space is at a premium, a single laundry tray will meet your needs if you use a washing machine. At the Institute, in a room 8′-6″ by 12′, we have a single laundry tray, a small electrically heated ironing machine, a gas hot-plate on a convenient low stand, and a cabinet for supplies. Of course, we use a washing machine. With all this equipment there is still room for an ironing board and a clothes rack. This shows how in a well-planned room all the necessary equipment may be installed and still leave space for comfortably carrying on the laundry operations. Incidentally, the green tile wainscoting and floor and the light-colored walls, together with an old ivory laundry tray and old ivory cabinet, make this room so attractive that visitors remark,

"It would be a pleasure to work in such a room."

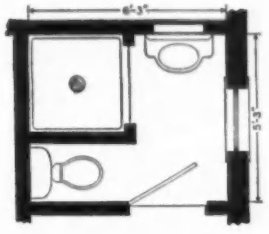
In some small houses no space is provided for a laundry, and the laundry tray or trays are in the kitchen. Combination sinks of new patterns can be had with the laundry tray attached, or even a clothes washer in a tray that is an integral part of the sink. Also, there are combination sinks having a dishwashing machine at one end and a clothes washer at the other.

As with the sink, Good Housekeeping Institute advocates setting laundry trays at a height that is convenient and labor-saving. In the heyday of the washboard, it was necessary to have the trays relatively low, so that the laundress could stoop to rub the clothes on the board. But with a washing machine the whole method of working is changed, and there is no longer the need for a low tray; in fact, it is much more convenient to have the tray set at a 36″ height from the rim to the floor.



The above arrangement is one form of decentralized bathroom that in a relatively small floor area gives flexibility with obvious advantages

The plan below is for a complete bathroom installed in a small space



From the plumbing standpoint the bathroom, of course, is one of the most important rooms in the house. While it generally is not considered one of the service rooms like the kitchen or laundry, still modern bathroom equipment has much to do with the efficient operation and management of the home. For example, in the matter of care and work required, the modern bathroom with its smooth surfaces and washable finishes needs much less labor to keep clean and sanitary than did its predecessors. But further than this, the actual arrangement of bathroom facilities can make for labor saving and convenience. In the house where there are children, a lavatory with a toilet on the main floor of the house saves mother's steps and conserves her energy for other tasks. With the all-too-usual arrangement of a single bathroom on an upper floor, thousands of steps are taken each year which have a real dollars and cents value and which could be credited toward the cost of an additional ground-floor lavatory. And even in the home where there are no children, such an extra lavatory conveniently located is a decided asset, and it not only fits in with the ordinary routine of the average household, but for special occasions, such as parties, proves almost indispensable.

To those who are able to have everything they desire for a maximum of convenience and comfort, the home with several bathrooms is a foregone conclusion. Today the trend in house building is toward the provision of more than one bathroom even in houses sold at moderate prices. Whether or not an additional bathroom or more will prove (*Continued on page 207*)

The laundry tray at 36″ rim height is convenient and fits in with the use of the clothes washer in the modern laundry. With a washing machine one tray is adequate

We recommend that sinks be hung with a rim height of not less than 36″. The combination faucet on this sink has durable, easy-to-care-for chromium plating

The Institute cooperates with the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health in judging the food products under test

A food association uses Good Housekeeping Institute recipes in our advertising pages

TESTED, TASTED *and* APPROVED

The Institute Pioneers in Food Preparation

By

Katharine A. Fisher, Director

IT WAS one of the favorite aphorisms of that renowned epicure, Brillat-Savarin, that "the discovery of a new dish is more beneficial to humanity than the discovery of a new star." This French epicure put cookery first among the creative arts, and of this art he was a true connoisseur, an enthusiastic devotee. In recent years much attention has been given to cookery as a science, but in all good cooking science and art must go hand in hand in creating dishes that appeal to the critical taste.

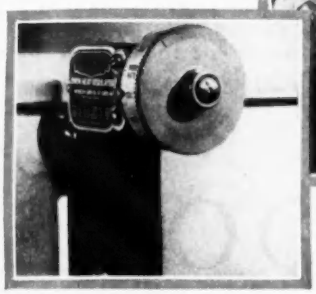
For generations housekeepers have developed skill in cooking largely by the trial and error method. With long practise failures became few, and beginners attributed much of the success they had to good luck. Today, uniformly successful results are easily possible, even for beginners, through the use of modern equipment and a knowledge of the effect of heat on food during cooking with more accurate methods of food preparation. But in producing delicacy of texture, perfection in flavor, and attractive-looking dishes cooking must still be considered a creative art.

In the use of modern kitchen equipment at the Institute, much pioneer work in methods of cooking has been necessary. Good Housekeeping Institute was the first to develop standards for the testing of kitchen, as well as of other, household equipment, and these standards in turn meant changes in some of the traditional methods of cooking, in securing more uniform results in the cooked product. The use of the thermometer alone, and the oven thermostat, in cooking by temperature, called for a cooking temperature chart, the working out of which was no small undertaking. The Good Housekeeping Institute Cooking Time and Temperature Chart was the first complete chart to be developed for use in the home kitchen, and many thousands of these have long been in use. This chart is revised from time to time, as new cooking methods develop and new conveniences in equipment are available for use in the home.

Weighing has largely given place to measuring in home cooking, and this has brought the need for more accurate measures. The household measuring cup was made in widely varying capacities, so a few years ago Good Housekeeping Institute led the way to more accurate measures in the kitchen by adopting as our testing standards for measuring cups, the specifications developed by the Division of Weights and Measures of the United States Bureau of Standards. Since then the Institute list of approved cups has steadily grown.

The Institute articles on food preparation in these pages are developed in our own kitchens through extensive investigation and the trying out of food products, to discover the best methods of preparing these for the table. In all this work we have the unique advantage of being thoroughly familiar with the different types of equipment now on the market, since we

Every facility for working out modern methods of food preparation is available in our kitchens. Oven thermostat (below) insures uniform results



The Institute has found that cooking by temperature and accurate measuring are also very important factors in securing uniform results in cooking

are constantly testing this equipment in our laboratories. In working out the methods of preparing modern food products for the table, we are, therefore, developing the widest and most effective ways of using the kitchen equipment now available for use in the home. This is one reason why the Institute articles in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING on foods and food preparation are dependable and authoritative. Many of these articles are compiled in preparing our Institute bulletins on foods and cookery, and thousands of these bulletins are purchased yearly as reference material not only by housekeepers, but by government home demonstration workers, by home service departments in industry, and by schools and colleges. These bulletins, like our articles, are fully illustrated, the illustrations serving as a guide to the appearance of the finished dishes and the methods of garnishing these when necessary.

Not the least among the fundamentals of good cooking are recipes clearly worded as to method, with the quantities of all ingredients accurately stated. In the art of cookery, delicacy of texture and flavoring, perfection in seasoning, and the appearance of the finished dishes of course depend to some degree upon the artistry of the cook, but accurate measures and methods also play a most important part in insuring these results, especially for beginners. Good Housekeeping Institute recipes have all been carefully tested as to clarity of method and accuracy in the quantities of ingredients used, as thousands of beginners, as well as those more experienced in cooking, have found in following them.

In working out these recipes both the art and the science of cookery are considered. The familiar instructions in many recipes even today for adding certain ingredients "to taste," particularly seasonings and flavorings, are not always followed with marked success. So in developing all Institute recipes much time is spent in discovering the kind and the definite amount of seasoning and flavoring that will produce the most appetizing results, as well as the methods of cooking, the time, and the temperature that will insure the best texture and color and that will, at the same time, preserve the food value and the full natural flavor of the food.

It has been said that, in following out any recipe, however accurate it may be, a dash of imagination is needed in evolving an interesting dish. Institute recipes aim to supply this imagination in a large measure by *tasting* as well as testing, when each recipe is being developed. And in this we have the advantage of being able to call upon our large testing staff as an experienced tasting staff as well. In all our work in food, therefore, the science of cookery forms a foundation for the older art of cookery, so that even though one is not a genius in cookery or a "born cook," she may by using our Institute recipes easily prepare palatable and attractive dishes for the family table.

Not only are recipes developed at the Institute; we also work out menus and the easiest methods of planning the every-day meals, in addition to meals for holiday and special occasions. For, as all housekeepers will agree, the preparations of meals is one of the most important daily problems in the management of their households, and a plan hat will simplify meal preparations is always of valuable assistance.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Institute luncheons demonstrate standards that appeal to critical tastes

"We have tried this plan verbatim and find that it is 100 percent all right. We are anxious that our students have individual copies of this article for their own use," writes the director of a department of cookery in a state college for women, in reference to an Institute article on planning the Thanksgiving dinner, and many young housekeepers wrote to tell us that they had followed "to the letter" this plan and others we have given from time to time, in preparing their first "company meal." These plans, they say, have also helped them to work out their own plans for

(*Continued on page 204*)

New Friends In the World of Books

Introduced by

Emily Newell Blair

Photograph by Gabor Eder

Viola Paradise is one of the younger novelists who can do a pleasant story without insulting our intelligence. "Wits' End" suggests that whether or not this is the best possible world, it may be one of the most amusing

NEXT to the pleasure of meeting old friends comes the making of new ones. This applies to books as well as to people. Out of the many one meets only a few can become friends. Yet the prospect of those few gives to every chance meeting with a stranger the element of adventure, the proportion of a speculation, the suggestion of treasure trove.

Necessary as well as pleasurable is this seeking of new friends, for authors being, like other human beings, subject to death, we may find ourselves bereft of the joy of new books if we have made no new friends who may console us when the old friends go. Such a thought was brought home to me this week by the untimely death of that friend whom I had hoped to read for many years to come. So great a personal loss did the death of Elinor Wylie seem to me that I felt I must do something personal about it. Although I had met her only once and then most casually, I wanted to send flowers, write a letter, pass a resolution—do something that would express what I felt about the loss. There ought to be some place where even the most humble could place tribute to genius and register his personal loss at the passing from this world of a reflector of it, a symbol of the Artist as the Unknown Soldier's Tomb is of all who died for country. If there had been one this month, it would have been banked high with offerings from those who must regret the stilling of that whimsical fancy and gay wit that gave us "The Venetian Glass Nephew," "The Orphan Angel," and "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard," and mourn that they will have no successors.

Margaret Irwin is one of the new writers who give credence to the hope that beauty will be this generation's contribution to the novel. Her "Fire Down Below" reads like a legend and has the beauty of one

Among the writers met this month for the first time, there is not one, alas, who can fill her place, but there are some who give hope of making places of their own. The slip of a girl, for instance, who won the prize offered by an English publisher for the best novel by an undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge University, H. du Coudray, with "Another Country" (Sears, $2.50), must surely make a large one if this story of the tragic love of a Russian woman for a married Englishman is any indication. For here this young girl has displayed with an art little short of magical, and an insight almost mystical in one so young, the human character—in Charles Ronald Wilson, officer on a P. & O. liner, weak and unimaginative, selfish and futile; in Maria Ivanovna, intense, strong, uncompromising, brave, free; in Madame Leonidov, vain and greedy. But why go on? The amazing thing is that she sees perfectly and consistently through each of their separate viewpoints in turn—those due to nationality no less than those due to individuality—and reveals them with a subtlety that never shrieks or loses shading.

The story is the (*Continued on page 192*)

Health and Beauty

Young Contours

By Ruth Murrin

Your Beauty Problems

Ruth Murrin has prepared a new leaflet called "Contour Treatments," which she will gladly send you if you will write for it, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope. A little book which will help you with all your beauty problems, from smooth hands to a slim figure, is "A Primer of Personal Loveliness." You can obtain it by sending 25c to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street and 8th Avenue, New York City

"KEEP a good circulation racing through the blood vessels of your neck and face, and the contours of cheek and chin will remain well-defined and youthful." That was the answer each and every beauty specialist gave me when I asked how one could keep a smooth, round throat, firm, curving cheeks, and a clear-cut, young line from ear to chin.

Good contours mean strong, healthy muscles, and good muscles mean a healthy, invigorating supply of blood to nourish the tissues. A sluggish circulation affects the complexion, making one look pale, or giving the skin a mottled, purplish look. A rapid, healthy circulation makes a clear, rosy complexion. When exercise is neglected, and the muscles that join face and neck are allowed to grow lazy and flaccid, sagging outlines result. But if these important muscles are kept vigorous and well-supplied with a fresh, nourishing stream of blood, the profile will keep its lovely outlines until true old age overtakes us.

There are various methods of promoting a good circulation. Swift, buoyant walks, lively games, swimming, and active gymnasium work all are pleasant ways of making muscles work which are scarcely ever used in the regular routine, and every woman would be better-looking if she would devote an hour a day to one of them. In addition, in order to keep the muscles of the face and neck hard and healthy, she will need to take special measures for this purpose.

One of the simplest things to do is to spend five minutes a day in special exercise for the neck and chin. Dorothy Cocks, in "The Etiquette of Beauty," recommends the following:

Exercise 1. Let the head drop back until it rests on the back. Tense all the muscles in the front of the neck till you feel the strain in them from the point of the chin to the chest. Close the teeth so tight that the sides of your neck are tense, too. Then open and close the mouth several times, closing it always so tight that you feel the pull in the throat muscles. Finally, close the mouth and raise the head.

Exercise 2. Drop the head forward till the chin rests on the chest. Tense all the muscles in the back of the neck until you feel their pull in your shoulders. Turn the head and look over your right shoulder. Return to front. Repeat several times. Repeat, turning the head to look over your left shoulder.

Exercise 3. Drop the head as far back as possible, tensing the muscles in front of the neck. Then turn the head slowly right and left to look over your shoulders, as in the previous exercise.

I have said it often in this column, but I must repeat it once more! Good posture is all important if you wish to have a graceful neck and to avoid a double chin. If you do not know what a good posture is, or if you wish exercises to improve the way you walk, sit, and stand, write to me and I will tell you where you can get them. Every girl should be trained in good posture from babyhood, and in the teens, if not earlier, she should begin to practise simple exercises such as I have quoted above. And in the twenties, not later than twenty-five, she should learn how to give her face and neck a daily treatment with creams and skin tonics that will send the blood tingling to the surface.

After a perfect cleansing with cold cream followed by a soap and water bath, pat into the skin either a tonic or a cream, depending on what your skin demands. It is easier to do this with a patter made for the purpose, but you can accomplish a good deal with your hands, slapping and patting from the base of the neck upward, giving special attention to any little roll under the chin or at the jaw line. Pat the face from the corners of the mouth upward to the corner of the eye, and from chin to temple, and continue until the skin is glowing. Instead of patting, you may use a deep molding movement, firmly pressing along the muscles. Some women prefer to use a cupping-glass to stimulate the skin instead of either of these forms of massage.

Tonics, mild astringents, and toilet waters are aids in improving the tone and firmness of the skin. The use of cold water is helpful; after bathing with warm water, cold water should be dashed over the face and neck freely.

Wearing a chin strap or a tie-up for an hour a day is often helpful in cases where the muscles have been allowed to become flabby. To make the tie-up, first cleanse the skin thoroughly and apply a good tissue cream. Now moisten a large flat pad of absorbent cotton in cold water, dip this in an astringent lotion, and apply it to the face and neck, fitting it closely to the contour. Tie in place with a strip of antiseptic gauze around the neck and another under the chin, and tie firmly on top of the head. A brisk patting treatment afterward will finish the treatment and help to correct drooping mouth and downward lines.

I do not promise that you can bring back the perfect lines of youth, but you can make some improvement. Give yourself a contour treatment every day for three months, and see for yourself what a difference it will make in your appearance.

You or your washer . . which should do the work on wash day?

THE answer is clear—still many thousands of women work themselves sick every wash-day, rinsing and wringing wet heavy clothes, doing the work their washer should do alone.

After washing, many machines give up the job or at least force you to share the labor of rinsing and wringing. The Savage Wringerless Washer, with its special "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry" feature will do the *whole* job . . . . . washing, bluing, rinsing and spin-drying . . . . . in its one tub. Not once do you need to lift or handle the clothes in water.

In 10 minutes a Savage Wringerless does complete, from hamper to line, a large load or an entire week's wash, in an hour.

Even though the Savage Wringerless does this fourfold duty, it is absolutely simple to use. There is no possible chance of injuring either the operator or the clothes.

Send for the booklet describing this remarkable washer. It is free—Mail the coupon now.

Made and Guaranteed by
SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION, UTICA, N. Y.

SAVAGE
WASHER & DRYER

SAVAGE PRODUCTS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
2 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.
Please send Free booklet telling me all about your wonderful wringerless Savage.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

More Than Anything Else This Country Needs

A National Institute of Health

Says

Harvey W. Wiley, M. D.

WHEN the Constitution was accepted by the thirteen original states, with it was accepted the plan of a Cabinet of advisors to the President, who would each specialize in one branch of Government interest and supervise the national activity in that branch.

A Secretary of War was essential, every one admitted. The war just concluded established the possibility of future wars. A Secretary of State was necessary to conduct the diplomatic affairs of the new republic. A Secretary of the Treasury was required to mold the nation's financial structure. And so on through the list.

Several other members have been added to that first Cabinet list, but the most essential of all we have thus far omitted—a Secretary of Health. Upon that branch of the Government all the other activities depend. Without healthy citizens we can wage no successful war. Without healthy citizens there can be no healthy state. Without healthy citizens the education we have made free to every child, rich or poor, will fail in its effect, will be wasted, its opportunities neglected or ignored.

The chief institution protecting the health of our nation is the Hygienic Laboratory, working in conjunction with the Public Health Service. The prevention of hookworm and of pellagra are two notable accomplishments of the Hygienic Laboratory, which illustrate without need of any further proof the immense value of the work it is doing.

On May 3, 1928, Senator Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana introduced a bill into the Senate, S-4518, to change the name of the Hygienic Laboratory to the "National Institute of Health." It was referred to the Committee on Commerce of the Senate, hearings were held thereon, and a favorable report, No. 1280, was issued by the unanimous vote of the Committee.

A similar bill, No. 15212, was introduced into the House of Representatives by Representative Kindred of New York, on December 11, 1928. Unfortunately it is not likely that this bill will receive the approval of Congress during the present short session.

There seems to be no doubt that enlarged activities in the promotion of health which will be conferred upon the National Institute of Health will greatly increase the facilities of the present Hygienic Laboratory to safeguard the health of the people of the United States.

The total appropriation available to the Hygienic Laboratory for fighting diseases in men, women, and children, during the current year, was only a little in excess of $40,000. Senator Ransdell called attention to this meager appropriation as compared with the appropriations of the Department of Agriculture for the purpose of eliminating the diseases of plants and farm animals.

Senator Copeland mentioned the fact that Congress had given $10,000,000 to fight the corn borer and was now asking for $5,000,000 to fight the pink boll worm; that a few years ago we gave $5,000,000 to prevent cholera in hogs, and another $5,000,000 to fight the hoof-and-mouth disease in cattle.

But from the economic point of view, it can easily be shown that research directed toward the prevention of diseases of human animals, and discoveries of methods of cure as well as of immunization, are worthy of even more consideration, of even more general appropriations, than for plants and animals.

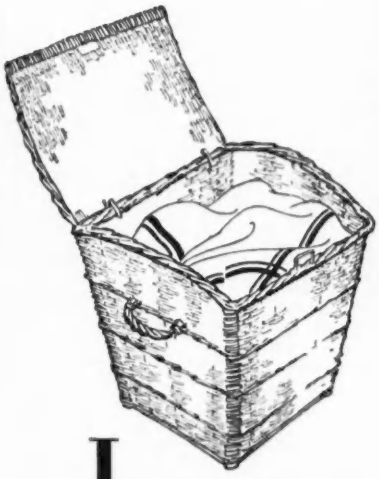
Many printed statements have been made of the cost to mankind of colds alone, and their sequelæ. Colds in some form or other attack practically every American citizen at least once a year, frequently following each other in rapid sequence. Colds are not self-immunizing as are many infectious diseases, such as measles and smallpox, in which nature creates a quantity of immunizing materials which render the patient for many years, often a lifetime, immune from a recurrence of the disease. This antibody does not seem to be developed by the ordinary cold. Colds frequently bring on other diseases—bronchitis, influenza, pneumonia, tonsillitis, deafness, impairment of sight, and occasionally fever and circulatory diseases. If the Institute of Health could devise a plan by means of which one-half of the colds which now attack our citizens could be prevented, it would be an economic triumph which would mean much in the family budget of expenses.

Perhaps the proper method of presenting measures of this kind to a Congressional Committee and to the public at large would be through the economic factor. If health could be clothed in the garb of profits, there would be a greater popular interest in listening to a discussion of it.

The principal trouble with data of this kind heretofore has been that it is almost entirely an estimate in which the imagination plays the important part. When the Institute of Health is established, it should be able to collect actual data in regard to this matter which would be of the highest utility because of its accuracy. A sufficient number of persons in different parts of the country should be kept under scrutiny of the agents of this Institute to determine the actual hours lost at school and labor through colds, and the money paid for the services of a physician and for the remedies used. The total charge upon the family budget for a whole year as a result of avoidable diseases could be marshaled in an argument before a Congressional Committee and before the public at large with a powerful effect.

As soon as the human race is convinced that it pays to keep well, the services of such an Institute will be more highly appreciated.

The fact that the (*Continued on page 279*)
(*Dr. Wiley's Question-Box is on page 106*)



found
between clothes-hamper and clothesline —
Extra Help
that makes washing *easier*

IT'S LIKE finding a new and willing assistant to help you with your washing, when you use Fels-Naptha Soap! For Fels-Naptha brings you *extra* help that does the hard rubbing. Your clothes are clean, white, fresh through and through, with less work and effort on your part.

What is Fels-Naptha's secret? No secret at all! It's just the plain, common sense truth that having two helpers instead of one is bound to make your washing easier. Soap is one helper, of course. You wouldn't think of washing without soap to help you. But Fels-Naptha Soap brings you the *extra* help of good golden soap combined with plenty of naptha—two willing helpers instead of one!

(Naptha, you know, is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener that "dry cleaners" use. And there's plenty of naptha in Fels-Naptha. You can smell it!)

Each golden bar brings you naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt-remover, working hand-in-hand. Two brisk, busy cleaners, searching through every fibre of your clothes, getting out even ground-in grime without hard rubbing. That is the *extra* help Fels-Naptha gives you! And it gives you this *extra* help no matter how you use it; in washing machine or tub—in hot, cool or lukewarm water, or when your clothes are boiled.

So look forward to finding something next wash-day. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today—the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient. When you've discovered what this *extra* help means to you, not only for washing but for everyday household cleaning, you'll agree with the millions of women who say, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

FELS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1929, Fels & Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

DO YOU STRAIGHTEN THEIR TIES—

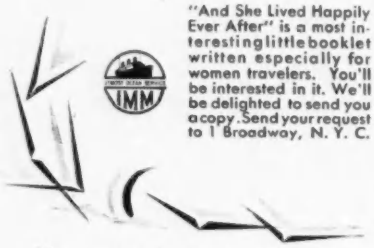
and send them forth with "Now, have a good time and tell me all about it"? Then, you retire to your room to wait countless ages until 'they' return? Why not change roles?—and be the one who is told "you're simply ravishing" as you sail forth to new social conquests.

The first step to the new role is to Europe on a White Star, Red Star or Atlantic Transport liner. For, these are the ships that are women-wise. The stewardesses seem to sense just how much service you crave—the food is just different enough—the social functions are varied and interesting—and, there's plenty of time for rest.

Paris . . . London . . . or all Europe at the end of the journey where new costumes . . . new life . . . new associations . . . change you and your point of view, until you're "simply ravishing." You'll be delighted with your trip on the *Majestic,* world's largest ship, *Olympic, Homeric, Belgenland, Minnewaska, Minnetonka* — in fact, with any of our steamers. There are rates for every purse and plan.

For full information, address No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere or any authorized steamship agents.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE · ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY



"And She Lived Happily Ever After" is a most interesting little booklet written especially for women travelers. You'll be interested in it. We'll be delighted to send you a copy. Send your request to 1 Broadway, N. Y. C.

YOUR Money's Worth

A Department Conducted for The Sole Purpose of Helping You to Get Full Value for Every Dollar You Invest

Stock Rights

By Ruth Boyle

SO MANY corporations recently have offered their stockholders the right to subscribe to new shares of stock that many questions about the how and why of rights have come to this department. "Will you please inform me what 'rts.' after the names of certain stocks in the market reports means?" writes one woman. A man reader is puzzled because the prices quoted for rights are very much smaller than the prices of the stocks. Another reader does not know whether or not she should buy more stock with her rights, or what she should do about them. She wonders whether this attempt on the part of the company to sell her more stock for less than the market price indicates that the company is not in as good financial condition as it was.

The puzzles involved in these questions become plain and simple when one thoroughly understands all the responsibilities and privileges of the stockholder. When you buy stock, you become a partner in the enterprise. You invest money which will be lost if the venture fails and will increase if it prospers. You have a voice in the management, the power of which is determined by the number of shares you own. You have your pro-rata equity in the surplus of the company.

Now, say that your company, being prosperous, wishes to expand its business, and the directors have decided that the best way to get the money to pay for the expansion is to sell more stock. It is a fundamental principle of finance that, unless the stockholders have waived their rights in the charter, the new stock must be offered to them before it is offered to outsiders. The reason why this is so is plain. The new stock dilutes both the voting power and the surplus. Your pro-rata share of the control and of the assets naturally becomes smaller when the number of shares is increased by the sale of additional stock. You have a right to keep your present status if you wish to, and therefore the company must give you and other stockholders the right to buy an issue of new stock before outsiders are permitted to come in.

A New Investor's Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell: we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

Usually you are permitted to subscribe to a given number of shares, determined by the extent of your holdings, at a figure which is below the market price. This makes the privilege valuable. For example, a corporation offers its stockholders the right to subscribe to one new share at par value, $100, for each ten shares held. The market value of a share is $123.25. The holder of ten shares therefore has the privilege of buying one new share for $23.25 less than he could buy it in the market. The right attached to each share of stock he owns, therefore, is worth around $2.32, or one-tenth of the difference between the market value and the subscription price. Actually it is worth a little less than this, because you must remember that when the original stock "sells ex-rights"—that is, when the privilege has expired—the market value should fall just the value of the right. To get the exact value we add the one new share to the ten shares necessary to subscribe for it, and divide $23.25 by this figure, which gives the true value of the right as $2.11. To make a rule of it, divide the difference between the market and the subscription price by the number of shares necessary to obtain one new share, plus one.

If you have no desire to work out the value of a right offered you, you can look it up in the financial page of a newspaper. You will find the name of the stock, followed by the abbreviation "rts," and with it the current quotation for the rights. Your bank will also be glad to give you this information, and to advise you whether it would be wiser for you to subscribe for the new stock or to sell your rights. In either case, you will be taking advantage of what really amounts to a little extra dividend. In the past, investors have lost many thousands of dollars because they procrastinated, or because they thought the offer was merely a solicitation for the purchase of new stock. Such carelessness and lack of understanding does not hurt the company, because the unsubscribed stock can be sold in the open market, but it means that the investor through his own fault loses part of the benefits that are rightfully his.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

is Young.....Entrancing.....Beautiful...
as the world expects her to be

ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. Slim as a nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride is winning all hearts with her charm.

Modern to her finger tips, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . flitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times . . . At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found the way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

"Even on our Nevada ranch," she says, "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's.

"One can keep one's skin really young and lovely with just these Two marvelous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic. I'm devoted to Pond's."

WHEREVER you go, this simple daily treatment with Pond's four preparations will preserve the fitness of your skin:—

First, keep your skin immaculately clean by pore-deep cleansing, after exposure and every night before retiring. Spread Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, with upward outward motion over face and neck, letting the fine oils sink deep below the skin.

Then gently remove the dirt and cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. They are finer than old linen and absorb the cream and dirt instead of rubbing it into the pores.

Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your daytime toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistledown touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) *Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty velvety new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.*

(BELOW) *Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. Use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!* ★

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR., *was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin like hawthorn bloom. This chic ensemble is of flame-colored velvet cape over a peach chiffon frock.*

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Q
109 Hudson Street . . . New York City.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company

In using advertisements see page 6

Oh! to escape from the Commonplace

IT'S hard to be original *and* economical when building a home. But — whisper — here's a secret — if you'll avoid commonplace hardware, *much* can be done. Equip your doors, windows and cupboards with genuine Forged Iron Hardware by McKinney. Its designs carry out the very spirit of romance. Rugged beauty is in every graceful line and sweeping curve. You *can't* have an ordinary doorway with such hardware.

Pieces of every essential type are available to outfit a house complete: Early American, Dutch, Colonial, English, Spanish and Italian. Best of all, the cost is surprisingly reasonable, and builders' hardware merchants carry it in stock. A brochure showing representative pieces will be gladly sent on request. *McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Q *Hear the* McKINNEY MUSICIANS every Sunday 4:30 P. M. Eastern Time, 3:30 P. M. Central Time: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WLW, KYW, KWK, WREN, KSTP.

McKINNEY FORGED IRON

G.H. 3-29
McKinney Mfg. Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa. (*Forged Iron Division*)
Please send me, without obligation, the items which I have checked :
☐ Brochure on Forged Iron Hardware
☐ Folio on Lanterns
Name.....
Address.....

MODERN NEEDLEWORK

By ANNE ORR

Jaunty bows decorate the smart, new wool sweater at the right, made in two shades of the same color, or in two different colors. Printed Pamphlet No. 9705, 25c, carries designs and directions for knitting this sweater in any size, and also for knitting the child's romper suit at the right below. Wools for the sweater may be had in these combinations: brown and tan, gray and black, two shades of blue, or of green, $2.25. As the body of the sweater may be made of either the light or the dark shade, please state your preference

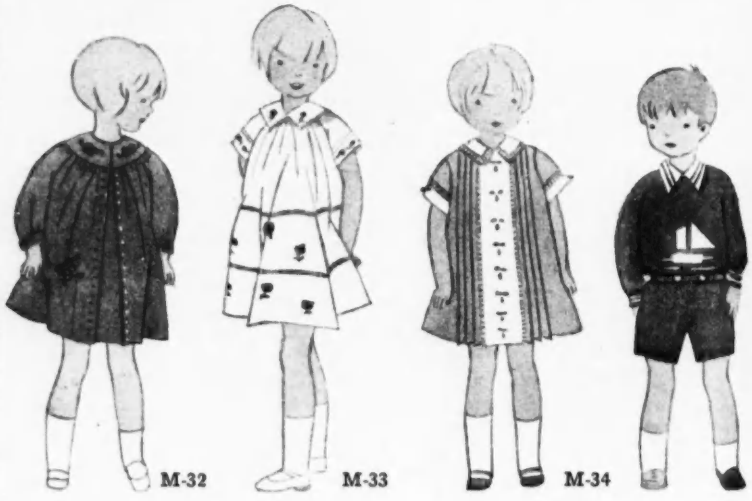
HOW TO ORDER

To order any Hot-Iron Patterns or Printed Pamphlets mentioned on this page, and for materials offered for petit point bag, send correct amount to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping. For cutting patterns send correct amount to Good Housekeeping Pattern Service; and for other materials offered send correct amount to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, N. Y. C.

The knitted romper at the right below is suitable for either a boy or a girl from one to three years old. For a girl it carries a butterfly design. Printed Pamphlet No. 9705, 25c, carries directions for this and for the sweater shown above. Wool for the rompers may be had in: red, rose, blue, yellow, or green, with white, for $2.32

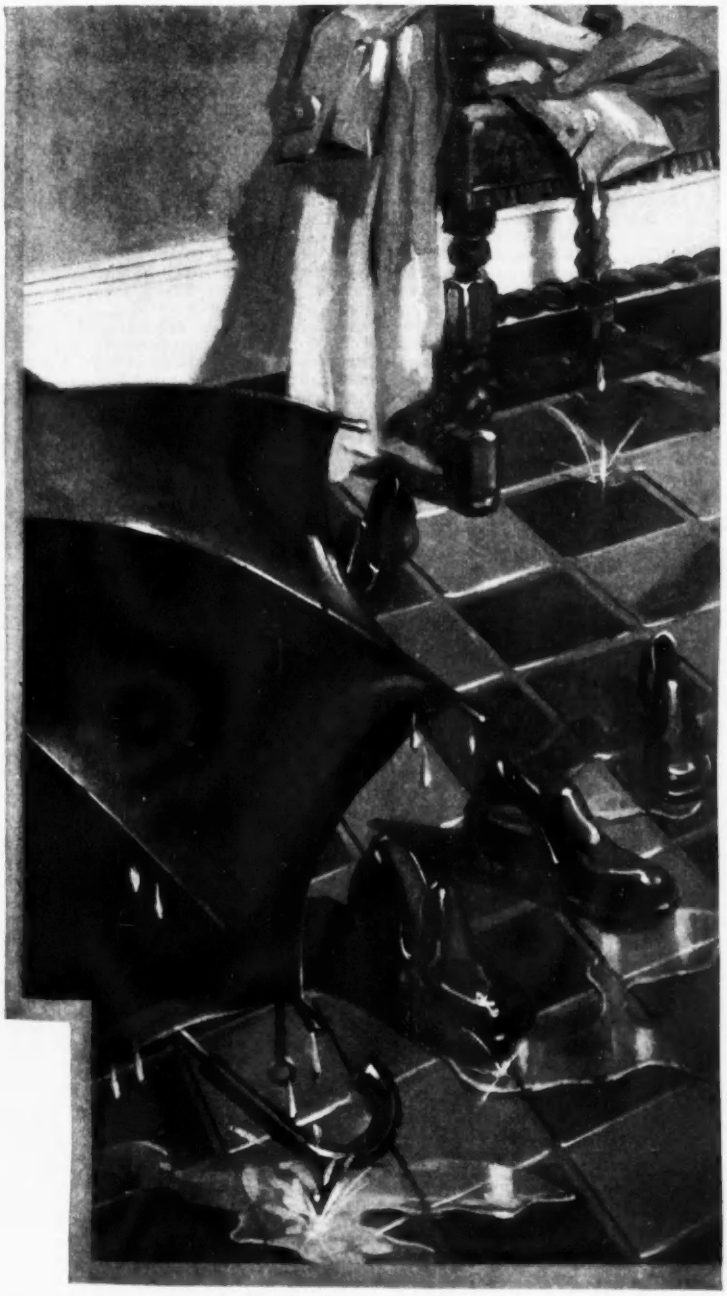
Printed Pamphlet No. 9704, 25c, carries full patterns and directions for the two envelope bags above and at the left, and for another bag with bowknot design, not shown. The one above is of vari-colored wool on canvas; the one at the left of petit point; floss and canvas for it will be sent for $1.25. Both measure 5"x 9"

Three enchanting little frocks are shown below. The first is of colored linen with cross-stitched bows in a darker shade. The next is of white voile with lines of machine hemstitching and cross-stitched sprays in pastel shades. The third is of linen with a row of tiny crocheted acorns down the front. Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9703, 25c, carries designs and directions for the embroidery on all three frocks and also instructions for crocheting the acorns. The **cutting patterns**, *M-32, 33, and 34, are 30c each. M-32 and 34 come in sizes 2 to 6 years; M-33, comes in sizes 4 to 8 years*



M-32 M-33 M-34

Thoughtless perhaps but THIS FLOOR WON'T SHOW IT!



It's Armstrong's Accolac Processed Linoleum wiped clean in a jiffy

EVEN on a sunny day, sad things happen to floors—an elbow tips an ash tray . . . a fountain pen drops, and spatters . . . a pan of hot fat slips through butter fingers. And there's a spot that tells a tale of someone's carelessness—unless your floor is Armstrong's Linoleum, protected by the new Accolac Process.

This new type of linoleum floor is spot-proof, stain-proof. Spilled things wipe right up. Dust and dirt are flicked away as easily as you dust your furniture. In fact, your Accolac Processed floor retains its spick-and-span appearance, its freshness of color and beauty of design, with scarcely any of the heavy cleaning work that floors usually demand.

Instead of constant scrubbing, instead of expensive refinishing, a light waxing and polishing preserves the original luster. Even in kitchens that may need washing up now and then, a quickly applied coat of Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer brings back the rich sheen to your Armstrong Floor. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

The proof of these welcomed promises awaits you when next you go shopping, for stores near your home are now displaying Armstrong's Accolac Processed Linoleum. Any design you select can be laid right over your old floor—trimly cut and cemented in place, made a permanent part of your house. Once installed, it will bring you new warmth and comfort underfoot, new beauty of color and design, new freedom from floor worries and care you never dreamed would be yours.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

How will Armstrong Floors look in my home? Full color illustrations of model interiors, all planned by an expert decorator, Hazel Dell Brown, will show you. You can get these by writing for Mrs. Brown's latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Tells how to plan correct color schemes. Just send cost of mailing, 10c. (Canada 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 915 Nevin Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

Absorb Cold Cream this way *don't rub it in*

DIRT, germs, powder, rouge cling to cold cream. Harsh towels, old pieces of unsanitary cloth cannot remove these beauty-destroying accumulations completely from the pores. There they cause blackheads, enlarged pores—all sorts of troubles that you can avoid by removing cold cream the right way . . . with Kleenex Cleansing Tissues.

Kleenex comes in fine, thin sheets of white tissue. It is especially absorbent. It removes the dirt along with cold cream. You discard it after using once—yet, using three sheets for a treatment, it costs only a few cents a day.

If you haven't yet used Kleenex let this free coupon bring you a sample package by return mail. Fill it out now and mail it.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

G-3

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

HEALTH *and* HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers-To-Be and the Mothers of Wee Babies

Conducted by

Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M. D.

FEEDING BABIES

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

We have made it a practise in the HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB not to give exact formulae for you to follow in feeding your tiny babies, if they must be bottle fed. This is because we feel that babies can not be fed by absolute rules; that so much depends upon the individual baby and his power of digestion; that you will obtain far better results if you consult your own doctor after he has had a chance to examine the baby and to go into the past feeding history with you. I wish that we could help you more in detail. Perhaps it will be useful to give you some of the general principles which guide us in prescribing various types of food and show you why one rigid method will not apply to all babies.

I am assuming that for these babies we are talking about today no breast milk is available, or that they have shown themselves unable to assimilate the breast milk after there has been given time for a fair trial of regulation of the mother's diet, exercises, and a peaceful routine for her. I am one of those physicians who believe that *both* mother and baby must be considered in determining whether or not weaning is necessary. At any rate, if this baby must be bottle fed, what should you do?

The usual method is to start first with a formula of cow's milk and water. The milk should come from tuberculin-tested cattle, should be as clean as it is possible to obtain, and properly chilled during its conveyal from farm to your own ice-box. Most physicians nowadays advise boiling the milk for at least three minutes. This is not because one doubts the purity of the milk, but to render it more easy of digestion. However, there still are babies who do best on a raw certified milk, so there again one can have no hard and fast rule. You should choose a milk not too rich in cream. The baby will gain in weight only when he has at least twice as many ounces of milk in the formula as he is pounds heavy. For example, a baby weighing 9½ pounds will need at a minimum nineteen ounces of milk. We often skim a little of the cream off the top if the baby spits up or has too many stools. Water is added to make the total fluid from two and a half to three ounces for each pound of the body weight.

Every-four-hours feedings (6 a.m.—10—2—6—10 p.m.) are tried first. The two a.m. feeding should have been omitted as early as possible, whenever the baby gets enough at the other feedings to enable him to sleep comfortably through the night. Divide the total amount of the days' feeding by five, and that gives you the amount to be put into each bottle. We rarely offer much more than five ounces at each feeding up to four months old, or more than seven and a half or eight ounces in a bottle at any age. A baby who wants more than that should be getting other solid food in addition, to satisfy his appetite.

Various sugars are added to the formula. Some physicians advocate corn sirup, others malt sugars, or cane or milk sugar. The proportion is about one-tenth ounce for each pound of body weight.

For children with eczema, milk may be boiled for a whole hour, or evaporated milk and water can be given with advantage. The dried milks prepared freshly at each feeding are often used when just a small amount of additional food is needed after a scanty breast feeding, or when one can not obtain fresh milk, or when a baby is having difficulty digesting the usual formula.

Lactic acid milk has proved a godsend to many babies, as, though rather a difficult mixture to make, it is so easily digested by babies who have rejected all the other formulae given them.

Protein milk is another hard preparation to make, but most satisfactory for the baby who has a diarrhoea or who has had an acute gastric upset. Your doctor will give you the details of either of these if they are indicated.

Cod-liver oil is considered a *food*, and each baby should have it daily through the winter months to prevent rickets. Most doctors advise one teaspoonful two or three times daily. If for any reason you think your baby can not take cod-liver oil, talk to your doctor about it at once, as these winter months are the important ones in any rickets prevention work.

Orange juice and tomato juice are valuable adjuncts to the diet, as they carry a scurvy prevention quality. Tomato juice comes now canned, prepared especially for babies, and is particularly valuable in the months when oranges are hard to obtain, or for those babies who do not take orange juice well. Canned unsweetened pineapple juice is now available for babies. This can be used as one would any fruit juice, but we do not feel that it can take the place of orange or tomato.

Vegetable juices are also added to the diet of much younger children than formerly. Some doctors advise spinach, onion, carrot, and potato water on alternate days from the fourth month on. The color shows in the stools, but unless they cause an actually thin stool this can be disregarded. The vegetable waters add valuable salts useful (*Continued on page 120*)

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

The INSTITUTE FORUM *For* MARCH

Solves Various Problems

A Book of Sandwiches

"SEVEN Hundred Sandwiches," compiled by Florence A. Cowles, is the result of over ten years of collecting of recipes from various sources. Any one who has ever been at a loss for ideas for sandwiches that are "different" will appreciate how helpful such a book might be. For, with the exception of the introduction, which outlines general directions for making sandwiches, the book is given over entirely to recipes. From such a multitude of suggestions, one should be able to select some novel idea for any occasion, whether a picnic, a luncheon, a tea, or a Sunday-night supper. "Seven Hundred Sandwiches" is published by Little, Brown & Company, of Boston, Mass.

A Help for the Young Mother

The mother who has to take baby's bottles out of the sterilizing kettle of hot water every morning will appreciate a pair of crucible tongs, which may be procured at a reasonable cost at any medical supply house. A piece of rubber tubing may be slipped over each end, and the hot bottle grasped tightly without fear of slipping. This saves a good deal of time, to say nothing of burned fingers.

Mrs. S. L., Boston, Mass.

A Fool-Proof Method of Poaching Eggs

If you haven't an egg poacher, try putting the eggs in a hot, buttered skillet, just as though you were going to fry them. Let stand a moment until the white begins to set. Remove from the fire and cover the eggs with boiling water, being careful to pour as gently as possible, and not to let the water boil while pouring. Salt the water, cover the skillet, and cook on back of stove from three to five minutes. Before discovering this method, I was afraid to poach more than one egg at a time, and held my breath until it was safely on the toast.

Mrs. A. L. N., Powell, Wyo.

Cleaning French Doors

I have always dreaded the dusting of my French doors, to say nothing of washing them. If I used a cloth, the woodwork, which is mahogany finish, always looked blurred, and if I used a powder to clean the glass, even a brush would not take the powder out of the crevices of the woodwork. I discovered an easy way to remedy this with no ill effects to the freshly-cleaned glasses. I bought a large camel's-hair brush and painted the woodwork with furniture polish, afterward rubbing it with a clean dry cloth. Even the tiniest cracks were rid of their accumulation of dust, and every trace of powder was removed.

Mrs. E. B. B., Monroe, N. C.

Save Your Hands When Dyeing

In preparing a dye bath, I find it a help, after tying the dye in a bit of cheese-cloth, to put it into a soap-shaker. It saves the hands and can be dissolved more quickly by shaking a bit. Of course, it needs no further straining.

Mrs. G. A. D., Gardner, Mass.

A Mending Hint

Not long ago a treasured vase—one of those modern ones in bubbly Spanish glass—was cracked in the dishpan, and, of course, it had to be discarded. Then one day I had a bright idea! I hied myself to the drug store, purchased five cents' worth of water glass, painted the crack with it, using a small, soft brush. The application of water glass does not show, and the vase is again in constant use.

Mrs. J. F. D., Defiance, Ohio

To Clean Fabric Flowers

Place the flowers or spray of flowers in a quart preserving jar filled one-third or halfway with a non-inflammable cleaning fluid. Screw the top on tight and, holding the jar lengthwise between the hands, shake well for a few minutes. Then rinse them by the same method, with a fresh supply of fluid. When dry, they are as fresh and clean as you could wish, and they have been saved all rubbing, which few of the delicate things could stand.

M. G., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

A Twofold Help

When my small daughter started dressing herself, she had difficulty in telling which was the front and which was the back of her panties. I solved the problem by marking the back with a loop of tape. The tape has a twofold purpose. It not only helps her get the garment on right, but on ironing day, when the dress goes on a hanger, the panties follow suit, the tape being slipped over the hook of the hanger, thus keeping the two pieces together.

Mrs. A. R., Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.

To Save Your Glass-Curtains

Glass-curtains can be kept fresher and saved from a good deal of wear along the edges by pinning them up at night when the windows are open. I use pinch clothespins, securing the corners of the curtain to the edge near enough the top to bring the fold above the open part of the window. The pinch pins never tear or mark the curtains, and can be made attractive by enameling them to match the drapes.

M. E. P., Norfolk, Nebr.

A Simple Way to Keep Silver Clean

At this time of year, when eggs are used so much, the silver becomes badly discolored. An easy way to clean it has been suggested by one of our readers. This is merely a modification of the electrolytic method of cleaning silver, but how many of us have thought of such a simple way to clean the silver as it becomes tarnished?

I put about one-half teaspoonful each of salt and soda in an aluminum cup full of hot water and place it near my dishpan. As I wash the silver, I put the pieces that are discolored in the cup. By the time I am ready to dry them, the stain is gone. No extra time is spent in polishing, and my silver is always clean.

Mrs. C. S. W., Marcellus, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We suggest that an aluminum cup be kept for just this purpose. When it becomes darkened, it will be necessary to clean it in order to get the best results.*

A Dressmaking Hint

I have found an ordinary medicine-dropper filled with water—run along a seam to be pressed—the simplest method of moistening woolen material. This dampens the seam evenly, giving the garment the desired tailored look.

Mrs. A. D. H., Narberth, Pa.

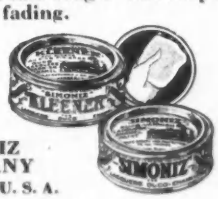
YOUR car looks worn and battle scarred. Months of fighting wind and rain and dust and sleet have dulled its original lustre and faded its bright finish to a lifeless, drab hue. You are ashamed of it—you hate to drive it any longer—yet you cannot afford a new one. Then, one day you see these three magic words:

"MOTORISTS WISE - SIMONIZ" You have seen them many times before, but this time you take their advice. YOU SIMONIZ YOUR CAR.

The Simoniz Kleener quickly and easily removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes, restoring the lustre, and then the Simoniz is applied.

. . . and behold, you have a bright, shining car, brilliant in its beauty. And, you thank heaven for Simoniz.

The sooner you Simoniz your car, the better. It gives lasting protection in all weather, makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading.



Easily applied with a cloth.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

In using advertisements see page 6

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

A Northern Pacific Ticket

promises you the vacation pleasures of the Pacific Northwest. Mighty peaks of the Rockies! Cool Cascades! Snow on Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker when it's hot at home! 1406 miles of scenic rivers—28 ranges of mountains on the Northern Pacific. May we tell you about this trip?

MONTANA ROCKIES

COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY

MT. BAKER LODGE

RAINIER NAT'L PARK

Mail this coupon to E. E. Nelson, P. T. M., 11 Nor. Pac. Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

MY VACATION TRIP

Name .....

Address .....

My telephone No. is .....

If student, state grade .....

Books or trips I am interested in (√)	Round Trip Summer Fare from Chicago
☐ Pacific Northwest / ☐ Rainier Park — Portland, Seattle, Tacoma	$90.30
☐ Mt. Baker National Forest	90.30
☐ Yellowstone Park	59.35
☐ Dude Ranch Vacations	$59.35 to 65.65
☐ Rocky Mts. (Helena—Butte)	61.95
☐ Inland Empire (Spokane)	85.05
☐ Alaska (Skagway)	180.30
☐ Burlington Escorted Tours (all expense)	$140.04 to 239.51
☐ Canadian Northwest	90.30

"North Coast Limited" The Train West!

198

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

A Common Error

Is it a bad plan to eat two starches at one meal, such as bread and potatoes? Is it true that only one is digested at a time and that the other one which is not digested sets up fermentation? Will you tell me whether I have the correct idea about the digestion of starch? I believe the digestion of starch begins in the mouth due to a digestive enzyme in the saliva. The digestion of starch continues in the stomach. The gastric juices do not affect the starch. When the food passes through the small intestine digestion of starch is finished.

Mrs. F. B. G., New York

You have an almost correct idea of the digestion of starch. I suggest only one correction: the digestion of starch does go on for a time after the food is swallowed. It is very much impeded in the stomach because of the acid condition of that organ. When the partly digested starch reaches the small intestine it comes again into an alkaline environment. Digestive enzymes coming from the pancreas also mingle with the food in the small intestine. There is no evidence whatever that two or more different starches are not equally well digested together. This idea is a common one, and I am glad you have called attention to it.

It Is A Ticklish Business To Correct Misstatements of Doctors

I should like your advice about drinking water before meals. I have been told of a physician recommending two glasses of water just before each meal, allowing the person to eat everything and at the same time reduce her weight. Another physician says this will ruin digestion by diluting the digestive fluid of the stomach and cause the fluids not to act upon the food in the stomach, thus keeping the food from being assimilated and so the person would derive no nourishment from the food. Which doctor is right?

Mrs. H. T. R., Michigan

Belonging as I do to the American Medical Association, I must obey the ethical rules thereof. One of these rules is that you must not criticize a brother doctor publicly. I should like, therefore, to bring these two doctors together and give them some good advice. Both doctors are wrong, but one of them is partly right. The doctor who advises drinking water copiously just before eating is wrong. The doctor who says it is undesirable to dilute the digestive fluids just before eating is right; but he is also wrong in saying that no nourishment will be derived from the foods thus diluted. The fact of the case is that while digestion in the stomach will be impaired by diluting the stomach juices with water, it nevertheless will go on, only more slowly and less perfectly.

The Radio May Be Used For Broadcasting Misinformation

Over the radio I heard a doctor from Brooklyn say that we should never save any of the liquid in which spinach is cooked. He advised to drain it as dry as possible, because the liquid contains a large amount of sulphuric acid which is bad for the stomach. We have been in the habit of saving any liquid and using it with what spinach was left to make a cream soup the next day. If it is injurious, I should like to know, so we may discontinue our custom.

Mrs. F. H. T., New York

The doctor from Brooklyn who used the radio was spreading abroad some vicious misinformation. There is no truth whatever in his statement that the water in which spinach is cooked contains sulphuric acid. It is true that the normal stomach does contain acid, but it is not sulphuric, it is hydrochloric, without which protein digestion in the stomach would not take place. One should not throw away any of the juices in which vegetables are cooked. Your custom is the proper one, and I hope you will not be dissuaded from continuing it by any radio broadcast which you may hear in the future. Of all methods of conveying wrong information, the radio presents the most difficult problem, on account of the impossibility of censoring the information broadcast.

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," "Reducing Weight," "Increasing Weight," "Diet in Pregnancy and Lactation," and "Hyperacidity and Fermentation." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps each and a stamped, addressed envelope. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the questionnaire designed for The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made

All Right For Most Children

I always read the Question-Box in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING with great interest. I would like to ask, Is bread made from whole-wheat flour the right bread for a child between three and four years of age, three times a day?

Mrs. E. M. C., Conn.

I do not know any other kind of bread better for a child who is normal in all respects than the kind you describe. There are occasionally children whose digestive functions are quite sensitive to coarse bread and who may possibly be more or less injured by eating whole wheat, or any other whole cereal bread. In these rare cases the diet should be prescribed after a careful examination by a competent physician.

Better Wait A While

Will you please advise me about fresh fruits for my three-year-old boy. I do not know whether he should have strawberries and raspberries or not.

Mrs. N. B. D., New York

I think your boy is old enough to have a reasonable amount of fresh fruits. He must, however, be taught to masticate them well. When fresh fruits injure a child, it is not so much the fruit itself, as the fact that it is swallowed in lumps so large that they do not digest well. With regard to strawberries and raspberries and other fruits of that kind, I think it is not advisable to place so many small seeds in the alimentary canal of a child that age. They may do damage somewhere along the line, especially at the appendix. It is better to wait a while before giving these small seeded berries in large amounts.

Shows a Lack of Scientific Knowledge

Some years ago a physician's wife told me that acid fruits, such as oranges, grapefruit, etc., should not be eaten at a meal when one drank coffee. Since that time I have used the less acid fruits for breakfast, such as baked apples, prunes, bananas, and other mild fruits, leaving the more acid fruits for other meals. Some of my family still eat the acid fruits for breakfast, and they tell me my notion is nothing but a fad.

Miss E. G. McS., Ohio

I feel sure that the physician's wife who told you the story about the danger of eating acid fruits with coffee had no scientific evidence whatever on which to base this assertion. It is true that drinking coffee is frequently injurious to many people who are particularly sensitive to the alkaloid caffein which coffee contains, but there is no justification for associating any injury of this kind with acid fruits. There is no reaction which takes place between any of the ingredients of coffee and any of the ingredients of acid fruits.

"Rules 'n' regulations"... *now turned into play*

New ways of guidance that many mothers are using

Miriam Finn Scott, author of "How to Know Your Child," and "Meeting Your Child's Problems"

"THERE's a game for teaching almost every habit to children," says Miriam Finn Scott, renowned psychologist.

How impatient children are of everything that interrupts the one important business—play!

But there are ways, now, in which mothers can use this very spirit of play to form lasting habits.

For instance, the right habits of eating, which you want to become second nature. Particularly breakfast habits. A series of school tests has shown this arresting fact: children are definitely handicapped, at work and at play, unless they start their day with a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. Over 70,000 teachers have hung this rule on their class room walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Mothers are apt to feel their duty so strongly that they are sometimes too earnest about it at the breakfast table. They may even let anxiety creep into their voice when they talk to the children about hot cereal.

Then children resist. They believe they don't like Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever *hot, cooked* cereal is served them. But what they really don't like is the dead seriousness of the whole business.

One of the ways to change all this is a children's club—called the H. C. B. After a mother has sent for free membership for her children she needn't do anything else—except cook the hot cereal!

Youngsters respond with enthusiasm to the play material of this club. Brightly colored posters, glittering gold stars, shiny badges. They love the game and soon they love their cereal too.

© 1929, C. of W. Co.

Recommended for 32 years by leading authorities

Authorities on child health have for 32 years recommended Cream of Wheat as ideal. Here are three of their reasons:

1. It is rich in mental and physical energy—all real food.
2. Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and easy to digest, for it contains none of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain.
3. Raisins, dates, or prunes, easily added while cooking, vary its creamy goodness.

Make this a habit with your children—a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.

FREE—*the plan that works wonders*

A club—called the H. C. B.—that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly.

Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts. All materials free, sent direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist it! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now—watch the club idea work.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY — DEPT. C-34
MINNEAPOLIS — MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Address..... *City*..... *State*.....

To get sample Cream of Wheat, check here.....

In using advertisements see page 6

A Chicken Dinner for busy people

Sometimes shopping is slower then usual, traffic is delayed, a last rubber of bridge that must be finished. Any of a hundred and one reasons may cause a late home-coming—and dinner to be made ready in quick time. Then it's a joy to know that there is a can of R & R Boned Chicken* on the pantry shelf.

Because it's there you can choose from a dozen different dainty dishes that take but a few minutes to prepare. Ten minutes from the time you take down the can of deliciously tender chicken—all ready prepared and cooked—your meal is ready.

Here's one delightful suggestion to meet such a situation.

DOVER RAREBIT

1 small tin R & R Boned Chicken
1 cupful Milk
1 tablespoonful Butter
1 tablespoonful Flour
2 tablespoonfuls Grated Cheese,
Salt, Pepper and Paprika to
taste. Several slices of Toast

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and cheese and let cook two minutes. Add the milk and seasoning and the chicken cut into small pieces. After cooking ten minutes, serve on crisp toast.

**Every chicken is certified and passed by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics*

Your grocer has R & R Boned Chicken always in stock. Let him serve you today.

Richardson & Robbins

Established since 1855 in Dover, Del.

The Incredible Year

(*Continued from page 27*)

document was at last ready for the signatures.

"I suppose you know, John, this is a remarkable will?" he asked with a note of warning in his generally colorless voice.

Montgomery assented.

"And you are taking a lot for granted. These people—the Desmonds—you've known them—how long?"

Montgomery told him.

"Quite so. Forgive me, my dear fellow, if I exercise the quality common to most legal men, that of caution. How convinced are you of the reliability of your friends? You're not risking anything for yourself, to put it bluntly. But you're risking considerable for Julie. I do not mean money. Of course, you are leaving a considerable sum away from her, but the way your affairs now stand she will be more than amply provided for. What I mean is, you intrust her to strangers. Think well over this, Montgomery. Of course, I understand that this entire will under the present terms is meant only to cover your sudden death before your daughter is of age. But from the alternate terms I understand that even were she of age and her own mistress at the time of your death, the first legacy to your friends holds—and you recommend strongly that Julie make her home with them."

MONTGOMERY nodded. "I've thought it over seriously, and I am convinced that I am doing the right thing," he replied.

He was quiet and friendly, but his jaw hardened, and the lawyer, sighing, knew that there was no influencing him. He pressed a button on his desk, and a clerk came in.

"Get Harding," said Mr. Dean. "I want your signatures to a will."

When the brief, matter-of-fact ceremony was over—a ceremony which is always the foreshadowing of sorrow and bewilderment, and often of hatred and rancor and feuds—Montgomery rose.

"I'll get along now. Later I'll send you a couple of letters to hold for me. You'll know what to do with them when the time comes."

Dean shook hands with him and received Montgomery's friendly smile—the smile, somehow, not of a grown man but of a good child, so sunny and open and—well, thought Dean uncomfortably, *guileless*, it was.

After the office door had closed behind his visitor, Dean stood a moment as Montgomery had left him, his lean hand caressing a sharp chin. He did not in the least approve of Montgomery's will. Far better had he left his large, hard-earned fortune in trust for the girl until she was thirty. No good could come of these unconventional plans for her future.

Moreover, he didn't like Montgomery's quiet reference to his state of health. Of course, that was nonsense. Some of these newfangled doctors had frightened him. A man as strong and as healthy as Montgomery was good for years. If his color was bad and his breath a little short, it was because he was overtired and had wrought himself up with this will business. And there the will lay on the table. Well, it would go into the safe. He hoped sincerely that Montgomery would live to see the absurdity of it and to tear it up and make a "proper" one.

He pondered upon the people who had taken Montgomery's fancy to such an amazing extent. Perhaps they had even played for just such a move on Montgomery's part? That would make them common adventurers, inimical to Montgomery's central interest. Or, if they had no inkling of such an outcome to a casual friendship, how would they receive, in case Montgomery's predictions were fulfilled, the burden and trust he had imposed on them?

Dean exclaimed impatiently. The whole business was far too involved and insane for him. He could do nothing but faithfully discharge his duty toward Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY went home. His talk with Dean had not shaken his conviction that he had been right in his conclusions. Julie must be provided for, not only financially. And, dying, he must leave her as he and her God and Nature had made her—proud and passionate and lonely—with no one who belonged to her, with no one to help her over what he knew humbly would be an intolerable sorrow, with no one to initiate her into the unknown paths of living and experience.

At home, evenings, when Julie had gone to bed, he sat alone in his great chair by the fire—for autumn was drawing in, the early autumn of the North Woods, and the nights were crisp and diamonded with stars, and the leaves were turning. The gipsy season was already astir among the trees, flinging her torch to the waiting branches.

Sitting alone, he dreamed. He was not resigned to what he saw was his fate, but he was growing accustomed. He was not tired enough to wish to go, with the consciousness of a long, hard-working, honorable life behind him. There were still things he wished to do. And he was afraid for Julie's sake. He was not resigned, but he had carried the thought of death with him for so many weeks now that the veiled, dark face had become familiar—almost he could see the austere and not unkind features beneath the veil.

And there was—Julie's mother!

Not a religious man in an orthodox sense, he was, nevertheless, deeply devout. A close, life-long communion with Nature does one of two things to a man. It either impresses him with the brevity of life and the cruelty of a scheme, teeming, fecund, lavish, and wasteful, or it instills within his soul a personal consciousness of God in earth and air and water. It had done the latter for Montgomery. It had given him an abiding sense of a personal immortality, and the belief that somewhere, unknown and unfathomable, he would meet the love of his manhood again and would have to render to her his accounting . . .

Sometimes, in these evenings, he sat at his desk and composed two letters. He wrote and rewrote and tore them up again and again. They were hard to write. They were written by a living hand, and the people for whom they were intended would read them when that hand was without pulse, without the power to add a word to what had been written or to erase one line. They were written by the quick, and yet would be as a voice from the dead. To the man who sat there writing, while upstairs Julie slept, while the wind called down the big chimney and the dogs barked in their kennels and a moon rode high, while the small forest things broke the night stillness with tiny sounds, it was an uncanny thing that he did—almost as if he had already died and his spirit seized the pen and wrote. Short the letters were to be—yet they were to say so much.

Julie! Julie!

CHAPTER VI

THE season had opened at the lumber camps. Montgomery was away now for days at a time. Julie went with him once or twice. She liked these trips, and she wanted to be with her father as much as possible. Without a word said, she knew he was troubled. She felt that she must draw close to him in human as well as in spiritual companionship.

One day, when they were coming back together from an inspection trip, he said abruptly:

"This work must continue after I go, Julie. Garrod has been with me for so many years now—you can trust him to manage it. I had this in mind when I reorganized the company three years ago. The way things will be left, you'll always have a financial share in it, and I've taken care of the men who have worked for me so long and faithfully. They deserve it,

The Incredible Year

and there'll be plenty for you. And I want you to take an interest in it always. If you marry —I'll see that your husband can come in, if he's the sort of man who loves the woods."

Julie said, paling until the sun-bronze seemed a golden veil laid over the pearl pallor of her face: "Of course, I'd want it to go on. It's been your life."

"Yes. You couldn't sell it, as the company now stands, even though a large stockholder. The men would have the say—they are in the majority," he explained abstractedly.

She asked dimly: "But why do you tell me this? Is—is anything the matter?"

"No, nothing."

He spoke hastily, almost without volition. Later he wondered, why did he lie? Why did he protect her up to the last, the ultimate moment? Was it the human hope that there was nothing the matter—that this was all nightmare born of fears which, if not entirely groundless, were to all intents and purposes mere shadows of a far-off event?

He added quickly: "Forget it. But when a man gets along, he has to think of these things."

LATER he broke a silence to tell her about the rumor of some trouble at one of the farthest camps, where a handful of new men who had been pressed into service were proving mutinous, given to the drinking of smuggled liquor, to quarreling among themselves, and to a dislike of their able foreman, a man whom Montgomery and his manager, Garrod, trusted, and who was a stockholder in the concern.

"Out they'll go, neck and crop," said Montgomery, frowning. "I won't stand for that sort of thing in my camps. Haynes can handle it, of course, but I'll go along up presently and read 'em the riot act. They have good wages, decent quarters and food—they've no complaint—none that is justified."

"How did it start?" asked Julie, immediately interested and distracted, as her father had meant she should be, from the purport of their previous conversation.

"Oh, a personal feud between two of the new men—something to do with a woman, I understand. The origin of the thing doesn't signify. The result is that sides have been taken, and the camp is in a sullen, underground ferment. I haven't had this happen to me for a good many years. Haynes has sent word to Garrod that he'd like me to come up. Well, don't worry about it."

Julie looked at him, and laughter quivered in her throat like a caged bird.

"You're pleased!" she accused him. "You're spoiling for a fight."

Indeed, he was flushed, and his eyes were bright with the anticipation of a coming struggle. Montgomery always felt at his best when he was battling against, in the old days, comparative poverty, against problems and odds and hardships—against, even, Earth herself. His mental and physical muscles were tautened. He acknowledged Julie's accusation with a little boyish jerk of his fine head.

"Perhaps. Things have gone along a little too smoothly these last years for an old war horse," he told her, smiling.

"Maybe," he thought, "that's what's the matter with me. I've grown lax with success —and so my body has taken control of me and grows indolent and ailing and querulous. In the days when it was all an uphill fight and no quarter, I hadn't time to think of mere flesh and bone."

There followed, before Montgomery made his trip to the camp—the most distant of his various possessions—an interlude of peace and contentment for Julie. He left her once to go to Montreal, but was not gone long. He tried to persuade Julie to go with him.

"You've the Paris frocks which Hildreth chose," he told her, "and no place to show them off."

"I'd rather wear them here for you," she said.

Autumn closed down upon the farm, and the days were cold and clear and lovely. When her father came home from his trip, Julie was with him on the farm and on some of his trips to the nearest camps. Then, one day, he set out alone for the domain ruled by Haynes.

"I'll have a story to tell when I get back," he told her. "I hope, of victory. For it will be the first time I've gone down to defeat at the hands of my men—if I do."

"But you won't!" she told him.

"No—"

He kissed her and left. He felt well and hopeful. Now that the will was in Dean's safe, now that the letters he had finally written were there, his house was well in order. He could go on with a clear conscience for whatever space of time was allotted to him, and live from day to day. He knew a period of optimism in which he snapped his fingers at the doctors. The weather was marvelous, the pine-scented air was crystal and wine, the sun a golden glory, and his own trees held their divine message of health and hope for him. Ahead of him lay a little battle of wits and common sense against ignorance and viciousness.

He found the camp running outwardly with smoothness, and yet Haynes seemed disturbed.

"Half of 'em are Reds," he said angrily. "I've never had a worse crowd."

"Reds? In the North Woods? Come, that's nonsense!"

"Oh, I don't know," the younger man grunted, his tanned, furrowed face heavy with anxiety. "Somewhere there's a snake in the camp. This feud business between Oleson and Martin was only the excuse. There's one man who's spreading all the trouble. And I think I know him."

"Who, then?"

"Yates—you've talked to him?"

"Yes. He seemed a commonsensical sort of fellow. And on the fence."

"Yes, he would be. He's got more education than the rest of them. He's a smooth talker."

"Where's he from?"

"I don't know. Followed the crowd from Minnesota, he says. I've distrusted him from the first. Garrod sent him up with a recommendation—a good man to have in charge of some of the gangs."

"I'll talk to him again."

He did so. And to others—going out with them on their work, sitting with them in the mess hall. Oleson and Martin agreed sheepishly to drop their original quarrel—a quarrel which had started with a loose word about Oleson's wife, and which had been nursed along with bad liquor and a fist fight or two. Each, the Swede and the Yankee, had friends in camp, and factions were formed. Given unease and hatred and quarreling among the two factions, there was tinder enough to start a whole conflagration.

"That guy Yates," said some one, "does a lot of sneaky talking. He's always egging some one on."

MONTGOMERY, observing and waiting, found that this was so. He could get nothing of value from Yates himself, a dark, supple man with shifty eyes and a thin, intelligent mouth. But he learned enough from the others to advise Haynes to let the man out.

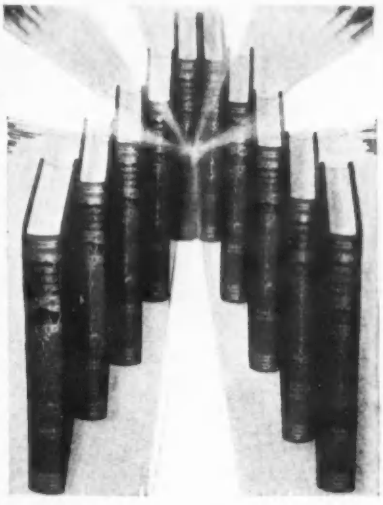
"You've enough on him. He may or may not be the dangerous factor in camp, but there's no sense in risking anything."

So Yates was dismissed and took it with bad grace. Throwing his things together, he went out from the barrack-like quarters to seek and find Montgomery, who was alone, watching from some little distance one of the clearing gangs at work.

"I understand I've been let out," said Yates angrily, "and, if I'm not mistaken, through a recommendation of yours."

"Well, if so, what complaint have you to make?"

Yates laughed shortly. "Complaint! As if



Here it is!

The Only Thing of its Kind in the World for Children

Here for the first time is all the learning in the world so interestingly written and pictured that children and young people love to get at it; and yet kept in encyclopedic form so that they CAN get at it. The first complete set of reference books in encyclopedic form that has ever been written and pictured for the children and the youth of the world for their very own.

No wonder that already in over forty thousand schools and three hundred thousand homes the children and teachers and mothers alike have come to look upon Compton's as the greatest forward step for children in the history of learning.

No wonder it opens the way for all of these children to better marks in school. No wonder it is rapidly giving them the HABIT OF SUCCESS that points toward leadership in later life.

No wonder it has been approved or adopted by every state in the Union, which officially and formally approves or adopts, and has the unqualified endorsement of such great educational sources as these:

Unqualifiedly Endorsed by

The Child Study Association of America
Journal National Education Association
Child Welfare—The Official Organ of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers
The American Library Association
General Federation of Women's Clubs
Children, The Magazine for Parents
Review of Reviews
Christian Science Monitor
The American Hebrew
Ladies' Home Journal
Awarded the Medal of Honor—Sesqui Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Compton's *Pictured* Encyclopedia

Read this important coupon and mail it now

F. E. COMPTON & CO.,
Dept. 6-22, Compton Bldg.,
1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me at once FREE, your full forty-page Pictured Section of COMPTON'S, together with your FREE Questionario Game which gives a wonderful test of every child of every age. Also give me information as to how I can get this wonderful Encyclopedia in my home for as little as $3.50 down.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

In using advertisements see page 6

..The Iron *with a brain*

A Brain?—Yes!

This marvelous iron has a mechanical brain. It can't forget! You merely tell it what heat you want it to *maintain*, by setting the throttle, and it *keeps* right at that heat.

The Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron, $8.80

Here is an iron

- –that has *maintained* heat control;
- –that you can have as *hot as you want* for ironing heavy damp pieces;
- –that you can have as *cool as you wish* for sheer fabrics and silk things;
- –that requires *no pulling of the plug;*
- –that *saves worries* about scorching;
- –that *wastes no time* waiting for the iron to cool off or heat up again;
- –that is *faster* and irons in less time;
- –that is *economical*, uses less current;
- –that is *safe*, cannot overheat;
- –that is *cooler* to use;
- –that requires *no lifting*, merely roll it back on its heel stand;
- –that has patented Thumb Rest which *relieves strain* on wrist, arm and shoulder;
- –that has a beveled soleplate which increases *visibility* of ironing;
- –that has a tapered point which fits into tucks and ruffles;
- –that is *dependable;* its CALROD element cast in solid iron is practically indestructible;
- –that is guaranteed by the World's Largest Appliance Manufacturer.

Other Hotpoint irons at $3.95 and $6.00. Ask your electric company or dealer to show you the Hotpoint line.

★ Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

© 1929 E. E. A. Co., Inc.

World's Largest Manufacturer of Electric Ranges and Household Electric Heating Appliances

The Incredible Year

that ever did an under-dog any good. I do my work, I keep out of personal quarrels among your men, and what does it get me? Injustice!"

Montgomery was stung to the quick. Injustice was his chief detestation, in his sight a major sin, a criminal cruelty. "If you can prove to me that your dismissal has been unjust—" he began.

But Yates had lost his temper. He was one of those men who, dissatisfied with life as he had made it, unable to rise above dissatisfaction, took pleasure in sowing seeds of discontent wherever he went. He had held half a hundred different jobs. He knew a number of catch-words—labor and the heavy heel of capital and the rights of the people. He believed nothing very seriously—not even his own preaching. The instinct of the man who commits arson for sheer wanton pleasure was in him. He did not have the courage of his convictions, which, wrong as his convictions were, would have counted for him. He acknowledged no leader and had no code. He was simply what Haynes had called him—a snake in the grass, an agitator.

Losing his temper, therefore, his catch-words and stereotyped accusations poured from him. He shook his fist—but not too near the face of the big man who stood watching him. He raged and swore and called down heaven's wrath upon the rich man who drank the blood of the poor. Montgomery continued to watch and say nothing. It was apparent to him that Yates was beside himself. Let him wear himself out, thought Montgomery, not very much disturbed.

Then Yates said something about Julie . . .

"You—and that——daughter of yours!" he screamed, cursing.

Montgomery, in the instant it took to cross to the man, had time to wonder where Yates had seen Julie. Then it came to him Yates had been at the general manager's camp for a time and might easily have seen her there.

He took the man by the nape of the neck and shook him. Then he guided him to the edge of the clearing and kicked him heartily. Men, seeing, came running.

"Get that carrion out of camp," ordered Montgomery, breathing hard and deathly white.

They did so with a will. They were of both factions, and were by now very much ashamed of themselves. They knew loyalty to and admiration for the man who was termed affectionately "the big chief." And as for Yates, all his smooth glamour had fallen from him when they saw him shaken, rat-like, in the chief's strong grasp.

Yates was no longer of their comradeship. He was simply a strange animal who could no longer hunt with the pack.

Montgomery went back to Haynes' quarters. He felt sick—and yet calm. But his anger had shaken him. He went in, dropped down in a chair. An agonizing pain shot up his arm . . .

He knew, then. He called once, and Haynes, who was just outside, came at the double-quick.

"Julie—" said Montgomery with increasing difficulty. "Julie—"

And on that questioning note he threw back his head against the chair—and gasped—and died . . .

THEY brought John Montgomery back to the home farm. Word had been sent to the general manager's camp, and Garrod got to Julie slightly in advance of Haynes and the men who formed the quiet, tragic escort for the body of the man they loved. Garrod, whom Julie had known since childhood, and for whom she felt a sincere affection, was himself so broken by the blow that before a word was spoken she knew. He came in, in his working clothes, and Julie opened the door for him and fell back, the back of her hand across her mouth, at his expression—at his eyes, heavy and reddened.

Grit Magnified is like Broken Glass

THE most destructive type of dirt that lodges in your floor coverings is *grit.* Magnify it and you will see its sharp, cutting, glass-like edges. These grind and saw away at the rug fibers, or cut sharply through them. Every passing foot, every piece of furniture moved, sets these sharp edges at work destroying your rug.

If this grit lodged on the surface of the rug, ordinary cleaning would remove it and prevent this destructive action.

But grit is heavy and sinks deep into the pile. It lodges in the minute pockets between the threads, it packs into caked masses at the bottom of the rug.

Suction alone does not remove it. *Beating* is required, to shake it out of the pockets into which it is wedged and to dance it to the surface.

There are only two ways to beat out this dirt. One is by hand; the other is by means of The Hoover.

In no other cleaner than The Hoover is an effective beating action provided for the removal of the dirt below the surface. In The Hoover "Positive Agitation"—a cleaning principle exclusive with products of The Hoover Company—vibrates the rug on a cushion of air, dislodges the embedded grit and flutters it to the surface.

To the beating action of "Positive Agitation" is added sweeping to gather up the thread and lint, and suction to remove the surface dust, the swept-up lint and the fluttered-loose grit.

Because of the combined action of beating, sweeping and suction, The Hoover is able to remove more *dirt per minute* than is possible with other cleaning methods; to clean more thoroughly; to clean more quickly; and to clean with less effort.

Could you ask more of any electric cleaner? Can you obtain elsewhere as much?

Any Hoover dealer will gladly give you a demonstration of "Positive Agitation." Telephone him.

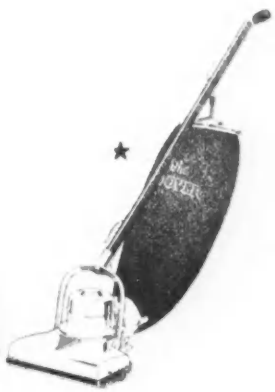
Three Hoover models, $59.50, $75 and $135. With dusting tools, $72, $87.50 and $150. Floor Polisher, $7.50. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ont.

more d.p.m.
—DIRT PER MINUTE

The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency *is dirt per minute*



The HOOVER

Reg. Trade Mark

IT BEATS ... AS IT SWEEPS ... AS IT CLEANS

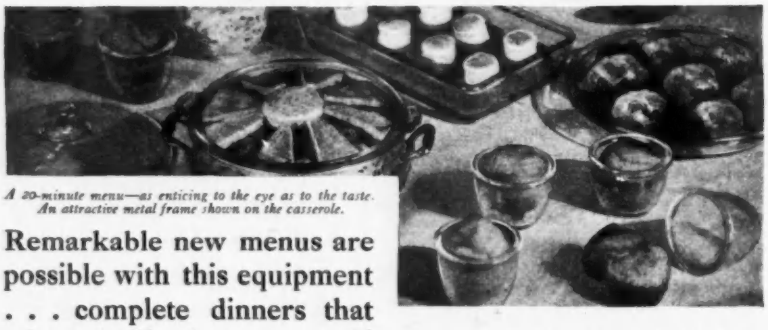
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

On The Air—Every Thursday, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, The Hoover Sentinels, through the N. B. C. Red Net-work. Tune in!

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

For $5.15 — the Pyrex* ovenware to do all your regular baking



A 20-minute menu—as enticing to the eye as to the taste. An attractive metal frame shown on the casserole.

Remarkable new menus are possible with this equipment . . . complete dinners that take only 20 minutes to cook!

ENOUGH Pyrex ovenware—10 sparkling pieces—to do all your everyday baking—costs only $5.15! And with this same equipment you can now cook entirely new delicious menus—in 20 minutes.

Thirty-five of these amazingly quick menus have just been printed in a wonderful new menu bulletin—some cook in 45 minutes, many in 30 minutes, others in only 20 minutes.

Evenness of baking in Pyrex ovenware makes these quick meals possible

These even-baking Pyrex dishes make possible this same cooking time for the whole meal—meats, vegetables, pies, puddings!

The Pyrex dishes store up more heat, scientists say, than any metal can hold and give it out more evenly to the food within.

These sparkling dishes save dishwashing; they never discolor food or affect the taste; they never wear out, crack or craze; they last forever!

Your dealer has, for only $5.15, the equipment for all your ordinary baking.

Hardware stores and the housewares or china sections of department stores have these Pyrex dishes.

Guarantee. Every piece of Pyrex ovenware is guaranteed for two years against breakage from oven heat.

Introductory Offer. For limited time. Ask your dealer when he will offer our regular one-quart, round Pyrex casserole at the reduced price. We are enabling him to do so.

Pyrex Nursing Bottles. At drug stores. Wide neck or narrow mouth. 8-ounce size.

→ ***Take this $5.15 list to your dealer***

Covered Casserole, No. 623 round, or No. 653 square, or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow, medium size	$1.75
Utility dish No. 231, medium size	1.00
Six custard cups, Nos. 410, 3-oz. size	.60
Pie plate, No. 209, medium size	.90
Loaf pan, No. 212, medium size	.90
This Economical Pyrex Baking Set	$5.15

(All prices slightly higher in West and Canada)

FREE All-cooked-at-the-same-time menus

Send today for wonderful new Menu Bulletin

Send today

This coupon with 4¢ in stamps entitles you to a sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware—only 1 cup to a family. Coupon is good only in U. S. and Canada. Please print name.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Corning Glass Works, Dept. P-1, Corning N. Y.

Check offer you wish.

☐ Please send me your F R E E Menu Bulletin containing 35 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time.

☐ I enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover partial cost of packing and mailing me sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware. Only 1 cup to a family.

Name _____

Address _____

This coupon not good after July 31, 1929

4¢ *in stamps for this sample Pyrex Custard Cup*

The Incredible Year

"Dad?" she asked, very low.

"Yes, Miss Julie. Oh, my God!" said Garrod in an unrecognizable voice, "if only it had been me instead of him!"

CHAPTER VII

MONTHS later, Julie told Hildreth Desmond that she remembered little of the time which followed. Dean, the lawyer, came over, there were kindly neighbors, there were the men from the camp, there was Cecile, whose own deep grief lined her face, stooped her straight shoulders—and somehow all the sad, inevitable details were attended to.

In all that time Julie had not wept. Cecile watched her with anxiety. She implored her, the night before the burial,

"Child, let the tears come."

But Julie shook her lovely head and stared at the older woman with hot, dry eyes.

They buried John Montgomery beside his wife in the little country churchyard. There were so many at the church, they filled and overflowed it. Men and women from all over the country—men from Montreal, from Quebec, men from the camps. Rough-clad, virile men, standing hatless under an autumn sky—their tanned cheeks wet and their hard mouths twisted with sorrow.

Julie thought, "How much they loved him!" and a pang of pride shot through her, sharp and keen as a lance. She lifted her head and stood erect.

Yates had disappeared. It was well that he had done so. In their reaction Montgomery's men talked of lynching, a retribution that would be hard and wild and, as they saw it, just.

But the man had gone, saving his miserable skin. It seemed a curious thing, to those who thought about it, that he should have lived all his worthless years merely to come at last to that encounter with John Montgomery and strike him down with a defiling word.

Presently it was over, and the people had gone—each with a sense of personal loss, a feeling that something fine and strong had gone from the world, never to be replaced. Julie was sitting in the living-room of the home farm with Dean.

He was awkward in the face of her frozen grief. He was a wise man, and he did not mistake Julie's calm for lack of emotion. He had far rather she had wept and shrieked over her unbelief and her loss.

"Your father," he told her, "left a very curious will."

Julie looked at him. She said slowly,

"Whatever it is, it's right—"

Dean answered, despairing of ever reaching her understanding, "It seemed so to him."

There followed the reading of the will. Julie listened, hearing but not comprehending. She heard the name Desmond mentioned often, but it meant nothing to her. Why should it? Dean, watching her, knew she did not understand. Presently he rose and put a letter in her hands.

"If you'll read this, Julie? And then we'll talk later."

He was staying at the home farm for a few days. He left her and went to his room. She sat there a long time, the letter between her palms. The writing, black and living, leaped out at her. She asked herself, still with that strange calmness, why it should seem so alive. It should be faint and faded and uncertain.

Presently she went upstairs to her bedroom and with shaking fingers opened the envelope.

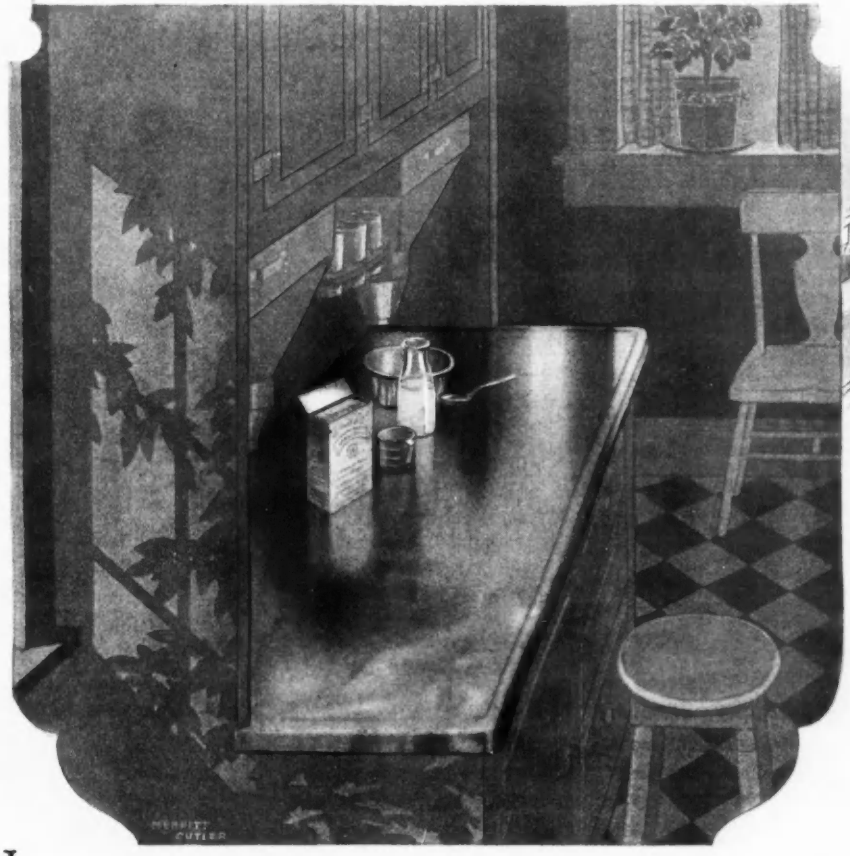
"My dear child (John Montgomery had written),

"When you read this, you will be alone. I know what that will mean to you. No one else can know. You will grieve for me—but you are my brave girl, and you will know that if I am permitted to retain knowledge of you—and I think I shall be—your grief will be a burden very heavy for me to carry, wherever I may be. I would have you remember how happy we have been together. I would have

MONEL METAL

MODERN AS TOMORROW

Easier to clean—rust and chip-proof



Quality kitchen cabinets are now being manufactured with Monel Metal tops. If your regular dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and address. For a Monel Metal top for your present cabinet, go to your local sheet metal worker.

UNTIL you have actually used Monel Metal, you cannot know how much brighter it will make your kitchen, or how satisfyingly it will lessen household drudgery. Until you have seen silvery Monel Metal in YOUR kitchen, you cannot realize how pleasingly it harmonizes with modern color schemes.

You will welcome the hours of cleaning time that Monel Metal saves. You will take pride in its modern appearance.

You will delight in its mirror-like, chip-proof surface. For Monel Metal is a silvery Nickel alloy that is absolutely immune to rust, that will not chip or crack, that is unaffected by neglect or abuse.

When you use Monel Metal sinks, refrigerator trim, kitchen cabinet and table tops, washing machines, or other household equipment, you are benefitting from the efforts of modern science to make your kitchen a pleasanter, cleaner place in which to work. This silvery white alloy is also suitable for hardware and many other architectural uses.

Your architect and sheet metal worker can tell you just where you should use Monel Metal in your kitchen and home. Send coupon for additional information.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 67 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

UNTOLD centuries ago, nature combined two-thirds Nickel with one-third copper and made the alloy that in 1905 was named Monel Metal. This alloy is produced and marketed solely by The International Nickel Company, Inc. The name "Monel Metal" is a registered trade mark and identifies the genuine alloy.

Monel Metal—A Product of The International Nickel Company, Inc.

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
67 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me without cost or obligation your descriptive booklet, together with a sample of Monel Metal.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

OCCUPATION_____
G.H. 3-29

In using advertisements see page 6

– THEN CAME ANOTHER TRIUMPH of the PABST DAIRY FARM

Now, like Butter and Milk, Pabst-ett has become an every-day dairy food

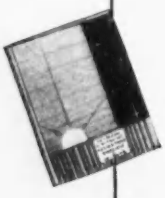
WHAT will be the effect on the nation's eating habits and on the preparation of daily meals? This was a much discussed question when Pabst-ett came into being at the famous Pabst Dairy Farm where Pabst Wonder Cheese had made its start toward national prominence.

It seemed to be a weighty question. For Pabst-ett was a new dairy product, created by an entirely new process — similar to cheese, yet remarkably different in taste, texture, and content. But by its very nature Pabst-ett was destined to become the staple, every-day food which it is today. To be used on the table *daily* like butter and milk. To be used in the kitchen *daily* in preparing table dishes — in millions of homes.

New Deliciousness — Many New Uses

Pabst-ett has a wonderful flavor and a zippy, aged-in tang. It's a thrilling food with a vivid personality. And so versatile! You can spread it like butter on bread or crackers. Cook it into creamy smoothness. Pour it. Toast it. Mold it. It's a food that stirs the imagination.

Pabst-ett should be on your table at every meal, like butter and milk. It's a more complete food than butter. It contains all the nourishing elements of whole milk, so necessary to children, and is digested just as easily, by children as well as grownups. Also use it daily as a staple food in your kitchen — for soups, sauces, salads, desserts, puddings, and principal dishes of meals. It's a great food to know and to depend on.



"Breakfast to Midnight Recipes" by Alice Bradley

Try Pabst-ett in some of the delightful ways suggested by Alice Bradley in our beautiful new booklet, "Breakfast to Midnight Recipes." This valuable booklet, containing menus and recipes, will be sent to you with a generous trial package of Pabst-ett for 10 cents. Address Pabst Corporation, Dept. B-1, Milwaukee, Wis.

Pabst-ett comes in a round box, packed two ways — in a solid cake, and in individual triangular portions.

Pabst Wonder Cheese, deliciously aged and easily digested, is made in these varieties: American, Pimento, Swiss, Brick, Limburger. Packed in quarter and half-pound packages and in a five-pound loaf.

Pabst-ett ★

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Incredible Year

you know that you have given me no single sorrowful moment in all your life, and that I have only pride in you and love for you in my heart as I write.

"I have felt for some time that I have done you an injustice by permitting you to lead your sheltered and isolated life with me. I know you have been happy, my dear. But when I am gone you will be terribly alone. You will have the responsibility of a great deal of money. It is not fair to you to shut yourself away from t e world with your memories. You must go out, you must learn, you must experience. And with that in mind I have made such provision for your future as now seems to my fallible human love a wise and good thing.

"I want you to go to New York and take up your life there, making your home with Jack and Hildreth Desmond. Mr. Dean will explain to you the arrangements I have made for your future and theirs. Hildreth will be a good friend to you, the sort you need. I want you to put yourself in her hands. She is near enough your own age to be a companion to you. Yet she is so many years your senior in experience that she will be a guide as well.

"I realize that I am asking a great deal of her and of her husband, yet I feel that they will accept my trust because of their interest in you and their friendship for me.

"It will be hard for you, Julie, to leave your woods, your own country. And harder still to adjust yourself to the ways of the city people, the rush and confusion of modern life. Yet I believe that you will do this for me.

"I am not laying any command upon you. The commands of the dying are selfish things, and I have always felt contempt of the man who takes advantage of the situation by imposing his will upon those who must live on after him. Therefore I say to you that while I think you will do as I wish, because I have asked it, you need not be bound by my wishes. You may live on, with Cecile, at the home farm or wherever you please, if you honestly feel that you can not bring yourself to go to these strangers. You are your own mistress, my dear. As a baby, force was never the way to rule your small wilfulness.

"Whatever you do, whatever you decide your father loves you.

"God bless you, dearest.

DAD."

JULIE read the letter, dropped it in her lap, and reread it. The full import of it did not at first register upon her bruised mind. She gathered vaguely that he wished her to go away—away from the place she knew so well that it was as familiar as a person to her, and loved so deeply that it was as close to her as her own skin. The place in which they had lived together. That was all. And if he wished it, she must go.

"Not yet," she said aloud—"not yet, Dad."

The tears came then, suddenly, torrentially. She lay across her bed, the letter crumpled in her hot hands, and cried her wild heart out. There Cecile found her much later, when Dean had looked for her for some time and had grown anxious. Found her sleeping, the pillow wet beneath her cheek and the swollen eyes closed.

"She has cried," Cecile said, returning to Dean after she had moved noiselessly about the room, opening windows, drawing blinds, and putting a blanket over the sleeping girl. "It is well. I was—afraid."

When Julie came downstairs, she was pale, and her eyes were heavy, but she looked sane. She had not looked quite sane before.

She sat down beside the lawyer and spoke slowly.

"Will you explain things to me now, Mr. Dean? I'm sorry to trouble you," said Julie, "but I didn't seem to understand then. I'll try, now."

Terribly sorry for her, he explained again, as one might to a child.

"Your father has left a number of minor

As famous a cook as her Grandmother ...*she cooks* the modern "Dutch Oven" way

THE rich flavor and melting tenderness of dishes cooked in Dutch ovens of grandmother's time still may be enjoyed today. For the Westinghouse "Flavor Zone" oven gives the traditional goodness of that old-time method to easily prepared modern meals.

This new and wonderfully convenient type of oven first browns to perfection. Then it *automatically* turns itself off and finishes cooking by retained heat—all without the slightest attention from you.

After you have put the food in the cold oven, set the clock and adjusted the thermostat—you are entirely free until time to serve the meal. You are relieved of the responsibility for regulating oven temperature, for basting meats, or adding water to vegetables. The oven, itself, takes care of all that with scientific precision. And delicious results are certain because they're had automatically!

Another helper you'll appreciate

The Westinghouse Adjust-o-matic—a new Chrome finish iron, has the famous built-in Watchman. Set it for any heat you want—iron everything in the basket without detaching the cord.

Westinghouse

THE ELECTRIC RANGE WITH THE AUTOMATIC *"FLAVOR ZONE"* OVEN

Send coupon for this new "Flavor Zone" booklet

This colorful new booklet, "A Lesson from the Old Dutch Oven," tells the entire "Flavor Zone" story in a way that you will find both interesting and helpful. It explains in detail just how the "Flavor Zone" oven cooks delicious meals all by itself. Be sure to fill out, clip and mail the coupon today for your FREE copy.

The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

Westinghouse Electrification
Appliances Apparatus
Wiring

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Mansfield, Ohio.
Gentlemen: Will you please send me a copy of your new booklet, "A Lesson from the Old Dutch Oven."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Fine linen pieces . . . dainty fabrics of any kind . . . lovely sheer things of your own that deserve the best of care—in washing them you can use no product safer than Borax.

Use your favorite laundry soap, but use Borax with it for best results. Borax loosens dirt, gets white things really white, makes the laundry work easier—yet is absolutely harmless to fabric or hands.

In all laundry work 20 Mule Team Borax makes the clothes sweet and fresh—for it is a mild antiseptic and deodorant as well as a cleanser. Garments that touch the skin should always be washed "the Borax way." Order a package today.

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 474
100 William St., New York City

Please send a copy of your free booklet—"Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name_____

Address_____

The Incredible Year

bequests," he told her, "—to Cecile, to Garrod, and to other men connected with him in business. He has left an income to Mr. and Mrs. Desmond. But he has also made another provision for them which concerns you. If you consent to make your home with them, another larger income is paid them, which is to take care of your expenses and which will further compensate them. Upon your marriage, or if you leave them, this second income will cease, and the principal of the first—which they receive in any case—is paid to them. Should you decide not to make your home with them, or should they refuse, they receive the first income until their death, when the principal reverts to you. Is that clear, Julie?"

"I think so," she said.

"The residuary estate—a large sum—is yours. The principal comes to you at marriage or majority. The Desmonds are your guardians. I have written them the details. Is there any question you wish to ask me?"

"No—no."

She was silent, and Dean said gently:

"You are not to be rushed. Your father was very clear with me on that point. You are to take your time."

Julie rose. "I have decided," she told him firmly. "I shall go to New York, of course. For a year anyway. In a year I shall be of age. Dad wished it, so I'll go. But not yet. Will you tell them?"

Dean suppressed a strong desire to advise her:

"Don't go. It's too big a risk. Your father didn't realize how big."

But from loyalty to the man he considered so mistaken, he kept silent.

WHEN he had gone back to his business, Julie explained things to Cecile.

"You see I must go?" she said finally.

"Yes. Whatever happens," said the older woman, "it is best."

"And you?" Julie asked.

"I shall remain," Cecile told her. "M'sieu wished it. He has left me comfortable, and the *avocat* says that the farm will be kept up. There is provision in the will. I shall stay here, my child, for you will come back."

For the first time since Julie's childhood, she took the girl in her strong, lean arms and pressed the tired head against her shoulder.

"You have learned tears," she told her. "You must learn other lessons now. And when you come home again, the old Cecile will be waiting."

Meantime, in New York, Jack and Hildreth Desmond were discussing their new problem. Dean had wired and sent on a copy of Montgomery's will and the letter addressed to them.

"The old marvel!" said Jack Desmond for the twentieth time. "Why, we hardly knew him!"

"*He* didn't think that," said Hildreth, her bright blue eyes misty. "He thought we knew him very well. He thought he knew us."

She was silent, feeling self-disgust creep up over her like a nauseous tide. Oh, he hadn't known them at all—hadn't known how light and greedy and worthless they were.

"If we don't take the girl," said Desmond, "or if she refuses to come, there is still the money—the twenty-five hundred a year—for life. If we do take her, there is ten times that sum with which to launch her—and the principal of the first sum comes to us on her marriage. It looks," he said—and smiled a bit wryly—"as if we couldn't afford *not* to take her. But I don't like it for you—the responsibility."

"I want to," Hildreth said suddenly. "Not for the money—oh, believe me, for the first time in my life I set a money consideration aside. I want to take her for his sake. Because he trusted me."

Jack's face cleared. "I'm glad you said that. Let me see the old man's letter again, will you?"

"DEAR HILDRETH AND JACK:

"When you read this, you will have heard from Dean and know what I have asked you to do. I have asked it of you because you are the only people to whom I feel I can turn. You know how Julie has been brought up. You know what she means to me. And Hildreth knows that lately I have felt that I have made a great mistake. I am making what amends I can. If you find that you can not so completely reorganize your life, if you feel I am placing too great a burden upon you, do not hesitate to refuse. I should bear no ill-will, feel nothing but gratitude for your kindness to me. If you take her, do so with the knowledge that I trust you both. You will be her best friends. You will be patient with her, and wise. And you will guide her.

"I hope that she will find love. I hope she will marry some decent fellow who will comprehend the needs of her clear, fine nature. I beg of you both that you will help her when her time for love comes. I am afraid of fortune-hunters. She will be a great temptation to any man—although it is hard for me to see, prejudiced father that I am, how any man could be so blind as not to love her for her lovely self.

"Bless you both. Whatever you do, you have my gratitude and my affection."

And beside his signature he had set the word "Dad" in firm black letters.

There was a little note for Hildreth, too, scrawled and hasty.

"Don't let her wear mourning," it began abruptly. "She will mourn me in her heart. Don't let her dim her pretty light by ugly, depressing black. I've always hated it. And I want her to begin her new life as soon as she is ready to come to you. No seclusion, no period of retirement. She must have life and color and young people about her. The sooner, the better."

Presently Jack laid aside the letter and spoke. "I'll wire Dean at once. And you must write the girl. As soon as we hear her decision, we can make our plans."

Hildreth nodded and went to her room to write. Sitting there, tracing idle circles on her blotter, she was conscious of grave misgivings. Dad had trusted her. But did she trust herself?

CHAPTER VIII

THE letter which finally reached Julie was perfection. It spoke with tenderness and sincerity of John Montgomery. It told her she was awaited, welcomed. It was not effusive, but it was a pledge of friendship. It had dignity and warmth. And Julie felt a quick liking for the writer. But she was not deft with her own pen.

She answered that she was grateful, that she would come to New York later. She would let them know. They must not trouble to come and get her, as they had offered. She would manage alone. She hoped she would not be a burden to them. And she thanked them sincerely for their friendship for her father and herself.

Jack and Hildreth commented on the letter, school-girlish in its stiffness. It was without personality, and Hildreth said vaguely,

"One doesn't gather much."

Pat Jordan, Jack's closest friend, was dining with them. He and others had heard of the amazing legacy and were prepared to discuss it with ribaldry and doubt. He held out his hand for the letter.

"May I see it?" he asked.

He was an attractive man. He had the blue eyes of his Irish mother and something of her in the tilted eyebrows, the blue-black of his hair, the cleft chin. He was gay and charming, living on his wits—which were considerable. His friends thought him rather marvelous. He had a way with horses, women, and the Stock Market.

Hildreth hesitated. It seemed irreverent to pass Julie's controlled little note across the dinner table to the careless, curious young man. There wasn't "anything" in it, but Hildreth,

The Incredible Year

with a recrudescence of an instinct which had almost atrophied in her artificial life, had had the strange thought, when first she opened the letter, that the very ink had bled. She held off, then laughed and tossed the letter over. Jordan perused it, the monocle he frankly affected to the amusement of himself and his friends, screwed firmly into one merry, blue eye.

"That girl," he remarked, handing it back, "would never *have* to walk home from a buggy ride. She sounds like—oh, Lord, I don't know! I can see her—no effort, I assure you—tall and pale and very, very prim. She probably does nice tatting."

Jack and his other guest, Naida Trevor, who was Pat's cousin, laughed. But Hildreth interposed warmly, even while she chuckled reluctantly:

"You're crazy. The letter is obvious enough. It would be hard enough for any girl to write me under the circumstances, but this child isn't of the world at all."

"A nun?" suggested Pat, and Naida said with a soft ripple of mirth:

"Don't get his hopes up. Nun-like girls would be oil to Pat's flame."

"Oh," Hildreth shrugged again, "why are you all so silly? Julie Montgomery is pretty—I've seen snapshots of her. She's tall and red-headed—handsome, I imagine. And as for the rest, her father told me she was as good a shot as himself. She's lived out of doors all her life."

"An Amazon!" ejaculated Pat and made a wry face. "Worse and more of it! Great feet clumping, a hearty voice, a boyish bob, and probably a back-thumper. No, thank you. I prefer a civilized type," and he beamed flatteringly and contentedly upon pretty Hildreth and upon Naida Trevor, who was beautiful.

Naida, whose marriage to a man thirty years her senior with a hundred thousand dollars for every year, had been widowed in time to preserve a look of almost angelic youth. Angelic, that is, in coloring. She was blonde, a warm, honey-colored blonde, with vivid, natural coloring and curiously wonderful, contrasting dark eyes. Her hair was shingled and waved loosely. She wore pearls of that creamy pink tint which was a reflection of her skin, and her small, full mouth was as red as good health and an expensive lip-stick could make it. Hildreth thought her hard as marble under that rose-velvet exterior. But she was witty and malicious and amusing and could be—as several knew to their undoing—a miracle of yielding sweetness when it suited her.

"I can't imagine you as a chaperon," she told Hildreth in a voice as sweet and cool as ice-cream, "to innocence—I take it that this legendary creature exemplifies innocence?"

Hildreth flushed. She and Naida were "close friends," and had never liked each other.

"Why not?"

Naida laughed, and Hildreth said abruptly, "I hear Bruce Stepney is back in town."

NOW it was Naida's turn to redden ever so slightly. Jack Desmond shot a look of mirthful astonishment at his wife.

"That's a dirty dig," he thought with private amusement.

"I haven't seen him," said Naida indifferently.

"No one has. He's working on some blasted invention or other," said Jordan.

"What do you plan when Miss Montgomery comes?" Naida asked Jack, changing the subject with no effort to conceal her object.

"Nothing. Everything. We'll have to wait till she gets here. I've leased an apartment"—he named a number on Park Avenue—"for the winter. We get possession any time this month. And we're taking a place at Oyster Bay for the summer. We'll travel with her in between."

"Isn't she in mourning?" asked Naida, wide-eyed.

She herself had worn crêpe for a year, black and white for another, lavender and gray for a third, for the husband whom she had endured for two years and whom she had disliked very much. But as he had died so considerately, she was quite devoted to his memory. No one else was. He had been a repulsive, unscrupulous man—and had died of life as he had lived it. But Naida, as her cousin Pat said pleasantly, had managed to conceal her thoughts from him to the last—the last will and testament.

LATER, when their guests had departed after an evening of bridge, Jack asked Hildreth,

"What on earth made you mention Bruce Stepney?"

"Oh, well, she was being catty about me. When she said that about my chaperoning."

"Do you think so? It was just one of those remarks, wasn't it? A back-handed tribute to your youth and good looks?" her husband argued.

"No. Why are all men so taken in by Naida Trevor?" asked Hildreth abstractedly.

"Just the same, dragging Stepney in without any rhyme or reason was a bit thick," argued Jack.

Hildreth turned toward him an intelligent little face obscured beneath a coating of cold cream. She spoke, patting briskly, while Jack, wandering about the room in pajamas and dressing-gown, smoking, watched her with accustomed and never diminishing pleasure.

"Oh, it's *ridiculous* the way people always try to protect Naida's broken heart! What if she *was* in love with Bruce and engaged to him and all? After all, she threw him over after the invitations were out, and eloped with old Ned Trevor. Now, just because she's a widow—and has been trying to get Bruce back with her looks and her millions and her resuscitated love—every one is so sorry for her! I, for one, hope she doesn't get him!"

"He was mad about her. Will you stop smacking your face with that absurd thing and come to bed? It's nearly three."

"In a minute. Of course, he was mad about her. But he got over it—I imagine. Anyway he'd never fit into her life now. He's too serious. And he has an almost morbid fear of money. He had some once, remember? It was when it went that Naida took the step she did."

A moment later Jack said lazily: "Pat was amusing about Julie, wasn't he? Funny if he'd fall for her."

"Jack, what a feminine speculation! Why, we haven't even seen her. And we mustn't begin to matchmake."

"Well, Pat's the nearest thing I have to a brother," Jack defended himself, and added with the lazy impudence which no one ever really minded, least of all the girl who loved him, "And it would be very nice to keep the money in the family."

He added, as Hildreth wiped the cream from her face:

"But at that it would be a lot better for us if she didn't marry for a time. Gosh, Hildreth, I want to do everything the dear old man wanted for her—but has it occurred to you that provided she's happy and readjusts easily we can have a very good time on what is now a considerably augmented income?"

"Yes, it has," Hildreth admitted.

She came over and sat down beside him on his bed and leaned her head against his shoulder.

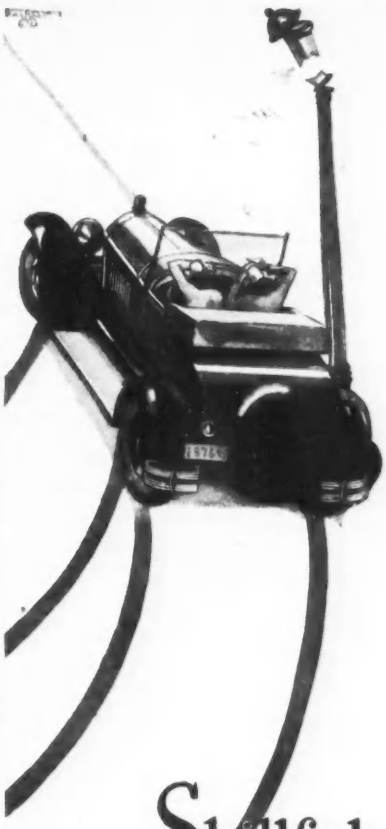
"No more makeshifts, no more accepting invitations we hate, no more cadging for those we'd like to have . . . But—sometimes I'm—afraid. Suppose we don't like her? Suppose she hates us?"

Jack kissed her. He liked to, so he did it often.

"Why should she?" he asked in genuine astonishment. "You're the best ever, and I'm not such a bad sort," he added modestly. "Of course, it will go hard for her at first."

"I know, and now that we've undertaken it, I'm not so confident."

She detached herself from her husband's



Skillful driving alone *won't stop skids*

You seldom see a skid on hard, dry roads . . . for *dry* rubber grips.

But on snow, no amount of skill will save you, once your car gets out of control in a skid. For *wet rubber slips* and only the steel grip of WEED Tire Chains can prevent such skids.

If you haven't WEED Chains, get a set today. Keep them in your car, handy to put on the moment you feel your tires slipping.

You can purchase WEED Chains at any service station or garage. Genuine WEEDS have *red* connecting hooks.

Any garage or filling station attendant will be glad to put your chains on for you.

WEED *Steel* CHAINS *Grip*

In using advertisements see page 6

Constance — No. 453
White, Ivory, Pastel Green or French Gray. Moulded case. 5½ in. dial. $17

Exact TIMEKEEPING for better HOUSEKEEPING

BREAKFAST . . . lunch . . . dinner . . . school . . . work . . . shopping — all must be done on time and the clock in the business end of the home, the kitchen, is depended on most.

With all its beauty of color and design, the new Telechron electric clock pictured above brings you Observatory Time where you need it. Silently it records the passing time in the interests of smoother-running housekeeping. It is the result of a nation-wide demand for beauty as well as accuracy of time in the kitchen.

Telechron

***The* SPRINGLESS ELECTRIC CLOCK**

ACCURATELY REGULATED FROM THE POWER STATION

And so easy! Select the model which harmonizes with your room, simply plug it into an electric outlet and set the hands correct. Telechron has no springs or escapements and therefore never needs winding, oiling, or regulating. See your dealer's attractive display of beautiful models for every room in your home

Cathedral — No. 355
Bakelite case, walnut finish. 3 in. dial.

Available, with chimes, up to $1100

WARREN TELECHRON CO.
Ashland, Mass.

In Canada, Canadian General Electric Co. Toronto, Ont.

WARREN TELECHRON CO., 311 Main Street, Ashland, Mass.
Please send me, without obligation, your new illustrated booklet, "Observatory Time — by Telechron"

Name.....

Address.....

The Incredible Year

arms and crawled sleepily into bed with a yawn.

"Don't worry, kitten," Jack urged her from his pillows. "Everything will be all right—"

"I'm sorry for her," said Hildreth drowsily, "so sorry."

Jack murmured something about Dad.

"I didn't mean her father's death," Hildreth answered, half out of dreams. "I mean—coming to strangers. And if she's anything like I imagine her, it will be like caging a wild creature and making it live under electric lights instead of sunshine. I wonder what the next year will bring to her and us . . ."

"Darling, will you cease to make speculative noises and futile words and go to sleep?"

CHAPTER IX

THERE is healing in trees. And Julie needed all the comfort they could give her. She was busy with the many details attendant on her position, and Garrod came often to talk over plans with her, thinking it would help her, knowing his chief would have liked it, and really interested in her judgment. She saw Dean frequently—the life insurance her father had carried enabled things to go on until everything was settled.

Winter was coming, and before spring came to the woods she would go to New York. But she wanted, with a longing like hunger and thirst, to be shut in, prisoned in white stillness and peace, surrounded by snow-masked trees and meadows like seas of frozen foam and ice-locked water. She wanted the arching pale blue sky and to watch her breath smoke on the still air. She wanted the lonely sound of wind and of thudding snow—and to range the hills and vales on snowshoes. She wanted long black nights, and nights when the moonlight carved blue shadows in the snow. It seemed to her that there would be peace in the woods in winter, and from their cold, marvelous patience she might draw strength to go on without her father.

Hildreth wrote her often, discussing the plans for Julie's new life. But such plans seemed far away, strange, and unreal to the girl who faced her sorrow up in the North Woods.

During that hard winter she lived as much as possible out of doors. Evenings, there were log fires and Cecile. Once, breaking an accustomed intimate silence, Julie asked wistfully,

"Would you consider coming with me, Cecile?"

The spare, quiet woman shook her head. "No, my child. You know I would go with you wherever you went—as I followed your mother—but I do not think that it would be good for you. In this new life you must cut yourself off from us—the trees and the stillness and the old Cecile. You must start out alone. You will come back—we shall not have changed. You will alter, but you will find us the same. Better so."

Sometimes they talked—of John Montgomery, of the mother Julie had not known. Sometimes Cecile told her—as she had when Julie was a child—of her own early life, of hardships and high adventure, of the time when Canada was young and the settlers flocked to that great, cold, sleeping land. And so the days passed.

Early in February Dean said tentatively, on an occasion when Julie had made the trip to his office:

"Things are practically settled. Have you made your plans, Julie?"

She nodded. "Yes, I am going—soon."

Returning home, she began to pack, with Cecile to help her. Her rough clothes—her breeches and boots, her snowshoes and her skiis. They must go with her—and her gun and rods. There were books she wanted—just a few—books she and Montgomery had read together—histories, biographies. There were many snapshots.

The little linen frocks she loved, many of them faded from much washing, went into the big, shabby trunks. And th Paris dresses

OXFORD

IN REED & BARTON STERLING.

THE Oxford Design in Sterling Silver, by Reed & Barton, has proved to be a pattern of universal appeal.

A prominent society woman says of it: *"We are surfeited with the severely plain patterns. The Oxford Design is a happy medium between extreme simplicity and lavish ornamentation. It is pleasing and in good taste — a design that I am glad to have for my table."*

A decorator, who brings beauty into the finest homes, says of the Oxford Design: *"It is an ideal pattern for the tables of today."*

Jewelers, who supply Reed & Barton Sterling to discriminating purchasers, tell us that the Oxford Design meets a demand of public taste that no other present pattern meets.

This design was inspired by the superb windows of Christchurch Cathedral at Oxford. It has the substantial weight, character, exquisite workmanship and enduring value typical of all Reed & Barton Sterling Silver.

Ask to see the Oxford Design, at your jeweler's.

	Set of six
DESSERT FORKS	$22.50
*DESSERT KNIVES	21.00
TEA SPOONS . .	13.50

*With stainless Mirrorsteele blades, new French shape.

REED & BARTON

TAUNTON, MASS. NEW YORK, N. Y.

TRADE-MARK R STERLING

REED & BARTON

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

STERLING ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS SILVER PLATE

In using advertisements see page 6

Two Sets or Three?

© 1929 M. L. I. Co.

ONE of the things this modern mother found out is that teeth, so vital to well-being, begin to form before birth. And that in order to give her baby good teeth her own diet must consist largely of eggs, fresh vegetables, fruits, whole-grain cereals and milk.

The first set of baby teeth is very important in its effect upon the second set and should be given the greatest care. When one of the little teeth is lost, before nature is ready to send out its successor, the shape of the jaw is likely to change in such a way that the second teeth will come in unevenly.

Especial attention must be paid to the double molars of the temporary set. By good dentistry, these should be made to last until the tenth or eleventh year. And so, when her child is only four years old—hardly more than a baby—and thereafter every six months, the modern mother takes him to her dentist.

The first permanent teeth are called the six-year molars because they come in at about the sixth year. They appear behind the two temporary molars, and can easily be distinguished by counting the double teeth on each side.

These first permanent molars are the keystone of the dental arch and govern the position of all the later teeth. Coming in as they do in a mouth full of temporary teeth, they are frequently neglected and sometimes extracted as part of the baby set.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are built by food—like every other part of the body. First in importance comes the food the mother eats before her baby is born, then the food she gives him through babyhood, and finally the food that he selects for himself. Teeth are living parts of the body and need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Lucky is the baby whose wise mother has determined that he shall have such fine first and second sets of teeth that he will never need an artificial set.

Poison from tooth infection may damage vital organs, may cause eye, nerve, or joint trouble, rheumatism, headache, or any one of a long list of serious ailments.

The expert dentist of today employs much of the wisdom of medical science; he uses real engineering skill and his work is often touched by the grace of artistry.

If teeth are lost, artificial substitutes can usually be made which will insure comfort, good appearance and efficient service. Without the latter, good digestion and therefore good health are impossible.

A famous physician once made the statement, "Bad teeth are the most common cause of physical breakdown".

Health scientists warn us that teeth should be watched not from the outside alone, but from the inside as well and that a tooth which has never ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected poison. Dentists use x-ray photographs to tell the story. If the x-rays show poison at the root that cannot be dislodged by treatment, perhaps the tooth should be extracted.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail its booklet, "Good teeth, how to get them and keep them," to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet No. 39-G.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The Incredible Year

which she had hardly worn. She would wear them now, she thought, because he had wished it. Remembering how she had said to her father, "I'd rather wear them for you," the great dark eyes, set in a face which had thinned down to nobly contoured bone just veiled with the firm flesh, filled with slow tears.

"You take too much of home with you," Cecile warned, watching.

"No—"

Cecile shrugged, spread out her lean hands. "Better that you go with what is on your back, no more. And start over again."

But Julie could not. She must have familiar things about her. Just the look of the high boots and the leather jacket and the heavy Mackinaws would bring a sense and sight and odor of her own place to her. She was homesick before she started.

Dean arranged all the details of travel for her, and in the end went with her. He felt that he could not see her start off alone. She was not accustomed to cities, and the thing which decided him was her request not to be met at the station.

"I'd rather they didn't meet me," she said, unable to explain how she dreaded the first encounter in the indifferent surroundings of a railway depot.

Before Dean came to get her on their day of departure, Julie had said good-bye to the woman who had been friend and foster-mother all her life long. There were no tears. It went too deep for that. Just for a space of time Julie was held in the strong, loyal arms, and in the silent clasp there was love and strength and endurance and a sense that Cecile had indeed spoken truly—that whatever changes came they would not come to Cecile, nor to the country, nor the farmhouse, nor the eternal trees and hills.

And as she left—

"Till you return—" said Cecile.

The trip was hideous to Julie, comfortable as Dean could make it.

They arrived in New York very early. "Breakfast here," Hildreth had wired, and on that morning was concerned with getting Jack out of bed in time.

But because of Julie's insistence that no one should meet her, she and Dean got a taxi on their arrival and drove to the apartment. New York was cold and clear, and the last snowstorm lay piled up in the streets, great piles of dirty, frozen snow. Julie looked at it with distaste. But the quiet sweep of Park Avenue attracted her, and she felt, as the cab rocked to its destination and Dean sat with his Yankee eye glued to the agile meter, a rising of spirits. The railway approach to the city had been so painfully ugly, the station so confusing, that she had been terribly depressed. But now things were better. Only the air seemed heavy and tainted to lungs used to the purity of wind-swept spaces and the scent of pines.

The cab halted. The apartment house was imposing. Julie looked at it and thought it resembled a handsome prison. All those windows—all those stories—rising, rising! How many people lived there? she wondered.

IN THE apartment which John Montgomery's lavishness had made possible, Jack, yawning, and Hildreth, fidgeting, waited. The manservant moved noiselessly about the pleasant dining-room. There were good odors of coffee and bacon.

Jack looked at his watch for the twentieth time. "I'm starved. The train must have been late."

"You've already had a cup of coffee." Hildreth reminded him, walking restlessly about, fingering here an ash tray, there a book.

She wore a negligée of palest green, the lacy sleeves falling back from her arms. Her fair hair was smooth and shining and rippled over her white forehead. Her mouth was touched to scarlet, and her even pallor was naturally flushed.

"You're nervous!" Jack accused her.

The Incredible Year

"Why not?" she asked—just as the bell rang.

Hildreth went out into the square hall. A man stood there, lean and tall. Behind him, a girl in a well-cut, worn tweed suit, the coat collar furred about her face. She was tanned, and her dark eyes were black. Only her mouth had vivid color.

The girl said, as Hildreth hurried toward her, speaking the half-heard word of welcome,

"I'm Julie Montgomery."

(*To be continued*)

Health and Happiness Club

(*Continued from page 102*)

in toning up muscle and strengthening bone. Vegetable pastes are usually begun by the fifth or sixth month. Here again scientific methods have been utilized to help mothers. The various pastes are prepared for babies in tins or glass jars, a mixture of vegetables, or spinach, carrot and prune pulp, much finer than one ordinarily can prepare it at home.

There are children with true idiosyncrasies to the protein in cow's milk, or to white of eggs or other proteins, or to certain vegetables, etc. When given these foods or combinations of them, such babies will vomit, develop a skin rash, show symptoms of asthma, sneeze, or have what is apparently a cold, or just become weak and pass thin, undigested stools. In each case this sensitiveness to foods must be studied most carefully.

Judgment and experience in dealing with such problems are required in order to decide whether or when one should take away *all* of the offending foods. In some cases it may be deemed wiser to give the child a balanced diet sufficient to nourish him even though, for example, his eczema continue. I do not believe that mothers can decide these things for themselves.

You see that you *can* make mistakes in feeding your baby if you try to follow exactly the methods of some other mother, or if you take absolutely literally the general directions given in a textbook. Each baby is a law unto himself.

So, in answer to the numerous letters asking, for instance, whether twenty ounces of milk in a formula is "enough for my baby"—when we do not know how the baby looks or the weight or rate of gain or character of the stools—you will realize that the answer must be, "Talk it over with your own doctor."

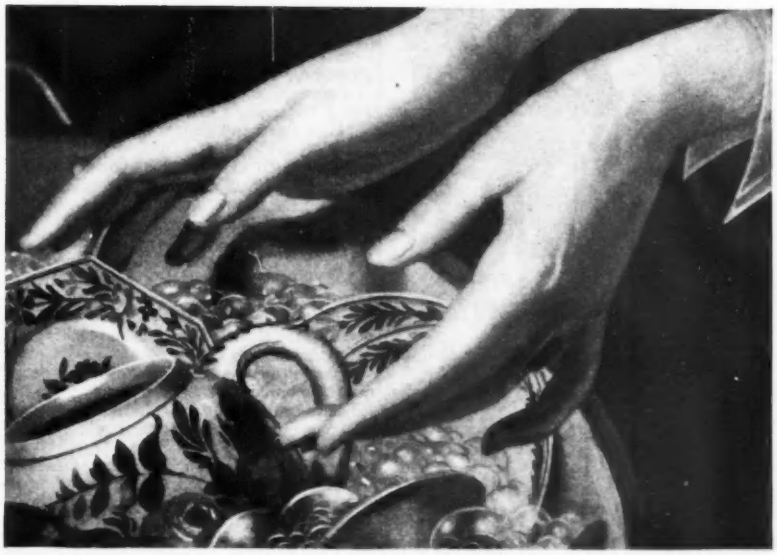
On the whole, directions for feeding children are much more simple than they used to be. The mixtures are not so diluted, and therefore, because more concentrated and more nourishing, smaller amounts can be given at any one time. Also, we offer additional food before the baby is old enough to develop strong likes and dislikes, so that the tendency will be that later he will take without protest whatever food is given him.

We avoid as much as possible the difficult nutrition problem of the older child who "will not eat" by our attitude of mind in feeding the small baby. *Expect* him to like each new food, but do not force it ever!

Sucking is a natural method of obtaining food up to about seven months. After that, as teeth start and the jaws develop, we take away gradually the things that make for sucking and substitute those that must be chewed. Work for three meals a day (with one in-between feeding of milk or fruit) by the eleventh or twelfth month, and let bottles and breast feeding be forgotten.

Josephine H. Kenyon

Beauty Care
right in your own dishpan!



305 famous Beauty Shops find—

"With all our experience we cannot distinguish between hands that never wash dishes and hands that use Lux in the dishpan . . ."

NOBODY in the world has a better chance to compare women's hands than the experts in these famous beauty shops in cities all over the country!

And they find that—

"Lux for dishes means hands that are truly lovely—as soft and white as the hands of leisure."

Beauty care in your *dishpan!*

How dishwashing has changed! No longer mere drudgery—now the chance for busy hands to win back their lovely smooth white beauty!

While you are washing dishes with the gentle soothing Lux suds, your hands are gaining a wonderful half-hour or more of real *beauty care!*

The secret is this: Lux is quite different from other soaps! It cherishes the delicate oils of the skin, while so many soaps dry these beauty oils—leave the skin roughened and red and drawn-looking.

FAMOUS BEAUTY SCHOOLS *also find Lux gentlest to the hands! The National Schools of Cosmeticians chose Lux for use in manicuring. "Lux in washing dishes gives beauty care," they add.*

Best of all, this wise, simple beauty care costs almost nothing. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day! The big package lasts through six weeks' dishwashing.

Here is the wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known—right in your dishpan!

In using advertisements see page 6

Father hold Willie!

For Willie's screams, kicks and threats to run away called for strong muscle-work in the "oily" nineties.

Lucky Willies of 1929—now they get Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

* * *

Castor Oil doesn't need to taste bad to be good for you. All the bad taste and odor have been super-refined out of Kellogg's. No benzyl alcohol, saccharin, flavoring or coloring used as disguise. Kellogg's needs no disguise because it is 100% pure, and the only *refinery-bottled* castor oil which means it reaches you tasteless, fresh, wholesome.

KELLOGG'S

The Original

TASTELESS Castor Oil

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PURITY

Never sold in bulk but always in the original 1 oz. (1 dose), 3 oz. and 7 oz. home-size bottles. Write for trial bottle enclosing 10c in stamps. Use the coupon.

★Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

Sold by all druggists.

Walter Janvier, Inc. GH-3-29
417-421 Canal St., N. Y.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me convenient size bottle of

Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil

Name .....
St. and No. .....
or R. F. D. .....

City ..... State .....

© 1928 Spencer Kellogg & Sons, Inc. New York City

Sacrifice

(*Continued from page 63*)

much worse. You have to swear that your husband beats you or the children, or something or other. Or you have to say that he was unfaithful to you, and that looks horrid in the papers."

Sabina was sitting rigidly, her fingers pressed against her eyes. She had not heard a word her friend said.

After a moment she looked up. "Did you sign a paper like this?"

"I suppose so," said Mimi doubtfully. "They showed me where to sign, and I signed. But, of course, I could have said terrible things about Fritz, you know—terrible!"

"Isn't there any decent way that the thing can be done?"

"Well, my dear, I suppose some day we shall be more civilized. Of course, it takes a long while for the law to catch up with society, you know."

"What a nasty mess!" said Sabina, staring. "Why do I have to perjure myself!"

This stripped her of her illusions. This was neither generous nor dignified. Nothing was left of the frank, loyal attitude she had prided herself on. It was all sordid and shady, fearfully demeaning.

"Aren't you taking it too seriously, dear?" said Mimi anxiously. "Every one knows how it has to be done. It won't hurt Carl, anyhow. Of course, you know, nothing will be made public over here."

"Don't talk to me for a moment, please."

Carslake's round, red face appeared at the door, and his fat, little eyes consulted Mimi.

"Everything understood now?"

"Does my husband know the contents of this paper?"

"Naturally."

"He has read it, as it is?" she persisted incredulously, with a flash of resentment. Carl should have warned her.

"Do you wish to put me under oath?" said Carslake, facetiously elevating one hand. "May I be permitted one thought for your consideration? Mr. Baring sees no objection; why should you be so distressed at what is the only possible procedure?"

"Kindly ask Monsieur de Maistres to come in," she said sharply.

The return of her self-possession puzzled Carslake. "You are ready to sign, I hope, Mrs. Baring," he said anxiously, feeling a fat fee in danger.

"Do as I ask you, please."

Monsieur de Maistres slid in and took his place again at the table without trace of surprise. "May I ask Madame what are her intentions?"

She drew the complaint toward her and took up a pen. "Where do I sign?"

Carslake precipitously indicated the line.

Sabina wrote her name, stood up, and drew on her gloves rapidly. She wanted to be through with it, away from this sleek man whose presence was a contamination, from this grim room that stifled her.

"That is all, I presume?"

Monsieur de Maistres, regarding her with his wise, fathomless eyes, rose and held open the door.

"It is always distressing, Madame. I regret it."

She had the feeling that he had seen the comedy performed a dozen times.

"Now they will be laughing at me," she thought as she went precipitously down the stairs, feeling her way through the dim shadows.

CHAPTER XVII

SABINA had guessed shrewdly. That morning Carl had received a letter from Eileen which had thrown him into a turmoil. His revolt of the night before, coupled with the touch of homesickness which sent him tentatively back to Sabina, had left him in a mood of indecision into which he continually returned, after sudden dramatized moments of resolution in which he at times saw himself taking a steamer to return weakly to Eileen, and at others was coldly convinced that he had the strength to seize the opportunity her continued silence offered him, to end his infatuation then and there. When her letter was brought in to him, he sat turning it over in his fingers a long moment. Perhaps this was the end. If so, would it not be a relief?

There were but four pages to her letter, three explaining the reasons why she had not written before. Then a few words which set his heart beating with a sudden relieved happiness.

"I CAN not write. Everything in me is closed up. I can not bear to think. You will have to be content with my cable every week. I am going every minute, and the days seem interminable between your letters. I am jealous. I am miserable. I am unhappy. Forgive me. Understand me. Don't make me wait too long. Cable every day. Why do you love me so? I am not worthy of it; I am unreasonable, I know. I am afraid. I need you near me, for then everything is easy—I have no doubts. But when you are away— Can't this wretched business be hurried up? Am I dreadfully selfish, dear? I feel I am. But when I write, I get in a panic. It is better just to sit and wait—"

The letter would have puzzled a cleverer man than Baring. But what he realized at once was that it terminated his freedom of action. It bound him. He must go on, whether he liked it or not. He could not tell her now that he had loved her, that he still loved her, but that he was not yet convinced that they should risk a marriage. A woman could say that. A man was irrevocably bound by his acts, and the acts had a terrific power of acceleration, rolling up inescapable results, like the little balls of snow he had rolled up in his boyhood.

On leaving Sabina at the lawyer's, he had gone with Norton to the Crillon Bar. He had known him in school and college. They were intimate without any real sympathy between them. He disapproved of Norton and his public advertisement of his latest flame, and resented the way he was divorcing. But Baring was glad to have some one with him at this moment. He was thinking of Sabina, wondering what her reactions would be. At the last moment she might have an emotional revulsion. He was troubled by a conscience, and in his conscience was a haunting obsession that Sabina was not so indifferent as she appeared to be. Perhaps she cared for him despite everything more than she realized. Suppose she refused to go on?

Norton was saying: "Take it from me, the Viennese women have got them all beaten. I picked up a little whirlwind . . . Here's Mimi," said Norton, breaking off.

Baring, with a quick intake of his breath, looked up hastily at his wife.

"The tooth is out," she said calmly. She looked down at him with one of her unfathomable smiles. "Were you really worried?"

He protested clumsily, watching her, but the cold serenity of her manner did not betray the profound wound her pride had experienced.

"Let's celebrate our freedom," said Mimi. "This isn't a funeral, is it?"

They traversed Paris, leaving behind the fashionable quarters and the bustle of the boulevards. While Fritz and Mimi kept up a running banter with an occasional interjection from Sabina, Carl maintained a gloomy silence. He was relieved that it was over, and yet he felt a certain resentment. If it meant no more than this to Sabina, he might have spared himself the reactions of his conscience!

They dined at an unpretentious café near the Abattoirs, hidden behind a phalanx of green hedges and outer tables; the restaurant of the big cattlemen who, after a day of strenuous

Sacrifice

bargaining, came here to relax over the choicest of steaks and a Burgundy whose fame had extended to the connoisseurs. Ushered in by Eugene and Madame, they penetrated to the sanded inner room.

"Fritz, you low wretch," exclaimed Mimi with a sudden enlightenment, "you brought me here so I wouldn't run into the Odelux!"

Perceiving the grin of triumph on his face, she tweaked his ear. The gesture and the exclamation it produced ingratiated them at once with the habitués.

"*Voilà, messieurs!*" said Fritz to the next table. "That is how American women treat us."

"Lucky they don't pull your noses," rejoined his neighbor, a large, bulbous personality with the proportions of an ox, who immediately caressed his own nose to show what he had suffered.

There was a torrent of matrimonial confidences addressed to the room. "When I get home tomorrow—*aie*, what I shall receive! *Enfin, quoi!* To have your fun you must pay for it."

His companions burst out laughing, adding their observations. Fritz began to discuss the menu with his new acquaintance.

"Amusing, isn't it?" said Sabina coldly, looking about her.

THE room was filled with cattlemen from the provinces, blond giants with great beards and mustachios. They were in jovial humor, napkins tucked under their ears, spirits mellowed by numerous bottles of wine, and their Gallic enjoyment was heightened by the entrance of the two attractive women.

"Well, the idea!" exclaimed Mimi in delight. "I do believe the old clothes-brush over there is trying to flirt with me."

"Give him a smile," said Fritz. "Ready, everybody, tuck in your napkins."

He filled the first of a series of glasses that were ranged before them.

Carl suffered Mimi to tuck his napkin into his collar to the increasing satisfaction of the room. But he was ill at ease and out of tune with the rest. Sabina's detachment threw him back upon himself. He regretted that he had come.

"Only one life, children!" said Mimi boisterously. "Last chance at these wives! You never know what's coming to you. Enjoy yourselves." She sat up solemn and confiding. "I'll tell you something surprising. The moment you're through with him, a husband gets attractive all over again. Honestly! Why, Fritz has just made Paris for me. What's the matter with marriage anyway? I ask you?"

"Well, Mrs. Bones, what *is* the matter?"

Mimi thought painfully a moment and then announced: "No, seriously, now. Listen. It's too easy. If we had to cook and make our own clothes—"

This visualization of Mimi sent Norton off into roars of laughter. Carl glanced at his wife, wondering if she were really amused.

A heavy brunette with a rose tucked in her hair, who had been circulating around the tables, clinking glasses with the clients and exchanging broad repartee, arrived with an enormous platter of Moules à la Marinière and a bottle of Rochecarbon, to prepare the way for the famous Burgundy.

"No style. Free for all," said Fritz. "Dip in with your fingers. Never mind the garlic. You're dining with your departing husbands!"

"Fritz, I oughtn't to forgive you, but I do," said Mimi lazily. "Was the Odelux really so furious?"

"Was she? Ouch! A lot of use it was, trying to persuade her we were married. Take a lot of sauce, Carl, it's gorgeous. If you'd stayed another ten minutes, I'd have had a bottle smashed over my head."

While they rattled on, irresponsible children, unrelated to the realities of life, Sabina and Carl sat silently, shoulder to shoulder. Her first attempt at gaiety had died out; his depression of the afternoon returned and enveloped him.

"Fritzie," said Mimi, beginning to respond to the mellowing influence of the Burgundy, "you are going to miss me, aren't you? You can be so nice! You know, Fritz, you don't understand me. You've really never understood me. You don't even understand me now. I'm taking a last fling, but I'm going to settle down."

"Fine! And here are a few pointers," said Fritz, who assumed a foggy magisterial attitude. "As one friend to another—you understand? Cut out all this jealousy stuff next time. If you can't catch a husband cold, cut out suspicions!"

Mimi, who for some reason was in a penitential mood, sniffed a little and nodded her head in acquiescence. "But it wasn't my fault all the time. Now, was it? You did do a lot of lapsing."

"That came after. We won't go into that," said Fritz hurriedly. "I want you to get a good break. Honest. And, old dear, you're lucky to get Tod Keating. He's a fine fellow. I'm glad you're marrying him. Yes, I am. I don't want you to go on marrying forever, you know."

Mimi looked at him solicitously in turn. "Now, Fritz, listen to me. Don't be a fool and marry right off. You're really not the marrying kind, you know—not now. You want to play around. Wait until you are forty-five or fifty."

"You can bet your life I'm going to."

"Yes, but Fritz, you're dreadfully susceptible, you know. Big, black eyes with a roving look in them have a terrible effect on you. It's a pity you couldn't remain half married for your own good. But if you do marry, don't start in by spoiling your wife. Be stern—severe!"

Fritz Norton had a smile of relief. "So I was a pretty nice person?"

"Oh, Fritz, you were so nice!" She caught the smile of the others and sat up indignantly. "No, it's not the Burgundy at all! He was the dearest thing in the world. Well, haven't you two got anything to say for each other?"

Sabina, who divined that Carl's nerves were on edge, said quickly: "You're getting sentimental, Mimi. We'll all be weeping in a moment."

"A short life and a merry one," said Mimi instantly. "Come on, let's move. I've got to dance. If I don't dance I'll get solemcholy. Oh dear, life's so complicated, isn't it? You can't have everything you want, and I would like to have Fritz, now and then, just to play around with."

They rose and went out after an exchange of banter with their neighbors, who, deceived by their actions, called gaily after them,

"*Bon soir, les amoureux!*"

ARRIVED at the first cabaret, Carl, whose nerves had given way, rebelled. "Look here, people, I feel shaky. Mind if I cut out?"

The Nortons protested indignantly.

"But we're going to celebrate until morning," exclaimed Mimi. "You are killing the party."

"I'm tired, too," said Sabina calmly. "But don't mind us, Mimi. It's been a strenuous day. I'll send the car back for you."

She was exhausted, herself, beneath the forced gaiety.

"Another five minutes and I'd have been a raving lunatic," Carl said when they had effected their escape.

He sank back in his corner, disillusioned and resentful. The evening had swept them far apart. Something in Sabina had always eluded him. He would never comprehend her utter lack of feeling now, at such a moment. He resented it, and her toleration of the maudlin sentimentality of the Nortons that turned into a farce the tragic realities of their lives.

The same impulse that flung him violently away from Sabina brought him back to Eileen. He had a quick, passionate need of her, of her

It's New—*the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo pad and Brillo soap. Send for it—10c.*

Cleans The Hard-To-Clean!

Brillo—the soft fibre lubricated pads and pure, free-lathering soap—succeeds where others fail. Be it aluminum, agate, iron, copper, enamel or porcelain; a pot, a pan, a dish or a tub—a touch of Brillo and the stain is gone.

Brillo is hard on dirt; easy on the purse. Each pad can be rinsed innumerable times. And Brillo cleans in a flash! It saves time, work, hands and money. It *must* be good. Try Brillo today.

BRILLO GUARANTEE

A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10 and 25c stores; and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores.

Generous trial package—10c
—write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap

G. H. 3-29

In using advertisements see page 6

LETTUCE ALONE
makes
DISTINGUISHED SALADS

If you've a knowing hand with the dressing

Mayonnaise-Cheese Dressing—3 level teaspoons Colman's Mustard; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; 2 egg yolks; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; 1½ cups salad oil.

Into the well-beaten egg yolks stir the dry ingredients, then the lemon juice. Add the oil gradually, beating the mixture constantly. Mix ½ cup of cottage cheese with ¼ cup of this mayonnaise, spread on large lettuce leaves and roll like jelly roll. Tie with strip of pimiento.

Harlequin Salad Dressing—½ cup oil; 2 tablespoons vinegar; 1 teaspoon paprika; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; ½ teaspoon Colman's Mustard; 2 teaspoons salt; dash cayenne; ½ cup finely chopped canned beets; ½ hard boiled egg chopped fine; a few drops of onion juice; 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley.

Place all ingredients in a bottle or cruet, chill, shake vigorously just before serving. A gay and colorful dressing for endive or heart of lettuce!

In the world's most luxurious hotels, in sumptuous homes, you are surprised to see from what simple ingredients chefs make their famous salads.

Simple—but each one perfect. Thoroughly chilled. Crisp. Dry. Blended at the last moment with the dressing which gives it soul!

The fame of many a chef rests on his salad dressings. And here it is that Colman's plays its important part. A half teaspoonful of Colman's Mustard in the dressing—French, Boiled, Mayonnaise made at home or bought ready prepared—may make all the difference between a salad that is dull and one that wakes with life and zest.

***Colman's Mustard*, says the expert, for "flavor foods" must be selected with care. Colman's, prepared for generations from the uniquely pungent seed which grows only in Lincolnshire, England, has a racy, palate-tickling quality which endears it to all artists of flavor.**

In cooked foods, too, a dash of Colman's often accents the flavor and gives new thrill to a familiar dish.

By appointment to His Majesty The King

★COLMAN'S MUSTARD

FREE!
Recipes for more savory salads and cooked foods

J. & J. Colman (U. S. A.), Ltd., G-3-29
Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me free your newest book of recipes for salad dressings, entrées, hors-d'oeuvres and relishes.

Name_____

Address_____

Sacrifice

warm, reckless impulses and sensitive reactions. There was no use trying to understand or explain it. She had rushed back and reclaimed him in this moment of loneliness. Eileen was like himself. There was something elemental and surging in her, a deep capacity for feeling . . . .

The car drew up at last before the little house in the Parc Monceau, without a word having been spoken.

"Don't come in, dear," she said, laying a hand on his arm. "You are unstrung and nervous, and so am I. We can talk business tomorrow. Go home and get some sleep."

Her voice sounded tired to him, but her smile was as ready as ever. He rang the concierge's bell and stood waiting beside her, still silent and moody. It hurt him that she could remain so callous, as though he had lost something, the quality of his ideal.

With one word she could have enlightened him, but the word was not spoken. The ordeal to which she had been subjected in the afternoon had left an unappeased resentment. He should have shown some comprehension of her feelings!

The door opened on the latch from within. Sabina disappeared into the shadows.

CHAPTER XVIII

TWO weeks passed before Carl returned again. Another month at least would have to be dragged out before the final proceedings. Sabina was anxious now to have it over and behind her. From the evening spent with the Nortons she had experienced a sharp revulsion, which brought a period of homesickness when something in her reached out for her children. She went out a great deal, saw a great deal of St. Regis, conscious of the nervous forces which he could call forth in her, ready at any moment to break it off on the first false move on his part, resentful, puzzled, and a little apprehensive of his patient, waiting attitude.

One morning the mail brought her a letter from Philip Sandhurst. He had written her regularly, friendly, chatty letters with suggestions of things to see and an occasional commission—a tapestry or a painting to be passed on before he bought it for his new house. But this letter was different. It was obvious that he expected some definite knowledge of her intentions. Her sense of fair play told her that he was in his rights, but the sudden raising of the issue plunged her into a panic. She ordered her car, drove to the Bois, and dismissed it with orders to return later. There was a bite to the air, but with a rare burst of sunshine that brought crowds for a last revel before the wet fall of winter.

She swung through the lingering green of wooded vistas, feeling a returning calm with the relief of physical exertion. She must face her decision. Sandhurst or a few years of liberty with a measure of disorganization in her life? Paris and the pursuit of pleasure were all very well for an escapade, but she already had begun to feel the demoralization. She had no illusions as to the society into which she might wander. Its vice was in the simulation of things that were not felt. There were not only no great passions; there were not even little passions. There was only a continual conflict of the sexes where each played to add to his or her reputation.

There was a disorganization in her world at home, but it was the disorganization of elemental passions that broke through traditions. There was a tragic splendor in this wrecking of existences with the rebellious seeking for love. She understood this better now, understood her husband better. She could even feel a touch of envy, that he could be capable of such a depth of feeling that he was willing to sacrifice the things that were dear to him, willing even to imperil his career . . . .

If she should end by marrying Sandhurst, there would be no illusions and no comedies to be played. A reasoned act. The idea had no'

California Lemon Garnish . *for health!*

CALIFORNIA Lemons lead all other fruits in the number of health and home uses. They should be purchased by the dozen and always kept on hand.

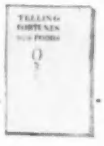
Chief of all values to humanity comes through California Lemons' alkaline-reaction in the body. Lemons, like Oranges, while acid in taste, have an exactly opposite or *alkaline* effect. They help balance the average unbalanced faulty American diet and *help prevent over-acidity which is one of the principal causes of Acidosis!*

More appetizing and better-flavored foods and a contribution to health—are all added when meats or fish or salads are served with Sunkist Lemon Garnish, artistically prepared or simply quartered. Advise each one at the table to make good use of every drop of the rich juice, for each one counts in the fight against Acidosis.

Sunkist CALIFORNIA LEMONS

. . . Buy them by the dozen

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Price $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. In Canada $19.95.



California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 303, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, Calif.

☐ Enclosed find $14.95, (Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor.

☐ Please mail me FREE booklets "Sunkist Recipes" and "Telling Fortunes with Foods."

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

Acidosis undermines health and creates low vitality, throwing open the system to many common ailments, forerunners of dangerous diseases. Use Sunkist Lemon Juice and Orange Juice liberally and Acidosis may be prevented.

Acidosis is helpfully discussed in "Telling Fortunes with Foods," a free booklet approved by an eminent diet authority. It gives normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets and lists *alkaline* and *acid* foods.

California Lemon garnishes and many other uses for Lemons are described in "Sunkist Recipes," which is also sent free. *Mail the coupon at left* for both books.

© 1929 C.F.G.E.

In using advertisements see page 6

You can be known as A Clever Woman

who earns money of her own

YOU can hold the admiration of men—you can astonish your friends and win new ones—you can have a reputation for smartness.

Yes, you—any ambitious woman with a love for pretty things—with the desire to make herself and her home attractive.—And it's easy as A, B, C.

You Don't Need Experience

We show you how to do it. The Fireside way is so simple you start to paint beautiful giftwares, almost immediately; start to make money of your own. You do everything right at home.

Gifts, Bridge Prizes, Gay Toys, Etc., Etc.

Cabinets, book-shelves, wall plaques, hanging shelves, magazine baskets, lamp bases, lamp shades, table runners, beautiful bits of etched copper, batik drapes, lovable little playthings, picture frames and endless varieties of similar things. Think of the fun of decorating them, and then of having

ready buyers for them—RIGHT AT HOME—at a good profit.

Many Make $10 to $35 a Week

Many of our members have made much more. Think what that means—to YOU! Independence—freedom from money worries! And with it all the opportunity to make hundreds of lovely things for your home, the secret of smarter clothes and of making yourself more appealing.

Spare Hours or Full Time

Spend as much time as you wish on Fireside work. It will pay you well in pleasure and money. We teach you and furnish everything—including a big wonder box of artists materials, a complete outfit without extra cost.

A $1000.00 Gold Bond

backs up our warranty of satisfaction and success.

Send for FREE BOOK

It's full of colored pictures. It explains our "3 step method!" It tells you the Fireside secret. This is the big opportunity you've longed for. Don't miss it. Now, we want women in every community. Stop wishing and hoping. Write for this book TODAY. It is free!

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES

Dept. 24-C Adrian, Michigan

VALUABLE COUPON

Fireside Industries, Inc.
Dept. 24-C, Adrian, Mich.

Please send me the FREE book. I want to know more about your fascinating plan.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Sacrifice

repelled her in America. But now emotionally a doubt had begun to grow. There were new forces stirring within her, which drove her from measured decisions into moods of impulse and inconsistency. St. Regis had exerted a curious effect over her. He had not awakened any depth of feeling in her, but he had stirred a curiosity about the emotion which she could arouse but had never felt . . . .

She looked at her watch, saw it was late, and made for her favorite haunt, the charming little gardens of the Bagatelle. She went on to the Laiterie and, giving her order, sat down. There were not many at the tables—mostly young couples escaped from Paris for a hidden hour of love-making, indifferent to spectators. Near her a young man and his sweetheart with arms entwined were eating from the same spoon and enjoying themselves delightfully.

No, Sandhurst was not a man to be trifled with, she thought, relapsing into her reverie. He would insist on a certain consideration. That he had written such a letter showed that he was already a little impatient. Logically she could convince herself that she could marry him. She did not love him, but on the other hand there was no one else she cared for more. She doubted if there ever would be.

The first thrill of adventure had passed. She had begun to need her backgrounds; her home, her children, her friends. This unrelated existence was not in her character. Sandhurst might not always be hers for the choosing. And from the point of view of the children it would be the best thing.

She finished her lunch and rose. The couple opposite stopped their flirting a moment to stare at her, wondering perhaps why a woman, young, distinguished, and charming, should be there alone. Other couples swaying together arm in arm passed her in frank unconsciousness. She felt depressed with a depression that was not entirely from the chill in the air and the melancholy of dropping leaves, but from a realization of her contemplated decision. She was closing a door finally, and she had not even explored what lay beyond it.

HER car was at the gate. She got into it and drove for an hour in the Bois before returning home. She had given St. Regis a rendezvous at four. He would be waiting.

She was in a reckless mood when she came back, determined to amuse herself a little. The Marquis was in the salon. She was amused to find him encased in his most formal manner. In their friendship up to now he had always dictated the terms. Today she resented this patient domination, and her mood was to provoke him to an indiscretion.

"I have asked Madame Norton to come in," she said carelessly. "She amuses you, doesn't she?"

For a fugitive moment she caught the flash of irritation in his look. It passed, and his eyes regained that patient, biding contemplation of her that gave her the feeling of an animal being stalked.

"Madame Norton is charming always," he said stiffly.

"My husband is dropping in, too," she continued. "You have never met him?"

The domestic relations of the Barings were incomprehensible to him, but he concealed his mystification under a correct response.

"It will indeed be a pleasure to meet Monsieur Baring."

She knew that he was furious at these impending ruptures of their tête-à-tête and continued purposely to talk of Carl while the maid brought in the tea tray and arranged the cups. She established herself behind her table as behind a fortress, while he sat down rigidly upon a stiff-backed chair at some distance from her, waiting for her mood to disclose itself.

"You'll like Carl. Men always do," she said, pouring out a cup.

"Ah, yes. You have still a great affection for him, I remember," he said maliciously.

"When did I say that?"

"At Lady Latterdale's."

She nodded. "We had a discussion on love—with Carolus Marnix, wasn't it? And you disagreed?"

"I disagreed," he said stiffly.

He rose, took the proffered cup, and returned to his chair. Her glance fell on his hands. They were slender, graceful as an actress's, the hands of a gambler and a man to whom life is a succession of passionate adventures. Today there was a feline nervousness in their movements.

"Really, Antonio," she said, looking at him with a trace of mockery in her smile, "you, a man who has loved all his life, you don't believe a woman can love two men at the same time in a different way?"

"I said to you, 'Wait and see'."

"Yes, I understood your meaning."

He glanced at her with a return of caution, set down his cup, and said lightly:

"Do you wish to smoke? No. I have your permission?" He took a long time to light his cigarette before making up his mind. "No, my charming little statue, you had not the slightest idea of what I meant."

She laughed with direct provocation. "Oh, I haven't your experience—granted! But all the same—"

"No," he said peremptorily. "A man like myself knows instinctively. You don't know yet what love is!" His eyes narrowed and fastened on her in quick intensity. "But you will," he added insistently.

SHE avoided his glance and began to play with the tea caddy, thrilled and a little apprehensive. "Carolus Marnix would say you were a sentimentalist. According to him, love is only a degree of friendship."

He looked at her suspiciously and retreated back to his impersonal attitude.

"That is true of Carolus Marnix," he said with a smile. "Friendship is a normal state, but love is not. Any one is capable of friendship, but few of a great passion."

"Put in the plural."

"If you wish," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

Seeing that he was resisting her, she went a little further.

"How you must have paid for your beliefs, Antonio!"

"What of it!" he exclaimed with an impatient gesture. He rose and went to the fireplace. "Suffering? Yes, that's the trouble with you American women. You are always afraid of suffering. Well, what of it? We must choose never to feel at all, or to be willing to take the suffering with the rest. Something in us dies each time we love. Admitted. What if love is the greatest suffering and the greatest illusion? My dear friend, let me tell you one thing—when we have ceased to love, we have ceased to live."

As he spoke with rising vehemence, he moved back and forth, passing and repassing her. At the end he stood before her, looking down at her from his great height. She avoided the awakening flash in his slumbering eyes, smiling as she concentrated her look on her teacup, sensitive to the charm which she knew he was turning on, for her benefit. She appreciated the way he had seized a theoretical discussion to make love to her in a way she could not resent.

"You are born out of your century, Antonio," she said lightly. "It isn't a romantic age, and you will never understand American women. We give a little of ourselves to many men, in order perhaps to retain our liberty—"

"You don't believe a word of that," he said angrily. "You don't reason about love in such a manner. If you do, you know nothing about it. When it grips you, it blots out every other image. When you are master of yourself, you are not in love!"

She raised her eyes to his and dropped them immediately. He stood still a moment, breathing hard, then turned to the window.

"Sit down," she said, indicating a chair at her side.

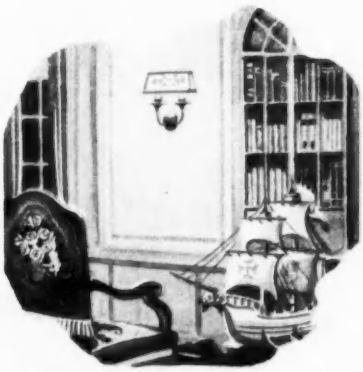
flame light in your home

‧ ‧ ‧ ‧ ‧ use *Flametint* lamps for flame-light charm in these places

Flametint, the new flame-light lamp, is ideal for general lighting in your home. It spreads the lovely glow of a real hearth fire. It softens the appearance of people and furnishings, beautifies and enriches color.

Flametint is a living, not a reading light. To create an ideally flexible lighting system in your home you should have both *Flametint* and the inside-frosted pearl gray MAZDA lamps. Use *Flametint* for the surprising beauty it gives to ordinary illumination, in overhead fixtures, wall brackets, floor and table lights. But also have your stronger, brighter lamps in table and floor lights to switch them on for reading, sewing, working, dining, or playing bridge.

Dining in well-bred homes is generally accomplished under a center ceiling fixture using 50 or 60-watt inside-frosted lamps. Wall brackets and sideboard lights are flametint, adding restful, mellow accompaniment.



Your own home, with its particular problems, can best dictate the most pleasing combination for you, of MAZDA *Flametint* lamps and inside-frosted standard MAZDA lamps. A little experimenting will enable you to create a delightful new beauty and give surprising comfort to your family. Perhaps your table lights have two sockets: into one you screw a *Flametint* lamp for its mellow, beautiful radiance. In the other you have ready, for closer,

Lighting your boudoir with that soft golden glow which is so kind to complexions is best achieved by a ceiling fixture cluster of Flametint lamps. Brighter lamps are used as needed, on either side of dresser or vanity table.

clearer vision when demanded, a 50 to 100-watt inside-frosted pearl gray National MAZDA lamp.

Be sure you get the new reduced price National MAZDA *Flametint*

Wall brackets—vitalized ornaments—give also gentle additional illumination and rich loveliness to your living rooms when filled with shaded Flametint lamps.

lamps—in the familiar blue carton. Look for the MAZDA mark. Any lamp so marked is the best your money can buy.

‧ ‧ ‧

A word to housewives on buying lamps

You could not afford to use some electric light bulbs if they were given to you wrapped in a two-dollar bill. These are carbon lamps which became obsolete years ago. They use three times as much current as MAZDA lamps. Each of these costs you $2.00 to $3.00 more for electric current, during its life, than a modern inside-frosted MAZDA lamp will cost for the same amount of light.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

MAZDA- the mark of a Research Service . . .

Nela Park, *Cleveland, Ohio*

In using advertisements see page 6

It Runs Smoothly with 3-in-One

3-in-One is an oil compound of unusual and peculiar properties. It keeps household mechanisms running smoothly. Here is proof—

A Genoa, Ill., housewife writes: "My sewing machine was so badly gummed I could not run it. I got a can of 3-in-One and applied it freely to all parts, when lo, and behold, a great change came to pass. My machine now runs like a new one." (Name on request.)

From Australia: "A few days ago a mechanic, adjusting my sewing machine, asked me how long we had used it. On being told, 17 years, he said we would have it for another 17 years if we took the same care of it. Then he asked what oil I used and I told him 3-in-One." (Name on request.)

A New Jersey Manufacturer says: "We have found that any oil but 3-in-One gums up on the machines after they have been used for a short time." (Name on request.)

Use the oil that has stood the test of time—3-in-One. It quickly penetrates the tightest bearing and lubricates perfectly. Works out old grease and dirt. Light enough to penetrate—heavy enough to lubricate.

If you think your sewing machine is gummed, it may be only lint and threads caught in the bearings. Remove this with small scissors, pen knife or any pointed instrument. Then oil with 3-in-One and notice the big difference.

Don't accept ordinary "machine oil" when 3-in-One is so different and better—and may be purchased for only a penny or so more. Ask for 3-in-One by name.

At all good grocery, drug, hardware, notion, general and department stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

FREE: *Generous sample of 3-in-One and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. A request on a postal card will bring both.*

Manufactured Since 1894
THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N. Y.

M 915

Prevents Rust - OILS - Cleans & Polishes

Makes Zippers Zip
A drop of 3-in-One on your Zipper fastenings assures their quick and easy operation. Try it.

Sacrifice

He took it and drew it close.

"Give me your cup."

He extended it silently, watching her.

"I noticed your hands, the first thing," she said when she had set down the cup. "What a record for a gipsy!"

She pushed the teacup aside and, turning his hand over, scrutinized it intently. A taunt was in her mind, but when she looked up at him, her smile disappeared. He was staring at her with eyes that burned out of the dark, drawn face.

"Ah, you have no right to do that," he said in a muffled voice, and his hand closed over hers.

She pushed back her chair, snatching away her hand so suddenly that a cup crashed to the floor. She started to pick it up, checked herself, and remained undecided, conscious that the blood had rushed to her face.

"You do not play fair," he said, coming toward her.

She put out her hand to ward him off and felt his arms suddenly envelop her. A nervous tremor went through her body. She felt frightened, triumphant, giddy, and weak, all in a sudden whirl of emotion. The sound of the doorbell came to her from a far distance.

"Antonio!" she cried in a panic.

He released her immediately, instantly calm.

"Collect yourself quickly," he said, mastering himself by a violent effort.

She caught her breath, saw the broken fragments, and stooped to pick them up. "A broken cup. What is the superstition?" she said mechanically.

"Fine," he said, nodding appreciatively.

THE door opened, and Carl came in. Moved by an impulse she could not explain, Sabina went to him eagerly, as though a long absence had separated them. He looked at her in surprise and put his arm around her. She could not control a little nervous shiver at the touch of his lips on her cheek.

"Hello, old dear, how are you?" he said exuberantly.

Her mind was not yet clear. She wondered if her hair had been disarranged. Carl was watching her intently. Suppose he had come in five minutes earlier. What a situation that would have been! She took his hand and drew him forward.

"I was afraid you wouldn't turn up. I'm so glad you can meet Antonio. He's done everything to make my stay in Paris delightful. The Marquis de St. Regis—Mr. Baring."

Immediately it struck her she should have said, "My husband." She wondered if anything in her manner had betrayed her, for Carl was watching her closely. However, whatever his perceptions, he concealed them under a correct manner and exchanged generalities with the Marquis while the *apéritifs* were brought. St. Regis remained the necessary ten minutes, giving to the husband that specious cordiality which is accorded to the enemy, before rising.

"I came with the intention of inviting Madame Baring to dine with me at the Ritz tomorrow night," he said lightly. "A small group of our mutual friends. It would give me great pleasure if you also will be my guest, Monsieur."

Carl's glance went quickly to Sabina.

"Sorry," he said stiffly, "I'm engaged."

"And you, Madame?"

"Tomorrow night? Yes, indeed—with pleasure."

She remained a moment staring at the door after his departure. Carl had been unpardonably curt.

"You don't like him?" she said suddenly.

"I don't like him."

Carl knew Sabina too well not to have perceived the unusual excitement beneath her outer manner. He felt that he had arrived inopportunely, and this irritated him. There had been a scene interrupted by his coming. He was conscious of a sudden flare-up of jealousy. It was utterly unreasonable. But it was so. The man was in love with Sabina, had probably been telling her so, and she was trying to conceal the situation from him. He resented it, but of course any objection from him now would be ridiculous.

He said gravely: "How far has it gone? Of course, you know you have been talked about."

"Good heavens, Carl! What of it? Who isn't talked about here?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Still, St. Regis is pretty well labeled."

He looked at her anxiously. Was she telling him all the truth? He missed her usual candor.

"Sabina, old dear, it's none of my business, of course—but I hate dreadfully—" He came to a stop, shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, and blurted out, "You're not losing your head, are you?"

"You funny old goose," she said, conscious of a sudden friendliness. "Are you still worrying about me?"

He nodded. "Idiotic, isn't it?"

"Quite." She began to laugh nervously. "Carl, do you realize what an absurd conversation this is?"

"I'm half inclined to stick to Paris," he said, shaking his head and looking at her directly.

"If you do on my account, I shall be exceedingly annoyed," she said sharply.

The thought that any one should judge her actions aroused in her a dangerous rebellion. Fortunately the entrance of Mimi terminated the conversation.

CHAPTER XIX

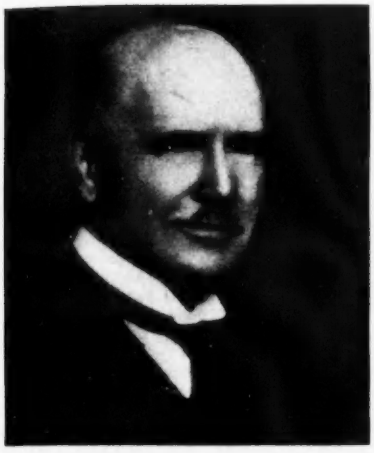
SABINA ended by going to the dinner at the Ritz the following night, despite moments of indecision. She could, of course, seize the opportunity to break off an intimacy which had become dangerous to her senses, though she confidently believed it could be kept within the limits of her curiosity. But to retreat now would be an admission that she feared her own powers of resistance. She was thoroughly angry with herself for her moment of confusion and weakness. The memory brought a feeling of hot humiliation. It was imperative to her pride that he should be made to understand that she was not in the least in love with him.

Her mood all day had been rebellion. She had tried to write Sandhurst the letter she was persuaded she would eventually write. The encounter with Antonio had made it increasingly difficult. She had discovered that she had senses and that these senses were capable of being thrown into a panic. She was not the detached and reasonable personality she had believed herself to be in America. She began a letter and tore it up. It seemed to her that she was signing her own sentence, committing herself to a gilded cage for life.

In this state of nervous resentment she arrived at the Ritz. There were a dozen in the party, and as she had foreseen, Antonio had put her on his right. The instant he took his seat, she was aware of the touch of his arm as it brushed against her. It was so contagious that she had a moment of lightheadedness that awakened every defensive instinct in her. She prepared herself for an assumption of discreet intimacy that would mask his new possessive memories of her. His glance was blankly impersonal as he turned to her for the formal opening of the conversation. Of what had happened between them, there was not the slightest reminder either in his voice or in his eyes.

When she perceived his tactics, she became suddenly thoughtful. She had come to put him in his place and instead found herself on the defensive. Had she made a mistake in coming? He was too experienced, too watchful, too wary. A man like that could wait his time, months, even years, without an overt act, waiting for one sign of weakness on her part. He would stalk her with a feline patience, ingratiating himself, making himself necessary to her habits and sympathies. She frowned and

Leading Viennese Scientists strikingly confirm American Health Idea



HOFRAT PROF. DR. ADOLF CLUSS

International authority on problems of nutrition; Professor at the Hochschule für Bodenkultur at Vienna; outstanding member, International Scientific Council of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, appointed by the Italian Government; honorary member of American and German scientific bodies.

"Today we know yeast is a container par excellence of the vitamins which form, if we may say so, the link between food and medicaments. Yeast can be called a food-stuff, a medicament, a means of strengthening and building up of the body. It not only helps nutrition but also promotes health and physical and mental well being."

Dr. Ad. Cluss

DR. LASZLO BERCZELLER

One of the leading Austrian nutrition experts, recipient of degrees from the Universities of Budapest, Munich and Strassburg. His private laboratory in Vienna is furnished him by the Austrian government; famous for perfecting a flour from soy beans to help relieve economic distress in central Europe.

FOR a hundred years or more, Vienna has been celebrated as one of the medical centers of the world. Now three of Vienna's most distinguished scientists—Hofrat Prof. Dr. Cluss, Prof. Dr. Viktor Gräfe and Dr. Laszlo Berczeller—proclaim yeast as a great, natural "protective food" of mankind.

Ninety per cent of our ills start in the intestinal tract. In a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast to keep the intestinal tract clean, healthy and active.

"Most of man's food serves as fuel and building material. Only a very little of it, and only particular kinds, act specifically to improve health and well-being. Yeast is one of these special foods and as such is in some respects of even greater importance to man than milk . . . Science has proved experimentally the life-preserving and curative properties of yeast."

Dr. Laszlo Berczeller

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass daily through your intestinal tract they combat harmful poisons and purify the whole system.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one before or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit, you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Start today.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. H-62, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

(Below)

PROF. DR. VIKTOR GRÄFE

Well-known authority on chemical, bio-chemical and physio-chemical problems, who, with his collaborators has discovered a new method for isolating the phosphates in yeast; Professor of Physiological Chemistry, University of Vienna; official food analyst, City of Vienna.

"We know the vitamins which are derived from organic phosphates are the most important elements in a well balanced diet. Yeast contains such phosphates in great quantity. Where these are lacking from the diet, various diseases of the blood, nerves and skin may be observed. Through the addition of yeast, therefore, digestion is improved; nervousness and fatigue disappear."

Prof. V. Gräfe

Fayer, Vienna

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

Copyright, 1929, The Fleischmann Company

In using advertisements see page 6

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE By BRADSHAW CRANDELL

One of a series by America's foremost artists

GLEAMING LOVELINESS

for enamel and porcelain!

THE American home reflects the efficiency and artistry of the modern housewife. She knows and accepts instantly the best products for beautifying her household. She uses BAB-O for the bathroom, enamel and porcelain. At its touch...dirt, stubborn stains, rust marks, water-lines...dissolve and vanish. Nothing else gives such sparkle to tubs, tiles, sinks and bowls...to kitchen sink, refrigerator, gas range, walls and floors. "A wipe and its bright." BAB-O is odorless . . . will not scratch the finest surface or roughen tender hands. Try BAB-O once and you will never be without it. At your grocer 15¢...or if he is not supplied write for free sample can.

B.T. BABBITT, Inc. *Established 1836* New York

BAB-O

brightens bathrooms
works like magic all over the house

At all grocers 15¢

Sacrifice

turned to her neighbor, Carolus Marnix.

"It's very brilliant tonight. Tell me who is here."

"Do you wish the pretty heads served up on a platter?"

"Yes, exactly," she answered, beginning to relax.

"Tonight it is really Tout Paris."

Marnix had a dozen histories to amuse her. There was a grandee of Spain with an exotic, pale Englishwoman who had burned her social bridges; the last wife of an absent American magnate with her nondescript retinue; an exiled prince with his morganatic wife; notabilities from the Faubourg St. Germain; a great lady with her acknowledged lover; a famous singer; the latest divorcée: all more or less in the limelight, notorious themselves, come with the need of watching the scandals of their neighbors. Marnix passed lightly over them, gossip, cynic, and philosopher, as he paraded for her amusement this insolently privileged society, where the daughters of luxury make and remake their lives according to their caprices, setting themselves above censure by the power of birth or wealth or a sheer audacity that has in it a touch of genius.

She listened, nodding acquiescence, seeing with his eyes, impelled to visions. She herself had been drawn into it, was publicly a part of it, "the lovely Botticelli" of the moment, the prospective divorcée who had inspired Tino de St. Regis' latest infatuation. She, too, was being discussed, and their appearance together maliciously interpreted. It gave her a curious feeling of looking into the future. When she married Sandhurst, she could return with an added prestige. This could be more or less her life; the woman *à la mode* in European capitals. Ten years with the stage set about her and a dozen Marquis de St. Regis in the background. The doors were open to her if she chose.

As her eyes, obedient to her meditations, wandered about the room, she became aware that some one was staring at her intently. A group of three men, middle-aged and of distinguished appearance, had entered and taken a table in a near-by corner. Marnix paused and bowed impressively.

"You know them?"

He named a leading member of the Conservative party and the proprietor of a great British paper.

"And the American?"

"His face is familiar, but I don't know him."

There was something familiar to her, too, in the high forehead, the long maxillary bones, and the incisive nose. Where had she seen him? The Englishmen were strongly contrasted types of the Empire builder; one the boulder-headed plebeian, the other the modeled aristocrat with the ease and grace of inherited leadership. The American was leading the conversation, speaking rapidly, parrying an objection with a quick retort which made his companions smile, while his eyes, alert and intense passing around the room, had her always in view. Each time she glanced at him, his gaze was discreetly withdrawn. Evidently he was equally interested in her. She had certainly met him—but when and where?

SUDDENLY, at a remark from one of his companions, a smile broke over the sternness of his face. Instantly a recollection flashed into her mind. She saw again the little stretch of beach, the blue-gray waves of the Sound, and above Tam's ruffled head the looming silhouette of the interloper. The Old Man of the Sea! Their glances met, and by some subtle telepathy she divined that he had read her enlightenment. Yielding to her impulse, she smiled and nodded slightly. He responded quickly, yet so discreetly that the interchange passed unnoticed. The impulse had been so spontaneous that it did not occur to her to question her recognition of a man whose name she did not even know.

When Tino, with a nice calculation of his time, attempted to claim her attention, she had entirely recovered her equanimity and met him with a self-possession that disconcerted him. Recognizing at once that the undercurrent of her thoughts had flown away from him, he discreetly retired. Marnix took up again his disquisition, but she did not hear him.

She began to watch Lavery in her turn. She liked the way he held his own in the discussion, which had become animated. There was an agility and keenness in his manner that were like the play of a rapier in a mêlée of broadswords. In this room where the feminine empire was enthroned with all its prodigality of lights and colors, the earnest group of the three men of big affairs centered her curiosity. She listened in the vain hope of catching a word through the hum of the conversation. When she was forced to reply to her companion, the banality of her remark irritated her.

His type impressed her, the man of affairs, the significant man. "All the others here," she thought, "have the odor of the boudoir!"

SHE began to compare him to Tino. He was not a woman's man, decidedly not. There was nothing of the courtier about him, nor the graceful, half-decadent sophistication of these connoisseurs of her sex. Force, imagination, and a way of looking through a situation. Not a woman's man, no; but a man to whom women went.

She knew that she had attracted him strongly at their first accidental meeting, as she felt now that his interest went beyond a passing curiosity. When their glances met, his was no longer quickly averted, but remained in hers in a deep penetration. His absorption was frankly shown and clearly impatient of the inconsequential persons who surrounded and separated them. The fixity of that look stirred her pleasantly and relaxed the nervous tension which had possessed her. What would have been an impertinence in another was not so in him. She was glad that she pleased him.

"I have something that will amuse you for Wednesday."

She came out of her abstraction. Tino had turned to her, and this time there was an intimate tone to his voice.

"Really? What is it?"

"I have one of the boxes behind the curtain at the Opera."

"I'm sorry, but Wednesday is not free."

"I'll try for Saturday, then."

"Saturday also."

He was quick to note the decision to her voice. He reflected a moment. "You are going to be very occupied this next week, then?"

"Yes, very."

His dark glance rested on her submissively. "I shall always be ready, Madame," he said gently, "to meet your wishes in any way you command. Do you wish to exile me to China or Timbuctoo?"

"Why?"

He raised his eyebrows, inclined his head with his ready smile, and gave the signal to leave. Sabina had a quick glance at the opposite table. It was vacant. But as they came into the corridor for coffee, she glanced about hurriedly and saw Lavery. He rose and came forward instantly.

"Thank you for recognizing me," he said, holding out his hand.

"But I was puzzled for a moment," she answered.

She was glad that he had come to her directly.

"I knew you at once," he said, smiling in turn, "even without the mustachios." His glance went to hers in a sudden seriousness. "Mrs. Baring, I have only tomorrow in Paris. May I call on you tomorrow afternoon?"

"I suppose I ought to know who you are," she said laughing, "but I don't."

"Daniel Lavery."

"*The* Daniel Lavery?" she exclaimed, opening her eyes in a quick curiosity.

He gave an anxious glance at Mimi, who was coming up.

"May I come at five?"

Sacrifice

Her eyes became serious, searched into his gravely, and considered. "I shall be in at five."

He bowed and stepped back.

"But you don't even know where I am staying."

"I should have learned it from your bankers."

She gave the address, nodded, and went on.

She had intended leaving early. She changed her mind in a quick excitement. She felt a feverish need of stimulation, an avidity for music and dancing. When the party finally disintegrated, it was after three. She turned abruptly to the Marquis de St. Regis.

"I have my car. You can see me home."

He studied her cautiously, mistrusting her intentions.

"I have something to say to you," she said peremptorily.

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders and obeyed with a certain reluctance. But once alone, true to his traditions, he attacked before the blow could fall.

"So, Madame, you are returning to your Puritan ancestors," he said with an assumed amusement.

She gave a decided nod of her head. "I knew you were clever enough to guess."

Alarmed, he sought to divert her from her peremptory mood.

"So the great word is to be pronounced? *Adieu pour toujours!* Just as in the opera."

"You save me a great deal of trouble."

He frowned, a light retort dying on his lips. He could not understand how this woman, who at dinner could not meet his eyes, had taken all at once such an ascendency over him.

"May I humbly inquire, Madame, why it is so necessary to punish me?"

"Certainly. Because after what happened yesterday, one goes on or one retreats, and I have never had any intention of going on."

Her candor left him helpless, but he made an effort. "I shall wait in patience, Madame."

"Tino, don't be melodramatic!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "In a month you will —what is your expression?—begin to live again!"

He felt his dignity threatened and despite his control began to show his irritation. "Am I permitted a question?"

"Any."

"You know, of course, that you yourself provoked me to it?"

"That is true."

"Deliberately, Madame?"

"Unconsciously—yes, I suppose it amounts to the same thing."

She expected a flare-up of anger, but instead, after a moment, he said in his low, caressing voice,

"Ah, you are worth waiting for!" Then, changing to his old defiant tone of banter, he said lightly, "Since you admit it was not my fault — do we still recognize each other publicly?"

"Why not?"

"You are more cruel than is necessary, Madame," he said under his breath.

The car came to a stop. He got out, offered his hand punctiliously, and accompanied her to her door.

"Goodby, Tino," she said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Goodby, Madame," he said in his stately manner. But the necessity of leaving on the last word was too strong. He looked down at her with a last touch of bravado. "After all, I shall have served, if only to have shown you that you are a woman!"

He bowed with a little mockery and turned away.

She heard the door click behind her with a sense of elation. That door in her life was closed, and closed to her satisfaction. For the brief moment of weakness he had been able to win from her, she had paid him in kind.

She opened the door, passed into the vestibule, and stopped short in amazement. In the salon the lights were blazing, trunks stood about her, trays and piles of clothing were scattered about. She saw Adeline with her arms filled, and Carl pacing up and down by the long windows.

"Good heavens, am I crazy?" she exclaimed gaily.

Then she saw her husband's face as he came toward her, and something cold gripped her body. "Carl—what is it?"

"Bad news, Sabina," he said.

She realized instantly that only a situation of extraordinary gravity could account for his presence there. Bad news from home? Death? Caroline or Jackie? The worst, then? Why didn't Carl say something? She caught her breath.

"Carl—it's Tam!"

"Yes."

"He isn't—" The word of terror refused to pass her lips.

"No, no! God, no!" he cried hoarsely. "But there's been a nasty accident."

She did not believe him. People always lied at such moments.

"Carl, if he's dead—*tell me!*"

He caught her as she reeled, cried something to Adeline, and placed her in an armchair.

"I'm not hiding anything, dear," he said hurriedly. "Here's the cable—read it yourself."

She stared at it helplessly. "I can't read it. Tell me."

"Ruffian must have bolted with him in the stable. They were trying to take a picture to send us."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he is. Leg broken, hip smashed. They've got him in a hospital."

SHE closed her eyes. An image of Tam's little body, always so fleet and active, lying broken in pain flashed before her. She sat up in a febrile revulsion.

"What boat?"

"The *Paris*. I've already called up. There'll be a cabin for you. You'll have to make the boat train in the morning, but we'll have you ready. We're pretty well packed."

She became impersonally calm, passed from trunk to trunk, inspecting the progress. Then she sat down and read the cablegram carefully.

"You must have been packing all night."

"Pretty much so."

She looked at her husband across the room. He seemed far away.

"I'm sorry for you, Carl," she said impulsively.

"Sorry about what?"

"This is going to upset your plans terribly."

"What the devil does anything else matter!" he said, breaking into an oath. "Damn it—it's Tam!"

She nodded gravely, a sudden warmth about her heart. "That's something I'll never forget," she thought.

(*To be continued*)

Strike Up the Band

(*Continued from page 81*)

let him, don't let him!" she prayed, then flamed into anger as Doris leaned past Tom Price's arm to smile at Jed.

She took a step toward the table, but halted as Price looked around. She had to vent the force of her anger, however, and she strode across the room to the corner where the Hindu Honeymooners were rising in riot under the urge of a very young gentleman who had brought his own liquid refreshment.

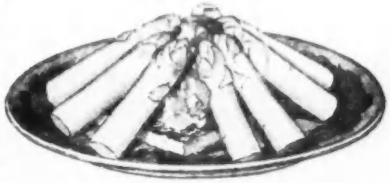
When it's variety and delicacy you want

just remember asparagus

No trick at all to make meals distinctive when California Canned Asparagus is at hand. Just open a can—there you have flavor and freshness to tempt the drowsiest appetite.

And you can eat all you want —even though you are on a reducing diet—for asparagus is one of the principal non-fattening foods.

So, when you're looking for variety, delicacy—and plenty of it—just think of asparagus!



Asparagus with Chicken à la King

Turn California Canned Asparagus and liquid into a shallow pan and heat over a low fire until thoroughly hot. Drain and serve with Chicken à la King on hot buttered toast.—For free recipe book showing scores of other services address Dept. 349, Canners League, Asparagus Section, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.

CALIFORNIA CANNED

★ *Asparagus*

In using advertisements see page 6

THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
of Hartford, Conn.

announces a new

RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, *a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.*

What a dividend paying $10,000 policy will do for you

It guarantees to you when you are 65

A MONTHLY INCOME FOR LIFE of . . . $100.00
which assures a return of at least 10,000.00
and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live

Or, if you prefer,

A CASH SETTLEMENT AT AGE 65 of . . . 12,000.00

It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 65

A CASH PAYMENT to your beneficiary of 10,000.00
Or $50 a month guaranteed for *at least*
24 years and 8 months . . . . . Total 14,823.00

It guarantees upon death resulting from accident before age 60

A CASH PAYMENT to your beneficiary of 20,000.00
Or $100 a month guaranteed for *at least*
24 years and 8 months . . . . . Total 29,646.00

It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60

A MONTHLY DISABILITY INCOME OF . . $100.00
And the payment for you of all premiums

For more information, mail the coupon below

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
408 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.
Please give me full information about your new
RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State ..... Date of birth .....

Strike Up the Band

"Won't you sing again?" Tom Price asked her as she passed him.

"I will not," she snapped.

"Go on, Tessie."

"I'm busy."

"At what?"

"I'm putting out that lad from the Honeymoon," she told him, relieved to find something on which to turn the guns of her rage, "and, drunk though he is, he'll pay for his dinner!"

"I'll help you," Price said.

"I don't need help. I don't want it," she protested, but he left Doris and followed Tess into the affray with the maudlin youth.

"I can do very well for myself," she told him without gratitude.

She handed the Honeymooner his hat.

"Now get out," she bade him.

"He's gotta eat," sobbed a shy child in the cast, the mascara running down her young cheeks. "Won't somebody give him just a little coffee? God knows he'll pay for it! Only last week he had the swellest write-up in *The Silver Sheet*. He's makin' a big place for himself in the fillums, and I guess he can get plastered when he wants, if the picture's done."

"Not in my place," said Tessie McCane.

" 'Out the window you must go,
You must go,
You must go,' "

duetted two other youths of the party, themselves too deeply immersed in Mexican contraband to appreciate their comrade's plight.

"And all the rest of you'll go with him if you keep that up," Tessie gave ultimatum. "Where do you think you are? Tia Juana?"

"A little coffee'll help him," persisted the shy child.

"Take him out."

"I won't take him out. He's a good guy, and this is his only weakness. Who are you to turn him out, anyhow?"

"I'm Tessie McCane, and this is my place, and—"

"Yes, and Curlilocks over there is your husband, and Doris Dare—"

"Shut up," Tom Price thrust in.

He did not look at Tessie, but drew her along with him, one hand through her arm, while with the other he propelled the good guy with the solitary weakness toward the street door.

"Get in your car and sit still," he warned him. "Park right there till your gang brings you the coffee!"

Gravely he lifted him into the seat, then turned to Tessie. "You aren't going to pay any attention to what that rattle-brained kid said, are you?"

"It's true."

"Oh, be yourself, Tess."

"I know it, Tom."

"How?"

"I seem to be the last one in Hollywood to find it out, but now that I have—"

"Don't go off at half-cock."

"It's not half-cock. I—I saw the way he's looking at her tonight."

"Lots of fellows look at Doris that way."

"Jed never looked at another girl like that. It's got me, Tommy."

"Forget it, Tess. He'll get over it."

"I won't."

"Well, what are you going to do? Wrap him up in silver paper and hang him on her Christmas tree?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do—yet."

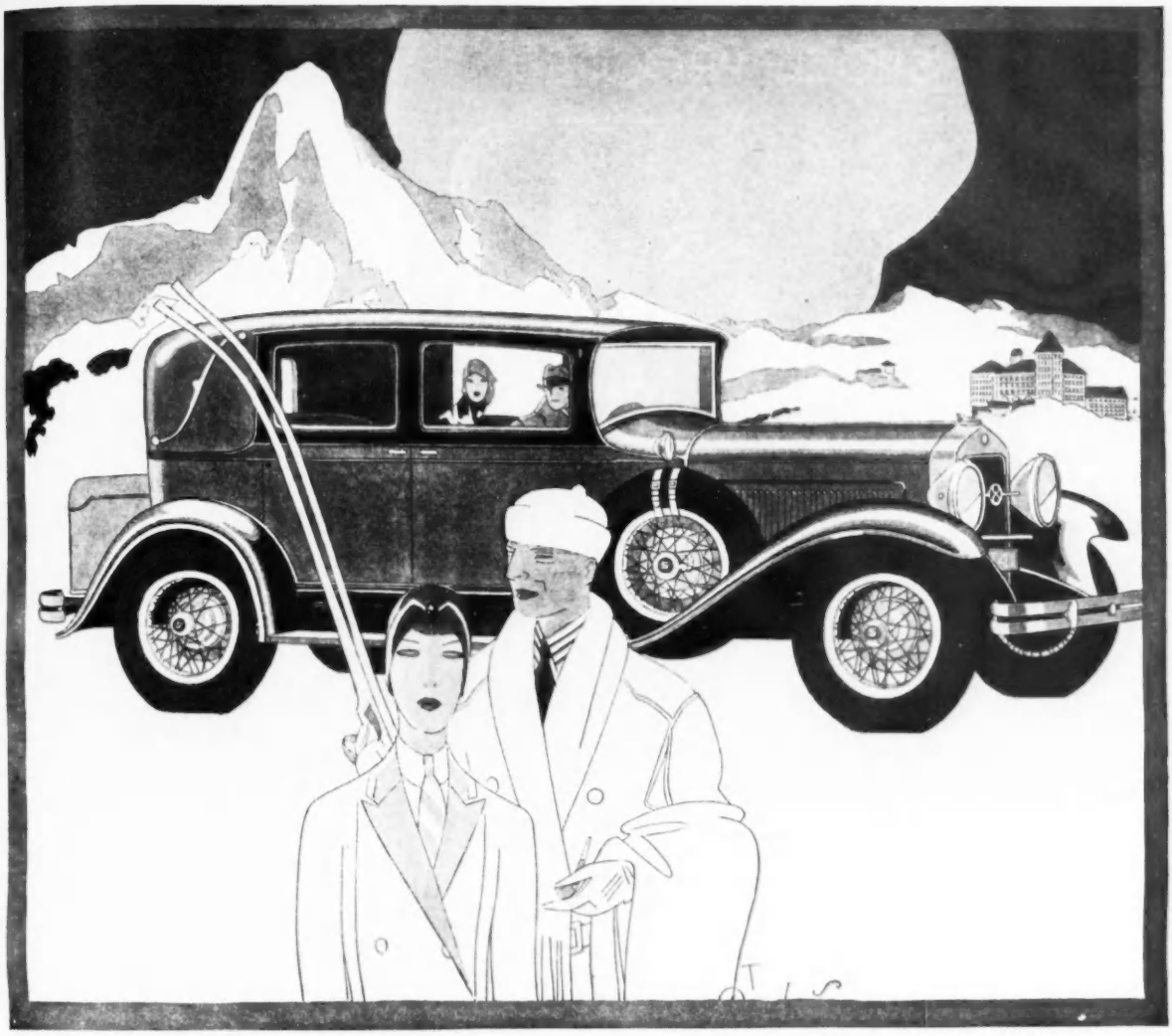
RECOLLECTION of his own share in Doris Dare's appearance at the shack whirled back upon her.

"How dared you bring her here?" she challenged him. "You pretend to be my friend, and you do me this dirty trick. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I am your friend."

"You're not."

"Now, listen to me, Tessie. I wasn't going to tell you about this, but as long as you've seen it for yourself, I'm going to talk United



THE NEW PRESIDENT EIGHT BROUGHAM FOR FIVE

BY their new, trim, alert smartness, quite as pronouncedly as by their deeds and deportment, Studebaker's great new sixes and eights look every inch the champions they are. The fleetness and stamina that enable Studebaker to hold *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance, have been splendidly interpreted in body designs of original beauty. Each line, each curve, each modish color scheme, bespeaks the surpassing performance typical of Studebaker-built motor cars. And fully as gratifying as their behaviour in town or on the open road, are the prices made possible by Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

In using advertisements see page 6

IT'S SHOCK-PROOFED

CONFORMING with the best modern thought on baby care, the makers of the Lloyd carriage have produced the "shock-proofed" baby carriage. Its basket-shaped, woven fibre body, reinforced with steel wire in every upright strand, represents the *scientific* way of absorbing all jars and jolts that would distress the tiny passenger's sensitive spine. Its springs are extra large and resilient—specially tempered in oil to give added comfort. The new Lloyd carriages and strollers, richly and durably finished in gay and conservative colors, are arriving at the stores. They are beautifully upholstered in a wealth of appealing fabrics, and the prices invariably are much less than most mothers expect to pay. Look for the Lloyd trade mark to make sure that you are getting a real Lloyd "shock-proofed" carriage or stroller.

National Lloyd Week
April 8 to 13

PATENT PROCESS
Lloyd LOOM Products
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
BABY CARRIAGES AND FURNITURE
MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN
ORILLIA, CANADA

Strike Up the Band

States. I've been hearing just as much about Jed and Doris as any one else in Hollywood, but I didn't believe one scrap of it until tonight. I thought that any man who had you wouldn't be fool enough to fall for her."

"Well?"

"Well, he is, I guess."

"And that's why you brought her? To help her? Or to taunt me?"

"Get this straight." He pulled her back from the half-door through which she could look at Jed. "I brought her to find out if she was telling me the truth when she said that she's going to Mexico with him tonight."

"Tonight? With Jed? Oh, it's not true! You're lying!"

"It's true, Tessie. She's got all her kit in the back of her roadster there." He pointed through the darkness toward the lowered lights of a little car on the road. "He's to meet her at Santa Monica, and they're going to ride all night down the coast highway."

"Why are you telling me?"

"I don't want them to put anything over on you."

"It's done."

"It's not. Are you going to let that cat-eyed albino get away with bloody murder without lifting one of your hands to stop it?"

"What can I do?"

"You can grab the wheel, can't you?"

"And hold Jed that way? I'm no jailer."

"I don't mean that. Let him go if he wants to go, but don't let them think that they've razzed you. Do you want Hollywood to think you're a deserted wife?"

"No."

"Then do what I tell you. Go back into that shack, and stand up in front of the crowd, and tell them that you've just signed up with Alart for the big time."

"But—"

"Write your own ticket, Tess. I'll trust you."

"It's not that."

"Then what is it?"

"I can't go, Tom."

"Can't go when—"

"I know. I know just what you'll call me. I know just what the town'll say. But I can't take it."

"But—"

"CAN'T you see what'll happen?" Her nod went back to the door. "You know Doris Dare. You know just how long he'll last with her. Then, when she's through, what'll become of him? Jed's not like you or me, Tom. There's something—weak in him. He can't stand the gaff of life. That's why I've stayed here when I'd have given my eye-teeth to take you up on the contract."

"But now that—"

"No, not even now. You don't know Jed the way I do. You don't know the drifting misery his childhood was. You don't know what illness and disappointment have done to his soul. Even when he loved me most, when I'd run away with him, and we were struggling along in furnished rooms, he was wretched for the thing we didn't have—security. That's why I worked for this place. Some day—when she sees something she wants more than she wants him—he'll come back to this and me. If I'm gone, God knows what'll become of him, and so I'm going to be here waiting for him when he comes!"

"Of all the—"

"I know I am."

For a moment they stood silent under the blazing stars of the warmly blue sky. Then, with a sigh, Tom Price spoke.

"I wonder," he asked the sky and the stars and the night, "why the Jeds of the world always get women like you to wait for them."

"They need us."

"Oh, well!" he said, and strode before her into the shack.

Girls in rhinestone-spangled dresses and ermine wraps, other girls in rhinestone-

Strike Up the Band

spangled dresses and ermine wraps, and more girls in rhinestone-spangled dresses and ermine wraps looked up as they came in. The shy little girl of the Hindu Honeymooners slipped past them, bearing a cup of coffee to her outcast playmate.

To all aspects, the room was as they had left it, and yet Tessie could feel the humidity of emotional excitement in the atmosphere. Without having seen it, she could none the less picture the scene which had preceded her return, Doris Dare beside Jed on the piano stool while guests waited breathlessly to see if Jed's wife would find and heed the significance of their proximity. She could hear the audible readjustment of the crowd when Tom Price went back to the table where Doris sat in demure watchfulness, and she crossed to stand once more near the piano.

"Tired?" she asked Jed.

"No," he answered.

"Want to run up to Santa Barbara after the crowd goes tonight?"

"I've an engagement."

She saw the pain and embarrassment in his mobile face and felt a twinge of contempt for him in the understanding that he could wince at dealing her the smaller hurt when he stood ready to bludgeon her with the greater.

"I'm sorry," he added.

"It's all right."

A tiny newsboy, pathetic herald of the Hollywood night, slipped into the shack with a bundle of morning newspapers. People began to buy them and open them on tomorrow's headlines. Swiftly Tessie visioned the story that would stand out in some other morning's paper, the tale of Jed's elopement with Doris, the record of her own humiliation.

For a second she faltered in the strength of her refusal of Price's offer. Why should she wait for Jed? Why shouldn't she take this chance for herself that his defection held out to her? She was still balancing the scales of decision when some one called to her.

"Sing something, Tessie!" The cry rang like a bugle across the room.

She shook her head, but the crowd took up the chant.

"Sing, Tessie, go on and sing!"

"What'll I sing?" she stalled for time.

"'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling,'" voted Mr. Oberndorf of Omaha.

"We want 'Charmaine,'" shouted one of the spangled sisterhood.

"'Ramona'!"

"'Bridget O'Toole'!"

She turned to Jed. "Name it," she bade him, but he shrugged indifferently, and she looked toward Tom Price.

"What'll it be?" she asked him, but it was Doris Dare who answered.

"Why don't you sing 'Believe Me'?" she inquired, her voice a rapier thrust of scorn that brought all the hot blood of a hair-triggered race whirling to Tessie's brain.

"I'll sing it," she said, her tone a clarion of challenge.

She blazed a look upon Jed, motionless at the instrument. "*Fag a balleagh!*" Defiantly she gave the ancient battlecry of the Irish soldiers in the Low Countries to those who knew it and those who didn't. Squarely she braced her shoulders, and lifted her chin.

"Strike up the band!" she cried.

EVERYTHING in the cabin fell into sudden hush as she began to sing. Bathing beauties and lariat throwers, stars of screen pastorals and mimes of blatant comedies, even the rowdy little girl from the Hindu Honeymoon listened as Tessie's voice rose to the smoky rafters.

"'Thou would still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,'"

she promised.

Generations of McCanes who had lived and loved on that little island in the North Atlantic,

It is not enough to be Beautiful

One must be *smartly* beautiful Today!

. . . and that new facial *smartness . . . clear, radiant — above all,* natural *. . . is so easily achieved in this delightful, new way*

First — Woodbury's Cold Cream . . . toning and caressing

Third — Woodbury's Facial Cream . . . greaseless and refreshing

Second — A lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . bland and foamy

THE mode for simplicity. Is it not largely responsible for the naturally lovely complexions one sees everywhere, the flawless skin texture now so conspicuously noticeable among well-groomed women?

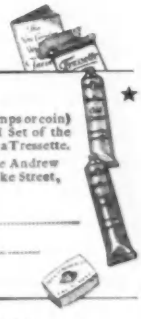
Today, more than ever before, women, with their intimate knowledge of skin care, realize that if the complexion is to be kept naturally beautiful, then the skin must be always exquisitely clean. Which is why so many of them make the new Complete Woodbury *Facial* a regular part of their beauty routine.

For this new treatment—which delightfully combines the use of Woodbury's Facial Soap with the Woodbury Creams, each made to work in harmony with the others—does more than cleanse the surface of the skin. It penetrates down into the very pore-depths—awakens, stimulates the skin—leaves it translucently clear, glowing, ready to meet the eyes of an appraising world.

Such a simple treatment, too. For which you need only Woodbury's Cold Cream—soothing and caressing—to soften and dissolve the dust particles that lurk deep down in the pores. Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its bland, foamy lather to wash every vestige of soiled cream from the pore-depths. Woodbury's Facial Cream—greaseless and refreshing—to tone up the skin to a velvety softness.

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury *Facial.* Or, send the coupon with 25c in stamps or coin for a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band that holds your hair back while you are creaming your face.

Here is the coupon . . .



The Andrew Jergens Company
2927 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen: For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury *Facial* and a Tressette.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2927 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

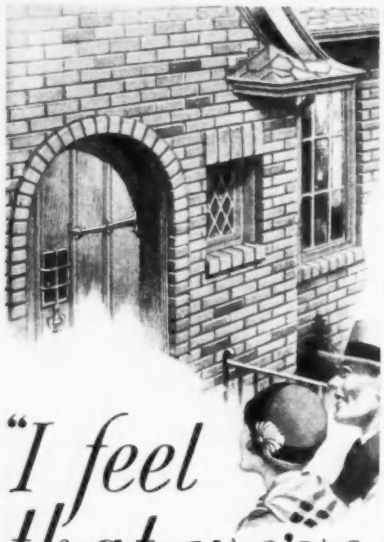
Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

©1929, The Andrew Jergens Company

In using advertisements see page 6



"I feel that we've arrived!"

Their new home is Face Brick! – the material of social distinction. Its interesting colorful beauty, permanent character, and known economies reflect favorably on the owners. Their good taste *and prudence* are clear to see. Only one thing usually keeps any home builder from Face Brick—*a false idea of the cost!* Regarding not only final cost *but first cost*, inform yourself about Face Brick economies. Learn correctly from these books:

A book full of usable ideas for home builders—few could afford to employ the talent represented in this book. Also comparative cost data, information on basic construction requirements and other facts. Ask for "*The Story of Brick*". It's Free.

In "Face Brick Bungalows and Small House Plans" there are 128 designs for smart, convenient, economical homes. Separate booklets on 3 and 4-room homes, 5-room, 6-room, 7 and 8-room. Each 25 cents. Entire set $1.

Famed architects produced 50 prize plans for the 2-story 6-room homes found in "The Home of Beauty". Yours for 50 cents.

The most attractive and practical Fireplace designs—in "The Home Fires"—25 cents.

Modernize is the modern idea for older homes. How to do it right—told in "A New House for the Old". Sent Free.

Address the AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASSOCIATION
2129 City State Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.
If you live in Canada, please write to 26 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

EVERLASTING, EVER-BEAUTIFUL
FACE BRICK
March 1929 Good Housekeeping

Strike Up the Band

rebels who had lighted the fires of Cathleen ni Houlihan on the Limerick hills, women who had sobbed farewell as the Wild Geese had gone to France, long lines of Irish rovers, centuries of Irish lovers, all these had woven for Tessie McCane the magic of her voice; but it was her own love, her own grief, her own sadness in loss that throbbed in her singing.

"'Tis not but while beauty and youth are thine own," rang the echo of minstrelsy in the shadow of those Hollywood hills where youth's for an hour, and beauty a flower that fades as it blooms. A pledge for eternity,

"For the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,"

flamed through a room where promises were made for a day and, with the day, forgotten. Swift pictures of older, mellower places, of truer, more tender times, ran on the reel of her singing; and eyes that were not used to tears grew soft before the pathos of a voice that throbbed out its own sorrow ere it fell to silence.

For a pause, when she had done, the stillness gave her tribute. Then some one cried out a bravo, and the shack rocked with applause, with demands for encore, with high acclaim; but "I'm through," she said, and flung out her arms.

Into the night outside she took the memory of Jed's sullen lethargy, and, regardless of the eyes which might be watching her from the parked cars in the roadway, she sank down on the doorstep in forlorn misery. The beauty of the night about her, the sounds of revelry in the shack behind her, beat on the shore of her wretchedness. The sense of absolute aloneness, that deepest of human woes, went over her in a tidal wave.

"Oh, Jed, Jed, Jed," she moaned, and covered her mouth with clenched hand to keep down her sobbing.

From the room came a chorus of carnival, glad and gay and glamorous; but Tessie McCane, the life of the party, wept softly in the shadows.

NOT until the latch of the half-door above her clicked did she rise from the stoop, blazing to instant defensiveness as she faced Doris Dare; but the girl swept past her with a look she could not interpret, blended as it was of anger, of contempt, of a certain shame-faced defeat, a certain flaring triumph. She sped to the roadster in the roadway. Remembrance of Tom Price's tale of the part the car was to take in Jed's destiny drove Tessie a step toward it, but Tom's hand drew her back.

"Let her go," he said. "Everything's going to be all right, Tessie."

"How can it be?"

"She's not going with Jed. She's just told him."

"But—"

"There was only one thing I could do for you," he said, "and I've done it. I'd been hoping, I suppose," he went on to her startled wonder, "that you'd quit cold when you saw how things were. Then maybe I'd win. I've always loved you."

"I'm sorry."

"You don't need to be." His gaze went back into the cabin, surveying the golden and white loveliness of famous beauties. "I'd rather love you, even if you don't love me, than have any one of them."

"Oh, Tom!"

"It's true. I knew, though, when you sang, that I'd no chance. You're a one-man woman, Tess."

"It's the curse of the Irish."

"Then I figured fast. I knew Doris better than she knew herself. She thought she wanted Jed. I knew she wanted the big time more than she wanted any man. They all do. I waved an Alart contract at her. When she reached for it, I made the bargain. No scandal, I said. She swallowed hard, and I thought she was going to slap my face, but she signed. She goes to New York tomorrow—alone."

"But Jed—"

"Jed's your job."

"I suppose so."

"But you wanted—"

"I know. I still want him, only—"

"Only what?"

"I don't want him as some one's gift to me."

"When you're as old as I am, you'll be glad to get what you want on any terms."

"I'll never feel older than I do now."

"You'll be twenty again next week."

"No, Tommy," she said. "That's what tonight's done. I'll have Jed, and I suppose we'll have happiness, the way most people do, but something's gone that won't come back. Maybe it's youth. Maybe it's faith. Anyhow I've lost it. I won't ever be twenty again."

"You're wrong."

He held out his hand in goodby, looking toward the car where Doris Dare waited.

"I wish I were."

"Happy days, Tess!"

"Happy days, Tom!"

Jed was weaving strange, disharmonic chords as she went back to the room. She moved across its breadth before she dared to dart a look at him. Under the wretchedness of his aspect all her hurt resentment melted in a great caldron of forgiveness, crucible for all his faults and foibles. "Poor Jed," she thought.

Then, for the first time, she sighted the coast of hope. "He'll get over it," she told herself. "We all get over everything—sometime."

She said good-night to bathing beauties and lariat throwers, to Nadia Banning and the boy from Winnipeg, to Judith Copley and Cedric Stuart, to Sari Blake (Mrs. Milton Kleinman) and her Mr. Oberndorf from Omaha, even to the hilarious Hindu Honeymooners as if they were all her old, old friends. She quieted the cook and settled a row between the waiters. She drew the blinds and saw that the fire had died down. She shifted the money from cash register to safe. Then, her hand on the switch for the lights, she turned to Jed.

"Call it a day?" she asked him.

"Call it a day," he said, and locked the door as they went out.

WHEN you are in Hollywood, you may go any night to Tessie McCane's and find girls in rhinestone-spangled gowns and ermine wraps with comedians and tragedians, directors and title-writers, visiting salesmen and resident realtors, plutocrats and aristocrats, in the glare of its high success. You will see Jed Hart, darkly and romantically handsome, at the piano when Tessie stands near the hearth to sing.

You will hear the crowd call for the songs it wants, "Charmaine," and "Irish Eyes," and new favorites of melody or of mirth. She sings them all with that quality of poignant emotion which made Tom Price tell her to write her ticket for the Alart Circuit.

Sometimes some one shouts for "Believe Me," but Tessie McCane never seems to hear the plea. Jed looks up at her with question in his eyes, but she flings back her head, marks time with her foot, and faces the room.

"Strike up the band!" she cries, and gives him signal for the gayest, speediest song of its hour in this gay and speedy time.

GET READY FOR A GOOD LAUGH

When the April GOOD HOUSEKEEPING *comes,* GENEVIEVE GERTRUDE *will be in it, with the same old red hair and pep. You will love Easter at school, with the New Teacher presiding, and Genevieve Gertrude winding up in the spotlight as usual!*
MARIEL BRADY *Has Rung the Bell Again with "All the King's Horses—"*

The New Materials

(*Continued from page 69*)

flower patterns there are a few birds and butterflies. Very small checks and all types of plaid are popular, but there are few dots.

The materials from this house are sumptuous in quality and weave as well as design. There are heavy, brocaded crêpe de Chines and exquisite, printed moiré and silk gabardines, and brocaded taffetas, not to mention the printed satins, and a soft chiffon with metal threads that is ideal for summer evening gowns. The plaid surahs are also interesting, and other materials that fall into the category of necktie silks, used by so many of the big dressmakers. Then there is a silk bouclette, used by Régny and others, which has a lovely texture and adapts itself perfectly to the one-piece frock.

At Coudurier-Fructus, no one color seems to stand out, although many darker blues are printed on light blue. There is also less black and white than in other years, among the printed tissues. Small figures prevail, dots unevenly spaced; flowers, stars, and diagonally printed patterns. Many necktie silks, tussors, and one lovely crêpe satin powdered with white dots so small that they merely give a misty look to the fabric. Much is predicted here for taffetas and lamé, as well as figured chiffon. This house continues their popular old-gold lamé with a black back that they call Satan, only this year it is brocaded and figured, while last year it was plain. Pastel shades are also prophesied, because some of the most representative houses have ordered them, but I do not think they will rank with the soft, medium scale of colorings; or for sports with the raw yellows and reds and greens.

Mayer's woolens are also exceedingly beautiful, and the weaves intricate and soft, but as there is little figure there are no special details to dwell on. The wool georgettes, ettamine, and kashas are the stand-bys.

Smart Country Patterns

(*Continued from page 76*)

band and the blouse along the edge of the material, taking care to keep it at least one-quarter of an inch from the metal. Adjust the fastener to allow the needle to pass the pull, but otherwise keep it closed as you stitch it in place. Full directions and diagrams for applying the fastener accompany each one. This blouse, in size 36, made of jersey will cost about $5.60, including fasteners.

The suit at the right has two features which mark it as new—the graduated plaits in the skirt, and the little loose jacket which does not button or fasten in any way. It is made of one of the lovely new tweeds, and the jacket is lined with matching crêpe de Chine. The pattern is cut in 10 sections, four for the coat and six for the skirt, including the four plait sections. The skirt is cut to fit snugly at the hips, but a bodice top could be used if preferred. While the arrows at the top of the inverted plaits may be made at home, you will find it advisable to have a tailor make these and give the suit its final pressing. Made of tweed in size 36, this suit will cost approximately $28, lining included.

With this suit is worn a jersey blouse of a matching shade, its revers faced with the crêpe de Chine of the lining of the coat, and a bow of the crêpe de Chine adding a soft touch to the neck. This blouse is very simple to make. The pattern is cut in 5 pieces. Its interest centers in its neckline, collarless in back, with the one-piece front split down the center for about six or seven inches and folded back in a rever on either side. The draped appearance is secured by slipping the tie through a slash some three inches below the point of the neck and tying it through the neck opening in a bow. The belt of jersey crosses in front and fastens with a button and loop at each side. The straight, fitted sleeves fasten at the wrist with snaps. The approximate cost of the blouse in size 36, made of jersey, would be $7.

"As made in the Orient"

Miss Edith A. Hemingway of New Hampshire reveals new curry secrets

"REAL curries, as made in the Orient, never fail to delight my family. Part of the secret of the tempting flavor is the use of 'STEERO' bouillon cubes. Particularly in making curry from left-overs are 'STEERO' bouillon cubes helpful, or in curries that need some stock. Here's my own recipe for

"ORIENTAL CURRIED BEEF

"2 'STEERO' bouillon cubes; 2 cups boiling water; 1 pound cold roast beef; 1 onion; 3 tbs. drippings; 1½ tbs. curry powder; 2 tbs. catsup; 1 tbs. piccalilli; 1 chili; ¼ tsp. ginger; ⅓ cup cream or top milk; 1 tablespoon flour.

"Chop onion and saute in drippings until golden brown, add curry powder and ginger. Add roast beef cut in one-inch squares and sear about five minutes, turning occasionally. Add cubes dissolved in boiling water, catsup, piccalilli and chili. Let simmer until tender (1 to 1½ hrs.). Thicken the gravy by adding the flour mixed with the cream and boil 3 minutes. Serve with flaky boiled rice."

Costs nothing to try

Try "STEERO" bouillon cubes yourself . . . as a quick bouillon . . . as a zestful flavoring for all kinds of dishes. The cubes are easy to use. They cost little. Try them. You'll find that they're all women claim for them. And send today for the new and unusual cook book prepared by Bertha M. Becker, food specialist, entitled

"STEERO" *bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name* "STEERO" *on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50, and 100 cubes. Sold by grocer's, delicatessen and drug stores.*

"101 new dishes"

and samples of cubes FREE

American Kitchen Products Co.
278-C Water Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE

Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing .. fails to clean properly, Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

March 1929 Good Housekeeping

One Little Kick

(Continued from page 33)

work. The going in to the office and the coming home. The breakfast with the family, and the dinner. Oh, there must be something else in life. Something else.

There was a little porch on the bungalow on the point. A trellis and vines grew over one side of it, heavy with the odor of honeysuckle. In the evenings, when Patti ran off with her friends and Lewis and with his, F. Lewis used to sit on that little porch with Emmy. They would laze comfortably in two rockers, and talk, and gossip, and the breeze would come in from the ocean to them. He used to enjoy those evenings, look forward to them.

Now, however, they palled on him. He couldn't sit and rock. He didn't *want* to sit and rock. He went rambling off along the water front, plodding in the sand, his hands in his pockets, his head thrust forward. He would walk for a mile, up one side of the point of land, back again. One night he met the girl. And she was walking, too.

Somehow they sat down on a little dune, and the water rolled in and broke at their feet. And the girl talked with a disarming, charming frankness. (So it seemed to F. Lewis, anyway.) That was the night she told him she was twenty-six. It came about because he wanted to know what a young girl like her was doing out on the beach by herself.

"Why aren't you dancing tonight?" he demanded. "Or out somewhere, with other young people like yourself? What's the idea, a pretty, attractive—"

"Oh!" she said. "But I don't like that sort of thing such an awful lot, you know. Not better than walking on the sand in the dark. Besides, I'm not so young as you imagine. How old do you think I am?"

"Nineteen," said F. Lewis promptly.

She laughed aloud. "I knew you thought that. But I'm twenty-six!"

"Oh, no!" protested F. Lewis. "You couldn't be!"

"But I am. And I don't like young people—young men, particularly. They—they're so—so insipid, if you get what I mean. They think of nothing but drinking, and dancing, and petting. And really—well—as far as I'm concerned, give me an older man every time. A man with experience. A man who knows a few things and who has been through a few. That's the kind of—"

"I know," said F. Lewis. (He didn't! Oh, he didn't!)

They walked back to the bungalows together. Emmy saw them approach. She had been sitting by herself on the little porch.

"Who was that with you?" she asked.

"One of the young women from over there."

"Where did you meet her?"

"On the beach. She was walking there. She's a nice little thing. We had quite a talk. I'm surprised Patti doesn't get more friendly—"

"Patti hasn't any time for friendships just now, Lewis. She's all taken up with Doug."

THE next morning it was F. Lewis who did most of the talking on the train into town, waxing voluble and loquacious, coming out of his usual reserve like a butterfly bursting from its cocoon. He was eloquent. He was witty. He told a joke or two, aptly, cleverly.

"Oh, Mr. Lorillard!" gurgled the girl. "Aren't you *funny!*"

Her blue eyes were wide, admiring. They warmed the cockles of F. Lewis' heart. He came into his office beaming, glowing with an inner affability. He rubbed his hands and said:

"Well, now, boys! We got to get some business. Step on the gas and let's go!"

Which was ambitious of him, mighty ambitious, considering that it was July and hot.

He took to looking forward to that morning trip into town. It held an element of excitement and adventure in it that pepped him up

Towels you're proud to own . . .

AT PRICES YOU CAN EASILY PAY

HAVE you ever thought what a difference it would make to you if you had an abundant supply of towels in your home? No worrying on that score, if wash-day turns out to be rainy. No anxiety if an unexpected guest visits you for the week-end. No sense of hopelessness as you try to make your bathroom immaculate and inviting—an impossible task when mussed towels slump on the racks.

If you will take just a few minutes to inspect and price Cannon towels, the next time you go shopping, you'll discover how easily and inexpensively you can have this carefree supply of towels. Beautiful towels. Towels you can take pride in, no matter who your guest may be. Towels in new colors to match the newest shades in bathroom fixtures! But at such low prices that they really demand an explanation.

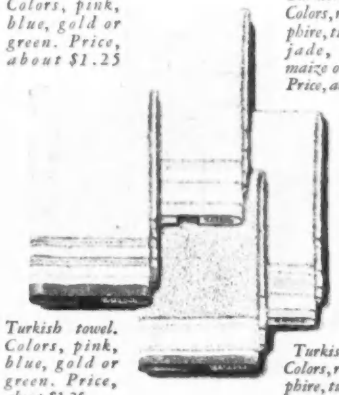
You can buy Cannon towels—good-looking, usable, long-wearing towels—for as little as twenty-five cents! And the whole explanation is this—the name Cannon. Cannon towels are made in the largest towel mills in the world with an efficiency that permits the greatest economy. The result is better towels at any price you wish to pay.

This unique combining of high quality and low price has made it entirely practical to have enough towels to furnish every member of the family a fresh, clean Cannon towel every day. Practical indeed—it costs so very little. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

The keenest judges of towel value are, of course, the hotels. They buy on the basis of tests and long experience, for their annual towel requirements are enormous. Their preference furnishes a trustworthy buying guide for the housewife. A large majority of the hotels in this country specify Cannon towels. They've done it for years.

Turkish towel. Colors, pink, blue, gold or green. Price, about $1.25

Turkish towel. Colors, rose, sapphire, turquoise, jade, peach, maize or orchid. Price, about $.39



Turkish towel. Colors, pink, blue, gold or green. Price, about $1.25

Turkish towel. Colors, rose, sapphire, turquoise, jade, peach, maize or orchid. Price, about $.50

You can now take advantage of Cannon values in your purchases of sheets, as well as in towels. The better department and dry-goods stores sell Cannon sheets in three different grades. Each grade offers a better quality sheet than the price ever bought before. And Cannon Lavender Lawn, the top grade, is, unquestionably, the finest sheet in the world.

CANNON TOWELS

TRADE MARK CANNON

In using advertisements see page 6

"Flatters with its dashing gleam . ."

says LADY HEATH

England's Foremost Woman Aviator

Famous flyer and hunter of big game . . . Lady Heath is renowned for her beauty and great daring. She has flown from Cape Town to London and hunted big game all over the globe.

Lady Heath keeps her capable hands lovely with the new Cutex Liquid Polish . . .

Lady Heath, now touring America to recount for us some experiences of her very enthralling life, is that delightful English combination of sportswoman and society woman everywhere admired—fearless, charming, beautiful.

As Lady Heath takes entire care of her own De Haviland Moth plane, we asked her whether she did not find it difficult to care for her hands.

And Lady Heath said to us, "I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle, and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and once a week I apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

"Really I'm quite devoted to that new Liquid Polish. It gives a dashing gleam that is very flattering to my conception of myself."

The new Cutex Liquid Polish flatters your nails

Do these three things

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, soften and shape the cuticle.

Second—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35c each. Polish and Remover together 50c. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

Special Introductory Offer—12¢

I enclose 12c for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 9L3
114 West 17th Street, New York.

_____

_____

One Little Kick

like a dose of tonic. He hardly noticed that all along he was drifting into a more personal relationship with the girl. She was still calling him "Oh, Mr. Lorillard!" But he was addressing her as "Edna." And buying her magazines, candies, and once, when a youth went through the train at one of the stations with a basket of them, a little corsage of summer flowers.

How he came to see "The Year of Enchantment" with her, he could really never understand. It was a Saturday, and in the train she mentioned that a friend had sent her two tickets for the play.

"I'm going this afternoon," she said. "To the matinée. I hear it's a wonderful play. I've been just dying to see it."

That led to the subject of the theatre, and they talked upon it a while. Every now and then, during the conversation, she opened her handbag and took out a square of frilly handkerchief and applied it daintily to her nose. She had quite a habit of doing that, and every time she did she released a little scent of Narcissus upon the air. F. Lewis liked the whiff of that perfume. Emmy didn't use perfume, though a costly bottle of it stood upon her dressing-table, and Patti and the maid filched from it liberally. However, to get back to the point, upon one occasion, when the girl opened her bag, she flicked out, along with her square of frilly handkerchief, the two tickets to the theatre. They sailed quite a little distance in the air, and she cried as she reached after them:

"There! I knew I was going to lose those tickets. I will yet, today. I always do."

And as Lewis retrieved them and held them out to her,

"Will you hold them for me till we get into town, Mr. Lorillard, please?"

He held them. They were in the pocket of his coat when he reached the office. They were still there at twelve when she telephoned and cried:

"Oh, Mr. Lorillard! The tickets! I forgot to take them from you! And I can't come over to get them. I have to stay late for some extra work. Would you leave them at the box-office for me, please? You have to pass that way to the train. And perhaps there's some one—a nice girl—in your office who could use one of them this afternoon? You see, I'm being disappointed all around today. The young man who was going with me can't come. And—and—oh, Mr. Lorillard! Perhaps *you* could make use of it. I do hate to see a ticket go to waste. And it's such a *good* play." Her voice hung in the air, waiting, anxious, pleading.

"Well," said F. Lewis. "I—I don't know. My plans—"

HE WENT to see "The Year of Enchantment." It was about a middle-aged man, well-preserved, good-looking, whose wife didn't understand him. But there was his secretary, a young woman, who did. He loved his secretary, and he wanted to marry her. But his wife wouldn't give him a divorce because of the children and one thing or another. So he drifted into a—well, *liaison* is a good word to describe it—and proceeded to have the happiest year of his life, a year which ended unfortunately with the death of the secretary. But he had had that year. And he felt that, having had it, he could go through most anything.

It was a sad play in a good many ways, and there was a deal of sniffing in the theatre, especially in the last act, where the secretary died with noble and romantic words on her lips. The girl Edna sniffed along with the rest, and flicked out her little handkerchief, and held it to her nose, and leaned quite close to F. Lewis, and whispered almost brokenheartedly:

"Oh, Mr. Lorillard! Isn't it the truest thing?"

F. Lewis said yes, it was. For the secretary had been a glamourous young creature with a luscious voice, and she had taken a lot of

One Little Kick

shoddy lines and endowed them with a charm and magic that were irresistible. And the hero of the play, the man of fifty, was so much like himself—or, rather, what he thought himself to be. Had F. Lewis been a man less honest, less really in love with his wife, he would have gone out of that theatre feeling that there, on the stage, was a picture of his life to a T.

IT WAS when they were getting up, after the final curtain had fallen, that the accident happened. The girl was wearing a long chain of crystal and pearl beads. And as she rose they caught, somehow, in the arm of a seat, snapped, and broke.

"Oh!" she cried, clutching frantically after them. "Oh, my!"

An usher helped pick them up. But the question was what to do with them, where to put them. The girl's bag was too small, too flat, and she had no pocket. She stood holding them in her square of flimsy, inefficient handkerchief and looked at F. Lewis appealingly. So that:

"Here," he said. "Give them to me."

And dropped them, scented handkerchief and all, into his pocket.

And there Emmy found them, along with the stubs of the matinee tickets, one morning as she prepared his suit for the dry cleaners.

Now, Emmy was not one of your sophisticated, suave, urbane women who meet a situation with a cold eye over a seething heart. She was too forthright a person for dissimulation. When she had something on her mind, she came right out with it. Besides, she had been noticing things in F. Lewis, his restlessness, a glint in his eye, the way he sometimes stared at himself in the mirror. And he had lied about the Saturday afternoon spent in town, said he had been busy with an account. But a lacy handkerchief giving off an odor of Narcissus, a broken strand of crystal and pearl beads, a pair of matinee stubs— What was it all about, h'm?

She wanted to know. And F. Lewis couldn't tell her. He started to explain and only damned himself further. F. Lewis was no sort of explainer, no sort at all. Not of his emotions and impulses. When it came to talking upon the art of merchandising products, his glibness was astonishing. But now he grew red and flustered and dreadfully guilty-looking. His tongue tied itself up in a knot, and he stammered like a school-boy who has been caught in the act of mischief-making. Emmy looked at him sweating under the collar, and listened to him stuttering. And her eyes grew wide, her hands cold, her heart leaden, and the whole world seemed to drop away and leave her standing in the midst of desolation and ruin.

After a while, however, the blood flowed back to her hands. She perked up her head, drew in her mouth, stuck out her chin so that the little curve of flesh under it quivered, and said steadily and coldly:

"You don't have to lie to me, Lewis. It isn't necessary. I don't want it. I won't have it. If you've found s-s-some one you like better than me, go to her. That's what divorces are for. But don't lie. Don't lie. I deserve better than that from you, Lewis!" This last with a break in her voice and a rush of tears to her eyes, so that her lips trembled even as she sought to steady them.

"But blast it!" cried F. Lewis. "I *don't* like her better. I don't like any one better! And I don't want a divorce! I told you that—"

"Don't swear at me, Lewis Lorillard! You told me enough. And what you didn't tell I can read for myself."

She swept away from him. In the days that followed, she went about stiff-necked, tight-lipped, red-eyed.

F. Lewis was beside himself. He pleaded: "For heaven's sake, Emmy! Be reasonable. Try and understand—"

"I can't, Lewis. You can't make me."

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA is one of the most effective of all dentifrices . . . It is pure BICARBONATE of SODA

1 *Place a little Arm & Hammer Baking Soda in the palm of the left hand. Use patented box opening.*

2 *Moisten the tooth brush—either in a glass of water or by holding under the faucet.*

3 *Pick up Baking Soda on the moistened brush.*

4 *First, brush the lower teeth, using an upward motion—not a crosswise one.*

5 *Then, brush the upper teeth, using a downward motion or, if you prefer, a circular motion.*

6 *Finally, brush inside of teeth thoroughly, still using the up-and-down motion.*

ARM & HAMMER Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) has practically every property that a good dentifrice should have. It is alkaline in reaction—neutralizes mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It is free from grit of any kind, yet has a natural "bite" that efficiently removes film without injury to the enamel. It is easy to use. And is inexpensive.

Dentists are warm in their praise of Baking Soda. They recommend its use three times a day—after every meal. Use it as the illustrations here suggest.

Buy Baking Soda from your grocer. To be sure of the highest quality insist on either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. Both have been made by the same company for over 80 years.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.

ARM & HAMMER AND COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE IDENTICAL. BOTH ARE BICARBONATE OF SODA IN ITS PUREST FORM EXCEEDING THE U. S. P. STANDARDS.

Have you tried a Baking Soda Bath? It brings relief to tired nerves and muscles. Just dissolve a half-pound of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda in the tub and bathe in your usual way.

Provides an effective cover—easily opened and closed.

68 uses

Send the coupon for Free booklet

Church & Dwight Co., Inc. (C-11)
80 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet on Baking Soda as a household remedy—also send me a free set of thirty beautifully colored bird cards.

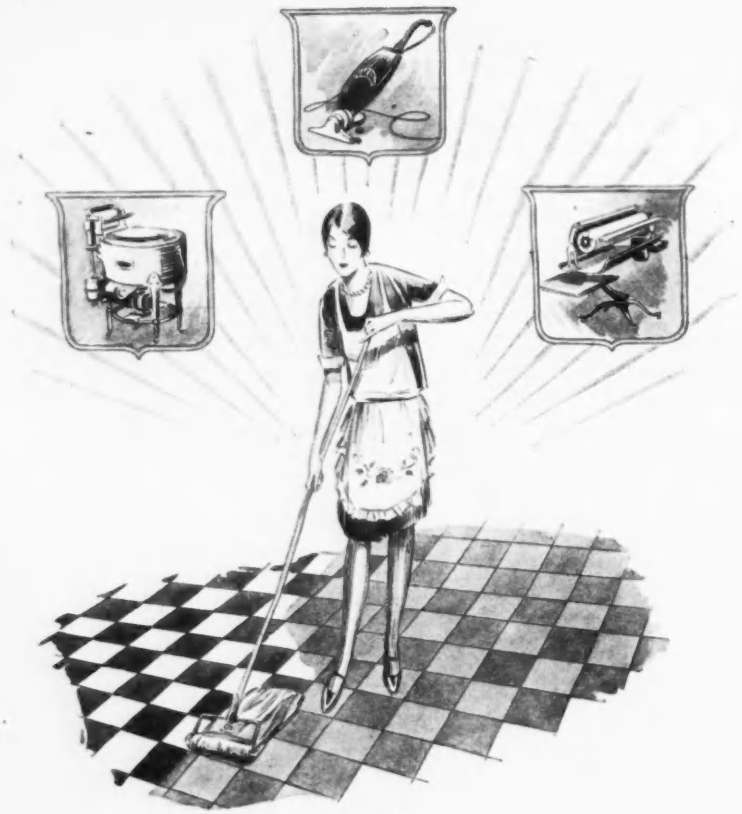
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

In using advertisements see page 6



To further lighten housework—
B/C Linoleum Lacquer

TAKING drudgery out of home cleaning is the modern order of things. And now comes another contribution to your comfort and convenience—B/C Linoleum Lacquer. This wonderful product is prepared especially for linoleums, both inlaid and printed—there is nothing else like it. B/C beautifies and brightens linoleums with a hard, lustrous coating through which dust and dirt cannot pass. Scrubbing is no longer necessary, for a mop glides freely over the surface taking with it every soiling substance, every spoiling stain. B/C Linoleum Lacquer is easily applied and quickly dries—it can be walked on in one hour. Two applications each year are enough for ordinary wear. Being water-white, B/C does not discolor even the palest linoleum patterns. At department stores, (floor covering or paint sections) hardware, paint, furniture and floor covering stores. Mail coupon and 25c for a trial half-pint can, regularly sold at sixty cents.

B C BECKWITH-CHANDLER

LINOLEUM LACQUER

This coupon is worth 35c to you on a trial can of B/C. Mail it today!

BECKWITH-CHANDLER COMPANY, Dept. 123
201 Emmett Street, Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen: Enclosed is 25 cents to cover mailing costs on a half-pint can of B/C Linoleum Lacquer (retail price sixty cents).

Name .....

Address .....

My dealer's name is .....

One Little Kick

In the train, one morning, the girl asked for her beads.

F. Lewis snapped at her.

"I haven't got them!" (He had thrown them to the floor, ground them angrily under his heel.) "I don't know where they are."

"But, oh, Mr. Lorillard! You can't mean that!" Her blue eyes were aghast with dismay. "They were awfully expensive beads. The crystals were genuine, and the pearls—Oh! I'm sure they can't be lost. I'll go in and ask Mrs. Lorillard. They were in the pocket of your coat, you remember? Wrapped in my handkerchief. Perhaps she came across—"

"No!" almost shouted F. Lewis. And then more softly, a pleading note in his voice: "Don't ask Mrs. Lorillard. She wouldn't—she—I'm sorry they're lost. But I'll buy you a new string. I'll buy you a new—"

"But, Mr. Lorillard, they were expensive beads. They cost me more than I earn in a month. I'm afraid you don't understand. I wouldn't want you to spend so much money. I'm sure, if I ask Mrs. Lorillard—"

"No, no! That won't be necessary. I tell you I lost them. I was out walking, and I had a—a hole in my pocket. And they must have slipped out—I'll get you a new string. I'll go to Deverieux's and—"

"But I got mine at Garnier's, Mr. Lorillard. They're the only place that carries just that sort of—"

"Garnier's?" gasped Mr. Lorillard. *"Garnier's!"*

Suddenly he saw the girl for what she was. Why, even he couldn't afford to buy strings of beads in Garnier's! And he drew fifteen thousand a year from the F. Lewis Lorillard Associates. Oh, that string had not come from Garnier's. No, no. But she wanted one from there. And she meant to have it. If she didn't, she would go to Emmy. She would go to Emmy and—Oh, she wasn't nineteen, this girl. He looked at her out of narrowed eyes. And abruptly he noticed that her hair was too gold to be natural, her eyes too wide and blue to be guileless, her voice too childlike to be genuine. He had been taken in, F. Lewis.

He gulped and took his medicine. "All right," he said grimly. "I'll get it at Garnier's. Crystals and pearls. You'll have it tomorrow."

"That's so sporting of you, Mr. Lorillard. You've no idea—"

"Oh, yes, I have!" snapped F. Lewis. "I've got the idea all right. And—" he picked up his newspaper, rose to his feet, "good morning!"

Whereupon he turned and stalked out of that car toward the smoker.

AND that was that. But Emmy. She wouldn't talk to F. Lewis. And her behavior made the children suspicious. And one night, when Patti related at dinner that Evelyn Hillyard's mother and father (Evelyn was Patti's closest friend) were getting a divorce, she said something she never should have said before Patti, who was just embarking upon the romance of her life and needed her faith whole and unshattered; something she never would have said had her heart been less bitter.

"No wonder," said Emmy. "I'm not surprised at what you tell me, Patti. Essie Hillyard is a tired woman. She brought up a family of six children, and she lost her looks doing it. But Dan Hillyard is still a fine-looking man, with all his strength and vitality, and he's probably wanting somebody younger than Essie, somebody prettier and peppier. That's the way it is these days. You spend your life in the service of a man, bring up his children, offer up your youth and your loveliness, and then when you're exhausted and you need him most, he scraps you like old junk and turns to somebody else."

Patti's eyes opened wide. "Why, Mother!" she said. "I never heard you say anything like that before!"

Emmy bit her lips and said, or rather tried to say lightly, "Haven't you?"

But Lewis pushed his chair away from the

One Little Kick

table and stumbled out into the night. His heart was torn. That Emmy could talk that way! That Emmy could think that way even for an instant! Oh, what had he *done* to Emmy? He loved her. Her alone. He wouldn't leave her for—for the Queen of Sheba, herself! What a mess he had made of things! What a mess! What a mess!

HE CAME back hours later and cried to her: "What are you trying to do, Emmy? Wreck everything?"

"I?" said Emmy. "Was it I who—"

"Listen, Emmy," he pleaded. "Try to understand. The girl didn't mean anything to me. Not anything. I wouldn't exchange one finger of yours for the whole of her! I don't know why I got mixed up with her. I never did that sort of thing before. You know that. And I don't know why I did it now. God knows I didn't mean to. It was just that—that something came over me. All of a sudden I got a feeling that I wanted something—something—well—exciting to happen. It—it was like a fever almost. And—and she came along—and—and— *Can't* you understand, Emmy?"

Emmy stood with puzzled, tortured, pained eyes. "But why?" she demanded. "Why? You say she didn't mean anything to you. You say you—you love me. And yet you go off and—"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned F. Lewis in a sweat. "The thing was stronger than I. It was stronger— It took hold of me—"

What was the use? He didn't understand, himself. How could he expect her to understand?

A pall descended upon him. He went about like a man with a sentence hanging over his head. Emmy had taken herself from him. Oh, she was there in the flesh, ministering to his needs, directing the servants in the house, looking after the children. But her spirit, her heart, were not with him. And he missed her. More than he ever supposed a man could miss a woman. Indeed, he was only half a man, half himself, without her. He couldn't even go about the business of merchandising products. All the pep had oozed out of him.

IT WAS in this frame of mind, half-alert, half-distracted, that he ran into Paul on the street. Paul was an old friend, a boyhood friend, who had once been a serious rival for Emmy's hand. Indeed, Paul always declared that Emmy was the only woman he had ever loved, and since he had remained unmarried, his declaration bore the face of truth. A civil engineer was Paul, a wanderer over the face of the earth, a romantic figure with glamourous blue eyes in a swarthy, sunburned face. In years he was every bit as old as F. Lewis. But he looked younger by a good fifteen years. That was because of his leanness, his hardness, the dash about him. F. Lewis, going absently, distractedly, along to meet a client, almost knocked him over before he recognized him.

"Paul!" he cried, when he did. "Paulibus! You old son of— For the love of— Where in the world did you drop from? What are you doing here? Where are you going? Let's have a look at you! Gosh! The same old Paul! For the love of heaven, man! Don't you ever grow older? Don't you—"

Paul laughed aloud and poked a playful finger at F. Lewis' middle.

"I see *you've* been hitting the feed bags, though! You must be rich, Frederick Lewis! You look like Morgan himself! Say, could you spare me a million or two? There's a bridge I'd like to build down in Ar—"

"Here, now," said F. Lewis. "Quit the blarney." He pulled out his watch, noted the time. "Look. I've got to go over and see some one. I'll be busy about an hour. But after that I could meet you. Have you lunched yet? How about meeting me in the main dining—"

Doesn't *this* change all your ideas about WINDOW SHADES?

Of course, you've never before thought of window shades in just this way—as actual units of decoration, like your draperies, rugs or furniture.

For never until now have window shades had distinction of *pattern*.

That's why Brenlin Piqué will be a revelation to you!

Smart, slender piqué cords—woven right in the fabric itself! Available in many lovely hand-applied tints that resist fading by sun, spotting by rain.

Your shades of Brenlin Piqué will always hang straight and smooth, for they are made of the famous Brenlin long-wearing window shade material.

Send for samples, descriptive book, and Color Selector

See Brenlin Piqué for yourself. And choose just the tints which will harmonize with your rooms—by means of an interesting new Color Selector. 10c enclosed with coupon below brings you samples of Brenlin Piqué, Color Selector, and instructive book on this modish material. We will also send name and address of your nearest Brenlin dealer.

BRENLIN PIQUÉ

The Chas. W. Breneman Company, Dept. B-6, 2045 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me samples of Brenlin Piqué, descriptive book, and Color Selector. Also, name of nearest Brenlin dealer. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin)

Name.....

Address.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Dwight Anchor sheets stay white and firm for years, housewives say.

"I still have two of my first Dwight Anchor sheets, *purchased some 16 years ago*"

Day in and day out home use verifies results of impartial laundry tests

MRS. GRACE J. LOWE of Roxbury, Massachusetts, writes, "Dwight Anchor sheets have always filled my bed linen wants. I still have two of my first sheets in service, purchased 16 years ago."

Actual records such as this bear out the results of recent laundry tests.

Dwight Anchor sheets, together with seven other leading brands, marked only by a code symbol, were washed and ironed again and again, until they had the equivalent of years of wear at home.

Dwight Anchors remained strong and firm, whereas the other sheets showed varying degrees of wear at the hems, the edges, and centerfold.

And now you can get still better wear, even from your Dwight Anchors, by ordering sheets 108 inches long with equal hems, top and bottom, so that you can reverse them and equalize the strain.

The Smart Colored Sheets

Dwight Anchors are also made in the exquisite pastel shades—pink, blue, nile, maize, rose, peach, and orchid—in two color tones—and in white with colored top hems.

Each bed set packed in a beautiful gift box. And the colors are *fast*.

If you can't get Dwight Anchors where you shop, write us. Dwight Manufacturing Company, Minot, Hooper & Co., Selling Agents, 11 Thomas St., New York.

This photograph shows center fold of Dwight Anchor sheet greatly magnified; still strong and firm after numerous washings.

Dwight Anchor

SHEETS · PILLOW CASES · SHEETING · TUBING

Manufactured since 1840

One Little Kick

"Can't," replied Paul. "No time for lunch. I'm only staying in the city a week, and during that time I've got a thousand—"

"Where are you putting up?"

"No place, as yet. I only got in this morning. My grips are still—"

"I'll tell you what!" boomed F. Lewis. "You stay with us at the bungalow! We've got loads of room. Loads. I'll take you out tonight. You meet me at five. You owe Emmy a visit, anyway. And you ought to see Patti. You wouldn't know her. She's grown up and engaged. Yup! To Doug Crawford. I don't know whether you know him or not. He's a nice youngster. All right, then. Five!"

EMMY uttered a sharp, high little cry when they arrived.

"Paul!"

He gripped her hands, held her off while he looked at her. His leanness, his hardness, his brownness, the frank adoration in his eyes, the romance that seemed to cling about him—middle-aged woman that Emmy was, a thrill, nevertheless, went through her. A flush came to her cheeks, a light to her eyes. She seemed to grow pretty, younger, all in the twinkling of an eye.

The longest time Paul held her hands, almost crushing them in his long, dark, strong fingers.

"Lord, but it's good to see you, Emmy!" he said.

There was that in his voice that made her warm all over.

He lifted Patti off her feet and kissed her soundly, despite the fact that Doug stood looking on.

"Knew you when you were in—a—ahems," he said. "So I come by that kiss honestly enough."

He talked through dinner. He talked through the hours afterward. He wove a spell of his adventures in far lands, of his passages with women here and there, of himself. He had been to China, Siberia, Egypt, India, South America, where-not. He had had a little romance with a princess of a small European monarchy. She had been willing to renounce her accession to the throne and run off with him to America. He had been held captive by blacks in the interior of Africa and been freed by a woman of their tribe. He had seen countries in the making and unmaking, even served a prison term in Russia during the upheaval that followed the fall of the Czar. He had been presented at foreign courts. He had medals of honor—he drew them from a pocket—from several nations. He had built a great dam, a great bridge, a great reservoir. He had friends among the peoples of all nations, civilized and barbarous.

He talked, and as Emmy listened a vague feeling of regret stole over her. He was such a glamourous figure, and he had loved her. She could have had him, and traveled over the wide world with him, to far places and distant climes. She would have had adventures, thrills, experiences. But she had married F. Lewis. Because she had loved him better. And she had not been sorry. Not really. F. Lewis was not a romantic, glamourous figure. In khaki breeches and a wide hat (the costume she envisioned Paul as wearing) F. Lewis would have cut a ridiculous figure. But he had been good to her. Better, she knew, than Paul with his fitful, temperamental moods could ever have been. She even suspected, deep down in her heart, that she would never have been happy at all with Paul! Until this last storm her life with F. Lewis had been calm, peaceful, serene, almost uneventful. And yet—and yet—

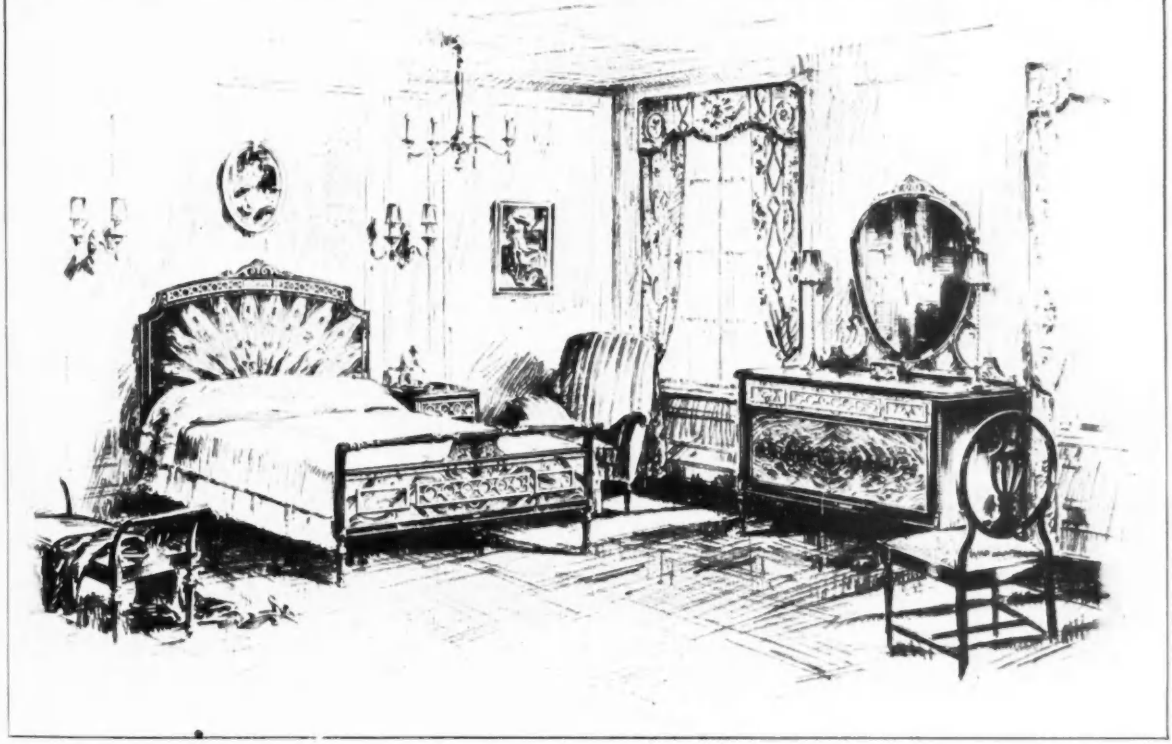
That vague feeling of regret, she knew not for what, grew. And with it, too, grew a dissatisfaction with her lot in life, a dissatisfaction she had never felt before. Really, now, what had she got out of her years? She had imagined, planned, plotted such wondrous things.

To Harmonize with this Lovely SHEFFIELD SUITE

This Exquisite Bedroom Arranged for You by

THE STUDIOS OF STERLING & WELCH, CLEVELAND, OHIO

NUMBER TWO OF A SERIES OF ROOM INTERIORS BY AMERICA'S FOREMOST DECORATORS



The Sheffield Suite now displayed by leading furniture dealers everywhere.

* * *

The selection of the Sheffield, from a varied and splendid assortment of Berkey & Gay bedroom suites, by this well-known staff of interior decorators shows that furniture style and beauty are now well within the means of the average family.

This charming suite is Heppelwhite in style. The unusual beauty of the highly appropriate woods, and their new and modern handling, together with a soft, luxurious finish, lend it particular distinction. Beautiful carved overlays and hand matched woods are employed liberally. Special features of convenience are present, such as partitioned trays for jewelry; and the toilet table contains a plate glass tray for cosmetics. Features which are typical of the details and appointments found in all Berkey & Gay suites.

Altogether, this strikingly beautiful suite is a splendid example of Berkey & Gay style and workmanship, for more than three generations the criterion of furniture style in America. Visit your leading furniture store and view this beautiful Sheffield Suite. Look at other selections of Berkey & Gay suites; watch your dealer's advertising for further important announcements.

DETAILS OF THE STERLING & WELCH BEDROOM

As an appropriate setting for this suite, the Sterling & Welch Studios suggest an ivory background with soft green and rose colors predominating. The floor is entirely covered with a seamless carpet in a soft shade of gray-green. The ceiling and walls are painted light ivory; the panel molding is ivory with a slight cream glaze. The glass curtains are of a figured net, linen colored. The lambrequins and hangings are waterproof cretonne with a rose tone floral pattern. The upholstered chair is covered with a striped green silk; the bench and small chair seat are covered with small figured linen frieze in softened tones of coral and green. The center ceiling lights and side brackets are silver with glass candle cuts and drops; the silk shades are rose colored. The bedspread is green taffeta with piping and edging of rose.

* * *

Interesting, helpful room details and suggestions by leading authorities fill the "Furniture Style Book." A new chapter on Art Moderne Furniture and Decoration is now included. Endorsed by leading decorators. Send for the Furniture Style Book. Price, fifty cents—stamps or coin.

Berkey & Gay Furniture

Berkey & Gay Furniture Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan: Founded 1853
New York Wholesale Showroom, 115 West 40th Street

Furniture's Proudest Coat-of-Arms. Inset in every Berkey & Gay piece—your protection when buying—your pride ever after.

In using advertisements see page 6

as told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 men

"Women use too much Rouge"

THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. There is never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* Blonde and brunette use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never, because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the light powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of colors as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial — enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Besides rouge, the set contains easily a month's supply of Princess Pat famous almond base powder and five other beauty aids. Also Beauty Booklet containing artful secrets of make-up and valuable information on skin care.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-893, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

★

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT
PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO

One Little Kick

Such wondrous things. And she had worked—dreadfully hard in the years when F. Lewis was just getting his start—slaved even, and pinched, and saved. There had been Patti, and then Lewis 2nd. She had brought both of them up without the help of a maid. She had fought the good fight with Lewis just as lustily as if she had gone forth into business with him each day. And now—and now she was forty-five! Forty-five! Nearly forty-six! Soon—the years went so fast!—she would be fifty! Fifty! And she was tired. And she had lost her figure. And Lewis had turned to somebody younger. Yes, he had! He might say he was sorry, he might reiterate that he hadn't meant to, but he *had,* just the same! A little chill went down her spine; a clammy hand laid itself on her heart.

SHE took to sitting out on the little porch early in the morning and staring off into the sea. And there Paul found her on the last day of his stay with them.. He wore a bathing suit covered with a gaily-striped beach robe. He was going to take a swim before he went into town. And he said,

"Come on along to the ocean, Emmy."

He looked virile, handsome, magnetic, even thus early in the morning.

She went along. He shed his robe, plunged into the water, struck out with long, powerful strokes, swam about the distance of half a mile, and then turned and came back to her, stretching himself out in the sand at her feet.

He said: "You know, Emmy? You haven't changed a bit! Frederick Lewis has put on a corporosity and lost his hair. But you've remained the same old Emmy, with the same little face, and the same—"

"Now, now!" interrupted Emmy. "Save the bouquets. We know you, Paul of the silver tongue. We know you. I've changed. I've grown older. More so than Lewis even. You don't have to tell me; you *can't* tell me otherwise."

But she felt warmed nevertheless. And as Paul continued to talk and look at her out of adoring eyes, the clammy hand lifted itself from her heart. She half suspected that some of his ardor was simulated. He had met women more charming, more captivating, more beautiful than she had ever been. He might declare over and over again that he had never loved any one but her. She didn't believe him. He wasn't the type that goes through life mourning one woman. Yet it was pleasant, bracing, almost thrilling to hear him say so.

And it was nice to have him there in the sand, at her feet. His hair was so crisp, so black. His eyes were so blue, so ardent. His teeth were so white, so strong. Emmy forgot she was forty-five, nearly forty-six, soon fifty. She forgot she was tired and had lost her figure. She forgot that Lewis had turned from her to a younger, prettier, peppier girl. She forgot that she had worked hard and got very little out of her life. She only knew that where, just a little while ago, she had been feeling miserable, now there was a lilt in her, a stir in her blood, a warmth mounting in her flesh, a gaiety, almost, in her heart.

Paul raised his head, shifted closer. "I'm going away for a long time this trip, Emmy," he said. "I'll be gone years. I may never see you again. Will you give me a kiss to take with me?"

His breath was on her cheek, his voice pleading. Emmy felt herself leaning toward him. She said to herself, "No, no!" But the thing was stronger than she. She *wanted* to kiss him, to be kissed by him! Oh, she did! Not because she loved him. Because she didn't. She never had. But there was a fever upon her, a—a something—that reached out and sought to snatch at everything that came its way. The years would be gone so fast. And she had dreamed so many dreams. And realized so few. Life was going by, running by, so fast, so fast— She leaned still farther toward him.

One Little Kick

His face was close to hers. In another instant—

Suddenly she sat erect, and laughed, and cried lightly:

"Of course, I'll give you a kiss, Paul! Why not? What's a kiss between friends like us? Between two middle-aged people whose lives—"

Her head darted toward him; she pecked him swiftly, featherily, on a cheek. Then she got to her feet.

"I almost forgot. I've got to run and telephone Lewis. There's something I've got to tell him. Something he'll be waiting to hear."

She went across the sand as quickly as her middle-aged limbs could carry her. Her heart felt light, her blood eager. She understood now why Lewis had slipped! It had come to her there on the sand with Paul when she herself had begun to—

Why, of course! That was it: Lewis was feeling the hand of time upon him, too! Lewis was tired, too, even though he didn't show it so much, even though he still walked with buoyant, sprightly step! Lewis had worked hard, long, as unselfishly in his way as she had in hers! And he hadn't got the things he wanted from life any more than she had! And he was nearly fifty, and the years were going so fast—so fast—

It was true, what he said. He hadn't cared for the girl! She hadn't meant anything to him! He had not turned to her because he was tired of herself, Emmy, or because he desired some one younger, prettier, peppier. Not at all! Lewis was swinging into the lane that knows no turning, the long lane of the fifties, the lane leading to old age when nothing more exciting would happen to him. He must have come to that realization suddenly, the way a man would. And a panic must have descended upon him, a regret; a regret for the things he had meant to do yet never had, never could. Just as a panic, a regret, had come upon her. And he had made one little gesture of resistance against the tide that was sweeping him on, one little kick of rebellion, before it was too late. He had reached out and grasped—at anything—the girl, because she had just happened along at the moment, the way Paul had happened along this morning. That was all Lewis' affair had been! A gesture! A kick! A last grasp at the fleeting garments of the romance, the adventure, the dreams he would never touch again!

She went to the telephone, called the office number, the one that connected straight with F. Lewis' desk.

She said into it, "Lewis?"

He answered quickly, alarm in his voice because she so rarely called him when he was at work: "Yes. Emmy? What is it?"

She laughed. "Nothing," she said. "Nothing, Lewis. I just thought I'd tell you I—I understand."

She could hear his sigh of relief, and it moved her curiously.

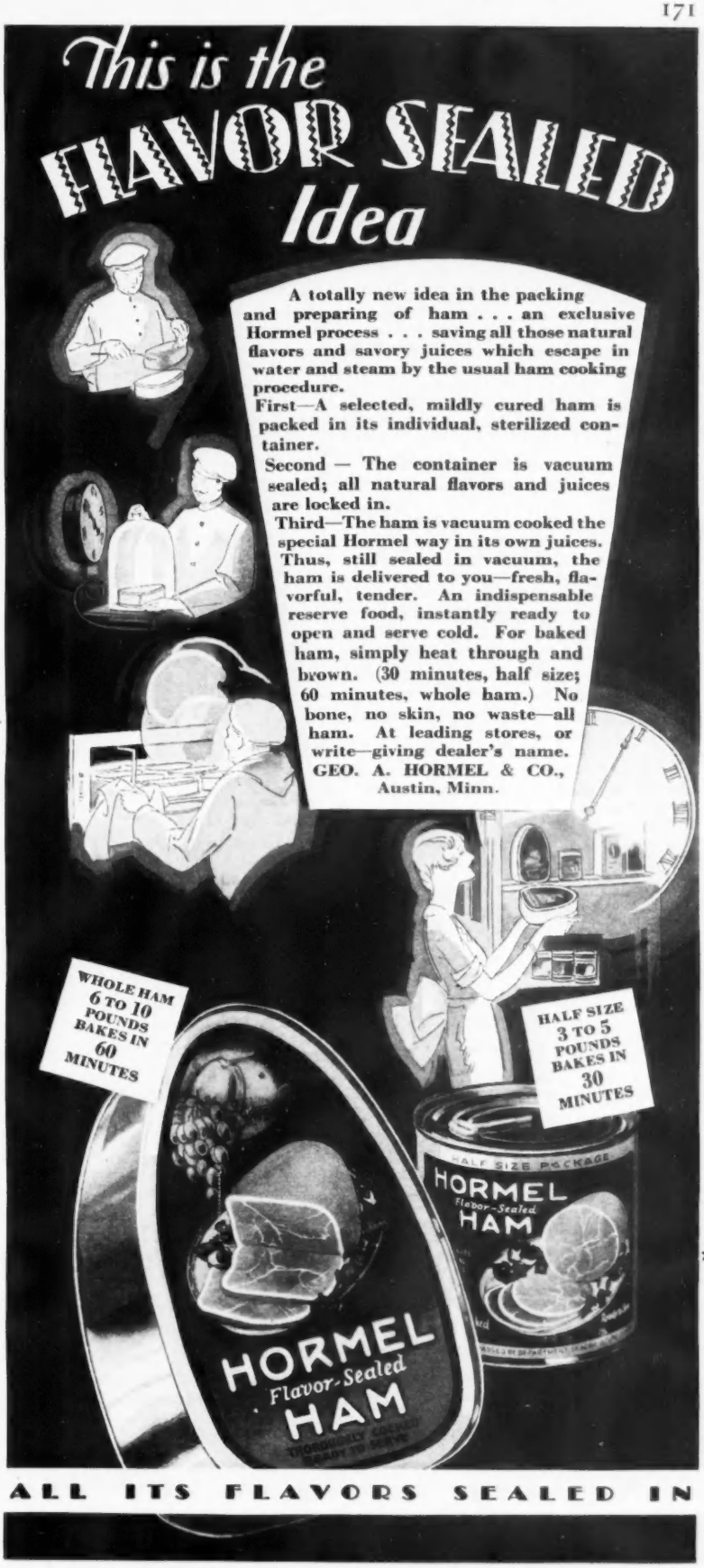
"Thank God!" he said reverently. "Gee, Emmy! That's a load off my mind. I was nearly crazy. I'll be home early."

REVEALMENT

By John Richard Moreland

I WHO *have suffered pain and loss,*
Who daily went Golgotha's way,
Sought you for comfort night and day,
Made you help bear my heavy cross.

HOW *blind I was to think you one*
Who knew no tears, who had no loss,
Nor did I know you bore a cross
Until I saw you nailed thereon!


This is the
FLAVOR SEALED
Idea
A totally new idea in the packing and preparing of ham . . . an exclusive Hormel process . . . saving all those natural flavors and savory juices which escape in water and steam by the usual ham cooking procedure.
First—A selected, mildly cured ham is packed in its individual, sterilized container.
Second — The container is vacuum sealed; all natural flavors and juices are locked in.
Third—The ham is vacuum cooked the special Hormel way in its own juices. Thus, still sealed in vacuum, the ham is delivered to you—fresh, flavorful, tender. An indispensable reserve food, instantly ready to open and serve cold. For baked ham, simply heat through and brown. (30 minutes, half size; 60 minutes, whole ham.) No bone, no skin, no waste—all ham. At leading stores, or write—giving dealer's name. GEO. A. HORMEL & CO., Austin, Minn.
WHOLE HAM 6 TO 10 POUNDS BAKES IN 60 MINUTES
HALF SIZE 3 TO 5 POUNDS BAKES IN 30 MINUTES
HALF SIZE PACKAGE
HORMEL
Flavor-Sealed
HAM
HORMEL
Flavor-Sealed
HAM
ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

In using advertisements see page 6

Please Accept Full-Size Package To Try

NOTE COUPON

5 Minutes Now Cooks Macaroni!

No More Burnt Macaroni. Saves 15 Minutes Pot Watching. ***A NEW Food Invention Developed By Quaker Oats Company Experts***

HERE is the latest achievement of Quaker Oats Company experts to make meals more delicious and kitchen work easier for women.

An utterly NEW-TYPE macaroni—*milk-containing*—that cooks in 5 minutes and puts one of the world's most important strength foods on the quick list. No fuss, no muss, no bother—no more burnt macaroni.

Please accept a full-size package to try. We pay your grocer the full retail price. So do not hesitate to present the coupon below.

A U. S. Patented Food Invention

We made this new creation with whole milk. Ordinary macaroni is made with water and takes 20 minutes, as you know, to cook.

That milk, too, brings you a finer macaroni. A super tender, far more succulent macaroni.

Years were spent in perfecting it. Protected by U. S. Patent, there is no other macaroni like it. Please remember this.

5 Minutes—That's All

Five minutes cooks it perfectly. Which is as it should be. For strength-giving macaroni should be often on your table. Quicker now for a macaroni meal than making sandwiches for the family. You cook it while the coffee cooks. This is something you will like.

Full-Size Package Free

Go today to your grocery. Present coupon below. Get a full-size package of QUAKER QUICK MILK MACARONI. Free to try. Try its quick cooking. Note its amazing tenderness. See what a royal dish macaroni has been made. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Good For Full-Size Package **Present to Any Grocer**

To get full-size package of Quaker QUICK Macaroni, simply sign this coupon and present to your grocer. He will give you a full-size package FREE. (If your grocer can't supply you, send coupon to us direct.)

Note to Retail Grocers: The Quaker Oats Co. hereby promises to pay you 10c for each 8-oz.-package on presentation of this coupon to the Quaker Oats Co., 80 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. GH-3

It must be duly signed by the housewife who receives the free package. And only one package to a family. No payment will be made to coupon brokers.

Name .....

Housewives Note: Coupons good for genuine Oneida Community Tudor Plate spoons *inside every package*. Get spoon for coupons alone or for only three coupons and 15 cents.

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Quaker Quick* Macaroni

Dog Sense

(*Continued from page 41*)

tow lines and stepped back. As I did so, I unwound my whip from my waist and waited.

Pretty soon Jack rolled over on his stomach. His black eyes, sharp with fury, were fixed on me. Scarcely moving, he gathered his four feet under him for a spring.

I called him to come to me and swung my whip, but not to hit him. I had no idea of beating him that way. I just wanted him to see the gesture before it was too late.

Almost at the same instant he let drive. You never realize how far a big dog can jump until he comes for you in anger. He literally shot through the air. But I knew what to expect. I ducked. As he sailed by my shoulder, I grabbed his belly-band. It took quick work. But before he caught his balance, I swung him over and down. Again I seized his jowls with all the strength I had, and crammed one knee into his ribs.

We had it out to a finish. I wasn't really hurting him. But I was infuriating him beyond control. So long as I held his jowls and kept some of my weight on him, he couldn't bite me. But if my grip had slipped, nothing could have saved me. My wife nearly lost her mind as we rolled wildly around there in the snow.

Finally I got Jack's nose into soft snow. With all my strength I pushed it down and down. I was thankful when at last he went limp. For a few moments I didn't get up. I was tuckered out.

Then I stood back a few feet and waited for Jack to come to. When he opened his eyes, he rolled them at me. I talked to him gently.

"Come here, Jack, old boy. Come on, old man. We don't want to fight, do we?"

He began to whine gently. Slowly he crawled over to me. I held the whip in my hand so he could see it. I wanted him to feel that I could thrash him if I chose.

I stood up. I took a step toward him, still holding the whip and still talking to him. He kept on coming, low down and whimpering. When he was at my feet, I leaned over and patted him. Slowly he stood up, looking into my eyes as if he couldn't believe that he wasn't being whipped. His tail began to wag. All the time I talked to him:

"We're friends now, old fellow. You're going to be a great dog on my team. Let's hitch up and go. What do you say?"

His tail was wagging harder than ever. I hitched him up. "All right!" I called. Jack jumped into his place and trotted, tail up, pulling as hard as any dog I had. I'd won.

From that day on Jack got better and better. Later he was one of the great racing dogs of Alaska.

A Dog Must Learn to Obey

Now I'll tell you what was the matter with Jack: *he hadn't had a proper bringing up.*

When Jack was a young dog, he had not been made to mind. When he was an older dog, he still was undisciplined. As a result, when he was trained to the last minute for racing, when he was strong and well-fed and every nerve jumping for the word "*Mush*," he hadn't learned enough self-control to stand the strain. He was so high-strung he'd buffalo his driver into letting him do what he wanted. And when the driver tried to handle him, he'd fly at the man.

When I tell this yarn to people whose dogs haven't any manners, or are completely out of control, they usually say:

"Oh, well, that doesn't apply to *our* dog, Scotty. Your Jack was a big, fierce Alaskan animal. We couldn't bear to have a *fight* with our Fido. Oh, no."

But they're wrong. True, I've had most to do with malemutes, those powerful animals we drive in the arctic, dogs that can sleep out in 80 degrees below zero and live on frozen fish for months; dogs that can nuzzle snow for water and gnaw rawhide for grub; that can tear

Dog Sense

off a hundred miles of trail between dawn and dark and come up for another day on the next dawn; hard dogs, half-wolf and altogether primitive. But I've had a lot to do with other dogs, too. And I have yet to find the dog that doesn't need bringing up to make it a good dog, just as a child needs proper bringing up to make it a decent man or woman.

Take this case: I remember it because I'd just been married, and it nearly wrecked my bride's regard for my good sense.

I was living in Washington at the time. A neighbor was called away suddenly and asked me if I'd take care of a puppy he had, a stubborn, young, thick-haired setter.

I suppose the average person would have tied the puppy in the woodshed, fed and watered him, and let it go at that. Probably I should have done the same. But my education along the lines of handling animals had been different.

Begin When He Is a Puppy

I turned the puppy loose in the yard to play. When my bride announced supper, I went out and called him. I knew he was hungry and counted on the smell of food to bring him up on the porch. But, with the perversity of a youngster that has learned to love coaxing, the little fellow promptly crawled under the house. No amount of entreaty would bring him out.

"Supper's ready," announced my young wife for the dozenth time.

"Of course, I ought to have gone in and left the puppy until after the meal. But my dander was up. I wasn't used to having a dog disobey me. Moreover, this was the first night the puppy was with us. One triumph on his part would make things that much harder the next day.

I got down on my stomach and looked under the house. I could see the puppy in the farthest corner. "Here, purp—purp—purp," I called as kindly as I could. But he just sat there and enjoyed the fact that I couldn't do anything about it.

I got a hoe and painstakingly hauled out enough dirt to let me under. Gradually I worked my way clear back to the little devil. I could then have pulled him out, but that wouldn't have meant anything. I kept talking to him. I'd talk a little and then back out. When he wouldn't follow, I'd crawl back to him and talk some more.

"Come on, little fellow. Here, boy."

Finally he followed me out. I tried then to coax him into the house. But at the first sign he ran back under the house. By this time the supper was cold, and the bride—well, she was pretty hot.

It took so long for me to get under the house, and it was so dark by this time, that I finally got a rope about twenty feet long and attached it to the pup's collar. My idea was to let him go all the way under the house and then work him out by calling him. If he didn't come I'd jerk him out, let him go back, and then talk to him again. When he came out, I'd try to coax him into the house.

Well, I started this business about 6 P. M. It was early morning when I got the puppy to follow me into the house! He was all tuckered out by that time, and I tell you I was, too.

And we were hungry, both of us. I hadn't had a bite to eat since noon, nor had the puppy. The bride had gone to bed in disgust. So I gave the puppy his reward, a good feed, to show him I appreciated his obedience. (This reward part of the training is important.) I patted him and talked to him, and he wagged his tail at me the whole time.

Just then my wife called down, "You are both fools!"

She was probably right. But I had proved to that puppy that I was master in my house. And when I turned in, he came up and slept by my bed. In the morning he was there to greet me. He jumped all over me and wagged his little tail as if to say:

WATER CRYSTAL CLEAR

from pipes that will not rust

Sparkling, crystal-clear water. That's the way your city provides it. How does it come to you?

Rusty? Thick? Unfit to drink?

Never—if you were foresighted enough to use brass water pipes throughout your house. For brass water pipes* never rust, never clog; they deliver the full flow of crystal-clear water *always*.

* Brass Pipe, made by Chase is called Alpha. It is made from a special kind of Chase Brass which contains *more* copper. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints that last forever.

A GREAT BUSINESS BUILT AROUND MAN'S HOSTILITY TO RUST

What a hopeless word "rust" is—how it suggests neglect and decay—materials destroyed by rain and moisture—mechanisms, clogged and stiffened into disuse. Rust! The whole civilized world is engaged in fighting it.

It is the business of the Chase company to meet mankind's need of protection from rust.

Alpha Brass Water Pipes, Bronze or Copper Screening, Copper Roof Gutters — these and many more Chase products are designed to provide house-builders with materials that time cannot spoil and that will last longer than the house they protect.

CHASE

The Mark that Identifies Good Brass and Copper Products.

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.
INCORPORATED
WATERBURY • CONNECTICUT

In using advertisements see page 6

Keep the foot small *in these* .....smart Drew Shoes

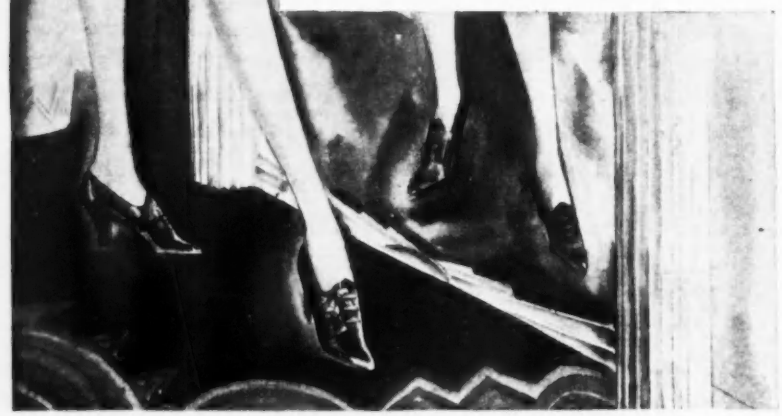
Smart . . . Drew Arch Rest Shoes! Fashionable women adore their beauty, their lustrous leathers, their swagger style . . . and above all, the gracious, graceful things they do to the foot . . . keeping it small by relieving all strain . . . keeping it from spreading, the arch from sagging . . . upholding the instep . . . strengthening the muscles of the foot. The secret? The famous hidden Drew Arch Rest Construction. Most of the styles are priced at $8.50, $10 and $12.50. Write for the Drew Folio of Fashion Footwear. The Irving Drew Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Rosamie

Celeste

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women

"keep the foot small"



Dog Sense

"Well, Mr. Allen, I'm going to do what you want from now on—and I'm awfully hungry now. How about a feed?"

So I gave him some breakfast. The trouble was that when my neighbor came back, he had a time making the puppy leave me, and more difficulty making him stay at home.

"Funny how the dogs like you, Scotty," he said. "You certainly have a way with them."

As if it was none of my doing. But I didn't tell him what had gone on. He wouldn't have understood, and only apologized for his dog having been such a nuisance.

No, it doesn't make much difference what kind of dog you have; you should teach him obedience first. It pays.

I bring my own dogs up just about the way I have brought up my children. Indeed, dogs are like children in many ways. Each has his own personality and temperament, and each can stand just so much pressure. I act toward my dogs as I do toward my children. I am friendly, appreciative, playful, and kind—you can't be too kind—and I am firm all the time. You have to be, if you are going to get anywhere with a dog—or a child.

Teach Him Good Manners

One of the first things I teach a dog after I have taught him obedience is good manners. The average well-bred dog has pretty good manners instinctively. But it is best to make sure about this as the puppy begins to mature.

What constitutes good manners in a dog?

Well, I think the simplest way to put it is that the well-brought-up dog *knows his place.* He doesn't jump up on his master or his friends and ruin their clothes with dirty paws; he doesn't beg for food around the table when folks are eating; he doesn't go dashing nervously all over the place when there is no excitement; he doesn't plank himself down in the best chairs or sofas, or in inconvenient places where people will fall over him.

His behavior toward persons coming to the house is well defined. A person who has been there before, a neighbor or a friend of his master's, he will meet and escort to the door. A respectable person, yet a stranger, he will recognize; he will not bark at such persons, but permit them to go to the door, watching them closely nevertheless. He will meet a suspicious-looking person—for instance, a tramp—with a few short barks to warn the master that such a person is near, and then take up a position near the door and by growls forbid the stranger to enter.

"And what does he do when a lunatic comes along?" I was asked the other day, I suppose to stump me.

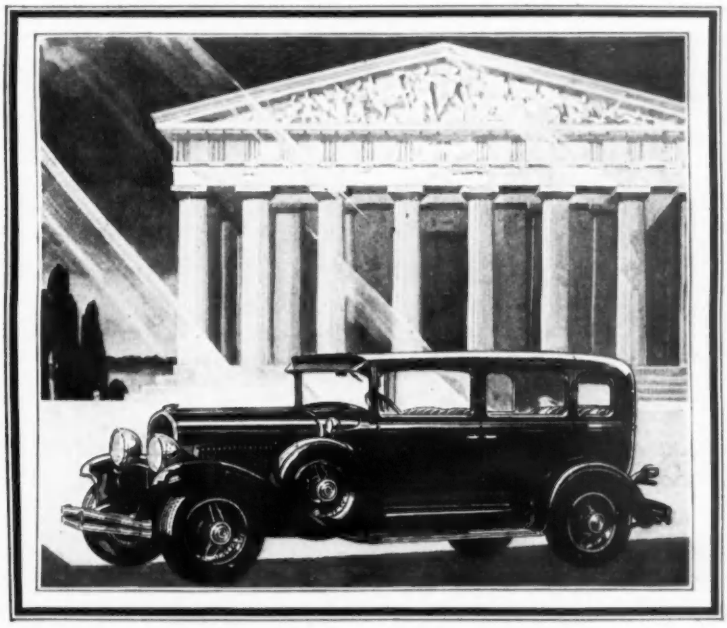
"Fair enough," I replied. "But I'll tell you a case I know of. One day in Scotland, when I was a boy, we kept on a chain a big, ferocious watchdog that slept in a kennel by the gate. One cold, raw morning we found him sleeping outside his kennel. This was strange, for we knew how he loved to be warm at night. We investigated and found that a half-wit had come rambling down the lane during the night and crawled into the watchdog's kennel to sleep. The dog treated him as he would have treated a child, and surrendered his shelter to the creature. Something he wouldn't have done to any normal being."

The most detestable and hated are barking dogs, and dogs that chase everybody and everything that comes along. There are too many of them these days, and all for the want of a little education and discipline.

After a dog has learned good manners and obedience, he should have some education: he should learn a few tricks. This is good for his character and forms a stronger bond than ever between him and his master.

Now, I don't mean circus tricks. They take too long to teach, are often the result of painful methods, and always make the dog more of a slave than a pet. I refer to those pleasant little parlor tricks such as opening and shutting

CHRYSLER BEAUTY
IS NO CHANCE CREATION



Chrysler's classic style and beauty have won the admiration and enthusiasm of thousands of motorists the country over—New Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan, illustrated.

FOR the first time *in the history of motor car design an authentic system has been devised, based upon the canons of ancient classic art.*

Chrysler designers realize fully that beauty is an elusive thing and that the pursuit of it in motor car design must not be hampered by too rigid adherence to laws and conventions.

But Chrysler has also found that there are so many glorious precedents and inspirations in art, architecture and design, that the search for authentic and harmonious symmetry can actually be reduced to something like a scientific system in which results are certain.

Chrysler has left nothing to chance . . . Chrysler has not relied alone upon the inspiration of individual designers.

Chrysler has sought instead to do something never done before in motor car design—to search out *authentic* forms of beauty which have come down the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged and has *translated* them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility.

The lengths to which Chrysler designers have gone in this patient pursuit of beauty will doubtless prove a revelation to those who have probably accepted Chrysler symmetry and charm as fortunate but more or less accidental conceptions.

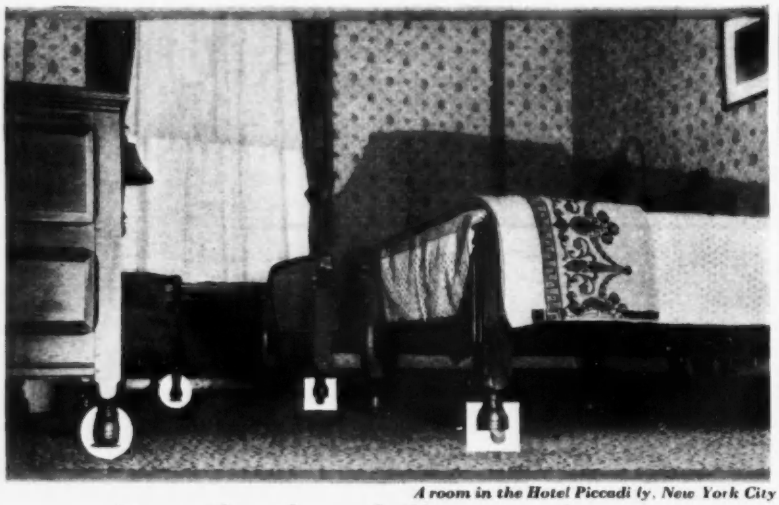
* * *

The Chrysler process goes far deeper than any charming but accidental conception

Chrysler's matching of the exclusive slender profile radiator with the cowl bar moulding has its inspiration in the repetition of motif in the historic frieze of the ancient Parthenon.

New Chrysler "65"—*Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145* * * * New Chrysler "75"—*Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345* * * * New Chrysler Imperial—*Five custom styles priced from $2675 to $3475. All prices f. o. b. Detroit*

In using advertisements see page 6



A room in the Hotel Piccadilly, New York City

Spend a *few* dollars and save the *hundreds* you paid for floor coverings

IF you follow the experience of hotel keepers, the best housekeepers, you will protect your costly floors, carpets, linoleum and rugs. Hotel keepers know furniture is hard on floors and floor coverings. They protect both because it pays.

A few dollars for Bassick Casters and NoMar furniture rests protect floor coverings for which you have paid hundreds of dollars. You can't afford to neglect protection that costs so little.

How NoMars prevent rug and floor ruination

Your bureau—your dressing table. Seldom shifted—always packing down the pile of the rug in the same spots. The end is ruin to the rug; scars that won't come out.

NoMars prevent this. They are broad and smooth of base, spreading the weight of furniture so it can do no harm. They are good-looking, too. Dark brown in color, nestling close against the floor—they agree perfectly with modern trends in furniture design.

NoMars are unbreakable. They won't scratch polished floors or tear carpets. Ask your hardware or house furnishing dealer to show you NoMars. And try a set—they fit most caster sockets. The coupon below will help you get full details.

On Bassick Casters things roll so easily

Beds have to be moved. So do ever so many items of furniture—chests, tables, chiffoniers; not to mention sofas and pianos. How can you clean properly without moving them?

Bassicks make it easy. Easy on you, easy on your furniture, easy on the floor coverings and floors. For Bassicks work willingly, quietly, smoothly. They swivel promptly—and what you have to move goes where you want it, without fuss or contradiction.

In most homes there are casters that should be replaced. You simply cannot afford to be without easy-rolling Bassicks.

Write for the service booklet, with its full details as to types and sizes for every use. Or talk to your dealer. He knows—and recommends—Bassicks.

BASSICK

NO MAR RESTS

NoMars are packed 4 to a set, with sockets. Four sizes, for light, medium, heavy and extra heavy furniture.

Size	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Width of Base	1¼"	1½"	2"	2½"
(Set of 4)	$0.75	$0.80	$1.05	$1.50

CASTERS

Bassick casters are packed 4 to a set, with sockets. Many styles; three sizes, for heavy, medium and light weight furniture. Write for the new Bassick Caster and NoMar furniture rest booklet to guide your selection. It's free!

The BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

You may send me the illustrated new service booklet which tells where and how to use Bassick Casters and NoMar Rests

*Name*_____

*Street and No.*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ GH-1

Dog Sense

the door, fetching articles, and so forth, that are both useful and amusing.

And don't forget that this sort of trick pleases the dog as much as it does the master. For the good dog living in a good home is happiest when he knows he is doing something that gratifies his master.

In teaching a dog tricks it is well to remember that you will get the most out of a dog if you make him do something he enjoys doing. For this reason I usually start at some sort of retrieving. All dogs have a remnant of the retrieving instinct in them. They get it from their ancestors living in caves, who had to bring in bones from the outside.

Not long ago, I took a fancy to a young dog from one of my litters and determined to bring him up for a house pet. I called him Mike. He was about ten months old when I started on him. He looked more like a collie than a malemute, but he was black, with white "shirt" and face, a gray bushy tail, and a finely-molded head.

"Now, Mike," I told him in the yard one morning, "this is your first day at school."

He looked up at me, wagging his tail and all ready for a roughhouse or a walk down the snow trail toward town.

"No, it's work, old man," I said. "But it's just as much fun as play."

I took a small piece of common garden hose about four inches long and threw it across the yard. A ball or a stick would have done just as well; the important thing is not to change, once you have started.

Well, like most dogs, Mike ran after the piece of hose, seized it in his teeth, and began to worry it around.

"Bring it here, Mike," I called.

He looked up and cocked an ear at me, then began to worry it again.

"Bring it here, Mike," I repeated.

He cocked an ear, left the hose, and trotted a few steps my way.

"Bring it here, Mike," again I said.

This time he came to me—without the nose.

I went back to the hose with him and made him pick it up and give it to me. Then I threw it again.

It took a good many trials before Mike knew that I wanted him to bring it all the way back to me, but finally he did it. The first time, I praised him, and patted him, and gave him a small piece of meat I had been saving for this moment. Then I had him do the trick several times more to make sure he'd remember.

From that day on I never threw anything for Mike without making him bring it all the way back to me.

This is a very important point. A dog will not continue to retrieve unless he is made to complete the act each time. Takes a little patience, but what form of education doesn't?

Teach Him Useful Tricks

Two days later, I brought him into the house and said: "Now, Mike, you're going to be of some use. You're going to learn to open and shut the door."

He wagged his tail and looked around for his pet plaything, the piece of hose.

I held it out. Then I opened the door and threw it into the yard. Mike scurried after and galloped back to where I stood, just inside the house. When I took the hose from his mouth I held it against the back of the half-open door and said, "*Shut the door.*" At once Mike stood up on his hind legs, bracing himself against the door with his front legs, and grabbed at the hose. Of course, his weight closed the door.

I made Mike retrieve the hose again, and again held it against the door—making him close it with his front feet.

Each time I held the hose against the door I commanded: "*Shut the door, Mike. Shut the door.*" It is well to use as few words as possible. Make them short, so the dog can associate them with the action.

About the fifth or sixth time I didn't hold

WHEN MORNING
INVADES THE REMOTEST CORNERS

Mello-Gloss in restful pastel shades...for the walls and ceiling of your bedroom

A SLENDER band of sunlight creeps out across the floor . . . reaches the remotest corner . . . floods your room with gaiety and charm. Every morning in hundreds of thousands of homes sunlight performs the subtle alchemy of color.

The vogue of color in the home has brought new charm, new happiness into thousands of lives. Color on painted furniture, color in brilliant rugs, color in carefully selected fabrics. But in how many homes have the walls been neglected! In how many homes are the walls a dull, uninteresting background for a charming decorative scheme!

Mello-Gloss is a washable paint made in a wealth of soft, charming shades. It dries quickly to a smooth, semi-gloss finish which does not readily catch or hold dirt. It can be cleaned easily and quickly with soap and water or with Lowe Brothers Cleaner.

Mello-Gloss is but one of the outstanding paint products prepared by Lowe Brothers. It is made primarily to do one specific thing... to give beautiful and lasting color to walls and ceilings . . . and it does that one thing superlatively well.

FREE BOOKLET "Color Harmony in the Home" at any Lowe Brothers dealer. Profusely illustrated in colors with valuable information on home decoration. Or mailed direct for 10 cents in stamps.

All Lowe Brothers paint products are made to meet specific requirements and there is a product for each decorative and protective need.

When you are planning the painting or decoration of your home, and now is the time to plan it, go to the Lowe Brothers dealer in your community. He will be glad to give you the Lowe Brothers Color Cards and help you select the products and the colors you should use for each particular surface. The Lowe Brothers Co., *Factories:* Dayton, O., Toronto, Canada. Branches in Principal Cities.

Lowe Brothers
PAINTS & VARNISHES

In using advertisements see page 6

KEEP SLENDER
RADIANTLY HEALTHY
This Enjoyable New Way

NO longer are tedious, back-breaking exercises necessary in order to keep fit. Now, an ingenious new device, the Battle Creek Health Builder, enables you to keep gloriously healthy—pleasingly slender—*without effort on your part!*

The Health Builder, invented by an eminent physician in Battle Creek, gives a combined massage and exercise treatment, better than a skilled masseur. It vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and reduces superfluous weight.

Endorsed by Famous Beauty

Dorothy Knapp, star of Earl Carroll's "Vanities," uses the Health Builder daily. She says "I unhesitatingly recommend the Health Builder to every one who is interested in keeping radiantly healthy and in retaining a beautiful figure." Here, at last, is a *safe, simple, scientific* method of reducing weight and keeping vigorously healthy.

A Health Builder for Every Requirement

Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic Model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasiums, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome De Luxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.

Send for FREE Book

Send for "Health and Beauty in Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the Battle Creek Health Builder in operation—*with complete series of home exercise treatments.*

Sanitarium Equipment Co.

Room AL-4088 **Battle Creek, Mich.**

© S. E. Co. 1929

The Battle Creek
Health Builder Keeps You Fit!

Dog Sense

the hose against the door. But I said, "Shut the door, Mike, shut the door." And I made a move toward the door with the hand which held the hose. Instantly he hopped up and put his forelegs against the door.

By suppertime, that day, Mike would shut the door whenever I told him to do so.

A few days later I taught Mike to bring me my slippers. Remember, he was not an extraordinary dog, just a willing young fellow who had learned to like and trust me and was anxious to please me—just as practically all young dogs and children are.

"You're going to help your old master, Mike," I told him. "I'm a terrible lot older than you and need some one to get my slippers for me every night."

He almost wagged his tail off, and looked hard into my eyes as if he understood every word.

I started by sitting down and tossing my slipper across the room. Mike retrieved it just as he was taught to do. I repeated this several times. Mike began to look discouraged as much as to say:

"Gee, I thought you were going to teach me something hard this time. Any cur could do this."

But just before I threw the slipper I said, "Get my slipper, Mike," slowly and distinctly.

Then I stopped. I put the slipper down across the room, picked up my paper, and began to read. Mike stood there, wagging his tail.

"Well, is that the end of it?" he seemed to say.

Suddenly I looked up and said, "Get my slipper, Mike," and I made a small gesture toward the slipper on the other side of the room.

Sure enough, he went and got it. But he got it, of course, to play the retrieving game. When I put the slipper on, he was disappointed. However, I made it clear that he had pleased me. I patted him, gave him a bit of food, and spoke to him.

After about fifteen minutes, when he had had a chance to get his mind off the subject, I put the slipper across the room and said, "Get my slipper, Mike." He didn't respond, even when I made a gesture toward the old slipper. So I had to start all over again with the retrieving act.

About an hour later, even when I had gone into another room, Mike would get my slipper when I ordered him to.

As time went on, I taught Mike a lot more simple tricks. He would bring in wood from the woodpile and put it in the woodbox; get various articles out of a closet and close the door after him; open and shut the door; and so on.

I Do Not Whip My Dogs

He got just as much fun out of all this as I did. I never used a whip on him. In fact, I don't use a whip on my teams. I carry a whip just as a policeman carries a club, as a badge of authority. If a fight starts, or a strange dog comes up and wants to fight, a whip is handy to head off further trouble. It is much more effective if the dogs are not used to it.

Another thing, I don't spoil a dog by trying to hurry him. When teaching him to bring my slipper or put wood in the box, I don't overdo. I stop while the dog still wants to play some more. And I make sure he is perfect in every little detail of one trick before I take him on to the next.

I have said how important it is to show your appreciation. But this is not enough. You have to show some zest, too; let the dog know you enjoy working out the tricks with him. He will feel your enthusiasm and be twice as happy in pleasing you.

There used to be a beachcomber around our parts who had a dog that helped him with the woodpile. I observed that sometimes the dog would drag along after the fellow as sad as could be; other times he would hop about, his

Did you notice *the bathroom was by Wolff?*

WHEN your guests take their leave, what impression of your home surroundings remains longest in their minds?

The one room which reveals you *intimately* is your bathroom. Other rooms—reception room, dining room—are planned with a view to their effect on visitors. *Your guests know it.*

But, in your bathroom, they see the most intimate part of your household. Your taste and breeding are expressed here as nowhere else.

Even in the eighties, an imprint of character in the structure of a home was "Plumbing fixtures by Wolff." No other name had the same prestige in the industry. And, today, the rare, artistic taste revealed in all Wolff "DURO" enameled fixtures is realized in one glance at their soft, delicate tints, accurately matched in all the vitreous ware. But their wonderful durability is only understood by those who have watched the process of fusing the enamel to the glowing surfaces.

With its ingredients combined under a formula tested by the years, and applied at an intense heat—many hundreds of degrees—each color-tone is rendered absolutely permanent, with a hardness that resists scratches and scars.

Wolff "DURO" brass fixtures, both the concealed and the exposed parts, represent the same exacting ideal, so that the character of each installation is in complete conformity, without a single detail out of keeping with the high standard of the ensemble.

All of the better plumbers will be glad to show you examples of the latest Wolff color combinations.

WOLFF

WHY BE ASHAMED OF YOUR BATHROOM?

SUPERIOR PLUMBING FIXTURES

WOLFF CO., Established 1855. General Offices: 2057 W. Fulton St., CHICAGO
Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

Our artistic booklet, "Modern and Ancient Luxury," traces the story of home adornment and decoration from the time of the Pharaohs to that of the Caesars, and from the Renaissance down to modern times. Richly illustrated in color. Write for your free copy today.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Your Baby's Garments

Knit as these great authorities prescribe

THE U. S. GOVERNMENT PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE
LEADING LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES
NEW YORK MATERNITY CENTER
FIVE LEADING WOMEN'S MAGAZINES
43 OUT OF 48 STATE BOARDS OF HEALTH
BETTER BABIES BUREAU

HERE are baby garments knit to fill the prescription of these great authorities. Here is the scientific admixture of wool with silk or cotton which will protect your baby from the dangers of chills and overheating.

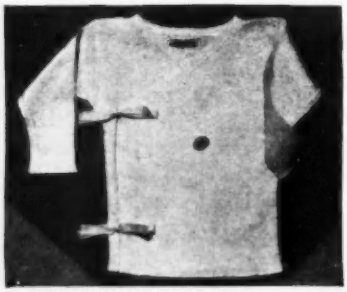
Carter, with their fifty years' experience, have perfected a fabric *so soft* it will not irritate and *so elastic* it will not bind.

Carter's special finishing preserves the prescribed elasticity and softness even after endless washings.

The ingenious cross-stitching at the seams is elastic like the fabric, so there is not a wrinkle or thread to hurt or fret your baby.

Careful, thoughtful mothers have for generations depended on Carter clothing to assure their babies perfect comfort and protection.

Better stores can show you a full assortment of these essential little garments, so vital to your baby's health. Ask to see them today.



Double-breasted shirt, twistless tape fastenings or cushioned buttons, style 37. Also single-breasted models.

This band is reinforced for square-fold or triangle-fold diaper—style 31.

and now · · SUN SUITS

give your child the priceless benefit of direct sunlight

Sun Suits have tiny trunks, a special wide mesh top in front and H-shaped back straps which leave the spine entirely uncovered. In brilliant colors, loose and comfortable, they make ideal play suits.

Doctors say tanned children are really stronger. Science has proved that the process of pigmentation—tanning—increases a child's power of resistance to germs, makes him sleep better and digest his food more easily.

But the sun rays must strike directly on the skin. That's why Carter's Sun Suits are brief as possible and loose enough for light and air to reach the whole body. Send for free booklet by well-known authority on infants' clothes. The Wm. Carter Co., Dept. R, Needham Heights, Boston District, Mass.

Carter's

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Shirts and bands for babies

Dog Sense

tail curled tight, and seem bursting with a desire to lug all the kindling he could—beat the man, if possible.

Later I discovered the secret. The dog was reflecting his master's moods. The man was a coke fiend. When he was all pepped up, the dog was, too, simply by feeling the man's exhilaration. When the man was despondent with remorse, the dog felt exactly the same way and was nearly as useless.

It is incredible how far you can go with a dog of just ordinary intelligence. I had a setter that I taught to distinguish one coin from another.

One night a group of friends were in the house. We'd been playing cards for small stakes, and one of the ladies had won half a dollar. After she collected it and was holding it in her hand, a discussion started between her and her male partner, who claimed a share in the winning.

In the skylarking that ensued, the half-dollar fell and rolled under the table. At once the setter picked it up and brought it back to the lady.

At this a new dispute started. "Good trick," said one of my friends, "his picking up the coin. But why did he take it to the lady?"

"Because it belonged to her, of course," said I.

Several people laughed incredulously.

"You mean to say that he can tell to whom a piece of money belongs!" exclaimed one.

"Can he tell money apart?" from another.

When a moment like this comes, you're on your mettle to produce. "Sure," said I, wondering how well I could live up to my claim.

I thought I might as well go the limit. "Put all your silver on the floor," I told them. They did—in a single pile. I took the setter up to one of the men.

"Get his nickel, boy," I commanded.

Without hesitation the setter went to the pile and took out the nickel belonging to the man. Then I took him to another guest and let him sniff.

"Get *his* nickel," again I commanded.

The dog went to the pile, eyed it for a moment with his nose close to the floor. But he did not pick anything up. He just stood there wagging his tail. For a moment I was prepared to hear the jeers of my friends for having hoaxed them. Then the man whom the dog had last sniffed spoke up:

"It's all right, Scotty. I didn't have any nickel."

I am proud to say that the dog went right through the whole pile of coins and restored them to their rightful owners. Remember, the setter had not done this trick before. All I had taught him was to distinguish coins from one another. It showed that, while a dog may not reason as much as a man, he can at least combine his various bits of knowledge with his instincts to do very intelligent acts.

A Dog's Playthings

One amusing trait that I always like to see in a dog is for him to take a fancy to some such plaything as a rubber doll, an old shoe or slipper, etc.

I remember my small boy once had a teddy bear that one of our dogs took a fancy to. For months there was a struggle as to which would own the bear, the dog or the boy. The dog was never disagreeable about it; never growled at or bit the child. The contest resolved into each trying to hide the bear from the other. The trouble was that the boy slept with the bear. During the night the dog would take it out of the bed and hide it. At last the boy gave in and got another toy as a pet.

I remember a dog named Mix, up at the mines, that fell in love with an old shoe. It was a great game for the men to hide the shoe or throw it into the brush when the dog wasn't around and then see him hunt for it. Sometimes he would search for days, but he always found it.

Finally we got tired of seeing this much-

Dog Sense

chewed piece of rubbish around and decided to throw it away. But no matter what we did with it, Mix always turned up a few days later with the shoe in his mouth, wagging his tail as much as to say:

"Well, thank goodness, I've found my shoe again. I thought I'd lost it."

In the end we had to burn it.

Don't forget that in all dealings with your dog you must be just. This applies especially to disciplining him. As with a child, it does not do to bear malice with punishment, nor must there be any doubt in the dog's mind as to what the punishment is for.

One of the finest dogs I ever owned came to me in Scotland when I was a boy there, fifty years ago, herding sheep. This animal belonged to an old Highland Scot named Angus MacGillivray.

For three years the dog had won first prize at the annual sheep-dog tournament at the fair. One year, during a practise test, Angus thought the dog made some sort of mistake. When the performance was over, he took his shepherd's crook and beat the poor dog unmercifully. Of course, by that time, the dog did not connect the beating with whatever it was that had gone wrong. As a result his spirit was broken, he no longer trusted his master, and he never again was the winner that he had been. Poor old Angus was heartbroken; he realized the dog was spoiled forever, all due to his hasty temper. As he could not bear to have the dog around as a constant reminder of his lack of self-control, he gave him to me.

I think the greatest thing to remember about a dog is that he is much wiser than people give him credit for being. He is cunning besides. I think he is much like an Indian with a stranger. Although the Indian can talk and understand much English, when the stranger asks him a question, all he does is to look stupid. He shakes his head and pats his ear. Often he grunts out, "Me no sabe." And the stranger, with a "Too bad," believes him.

Unless you have and can keep the confidence of your dog, he is all the same as the Indian, "No sabe." On the other hand, if you are pals, your pleasure is his delight; and he will be more than anxious to do for you, even to the point of teaching himself.

Lovers Can Sail Home Again

(*Continued from page 49*)

husband, knowing the spoken word will go down like a thorn between her breasts.

But one day, when he was about eighteen and they were jaunting home from the fair at Donegal, he said to her,

"I've a five-pound note and two gold sovereigns in a box buried on the hillside."

America! She was struck dumb with anguish, clinging to his arm.

He said, "In another year I'll have enough to take me."

She could not speak, but he saw the blood leave her face.

He cried: "Maggie, I'm not forgetting you! I'll be sending home for you before I'm gone six months."

She cried: "Do you think I'd leave home? Never! Never!"

He said, "Maggie, don't you love me at all?"

She answered: "No matter how much I loved you, I'd not leave Ireland. What would my father do, with my mother dead these six years? What would the boys do? Not if it breaks my heart, Nick Ennis, will I be following you to America."

He put his arm around her, cuddling her, thinking that by the time he was ready to go he'd have her promise sure. And when he kissed her, she kissed him back, searching in

whether you need draperies

a smart chair cover

or even colored pots

ROSALIE NORTON will advise you on a smart color ensemble for your room, FREE!

Clocks, lamps, draperies, furniture all gleam with color now . . . color, jewel-like in its intensity. Gleaming bits of it are used against taupe, grey and metal tones. Color in fascinating combinations adds a touch of sophistication to old furnishings, and is the very essence of the new.

However, with so much color, it must be used correctly. Rosalie Norton, interior decorator, can help you with your choice of color . . . help you achieve for your home the smartness and distinction you crave . . . and, her services are absolutely *FREE*.

All you do is to send in the description of your room checked on the coupon below and you will receive Miss Norton's plan for your particular room. Her plans include actual clippings of the lovely Puritan Doulton Cretonnes for draperies, glass curtains and upholstery fabrics and wallpaper—with full details for using them. She also suggests the color for your furniture, rugs, woodwork, etc. Miss Norton's color plans are all developed around Puritan Doulton Cretonnes . . .

PURITAN DOULTON CRETONNES ARE GUARANTEED SUNFAST AND WASHABLE

They are sold in leading department stores. You can identify them by the name and the sunfast and washable guarantee on the selvage.

Puritan Cretonnes

F. A. FOSTER & CO., Inc., *Dept. G 90*
330 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.
Sirs:—Please send, at no charge, decorative schemes for the rooms which I have checked.
Enclosed find 25c for booklet, "Cretonne Solves the Problem."

ROOM	LARGE	SMALL	MEDIUM	SUNNY	NORTH	HIGH	LOW	MEDIUM
Living								
Dining								
Bedroom								
Sunroom								
Kitchen								

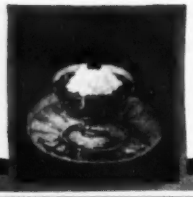
NAME..... ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....
If rural, in what town do you shop?.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Gosh! there aint no more...

MY-T-FINE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
dessert

CHOCOLATE! Just imagine the full, smooth flavor of the finest chocolate you have ever eaten, and you are anticipating your first taste of MY-T-FINE Dessert. Made from a recipe that has been constantly bettered year by year for more than 18 years, MY-T-FINE has every ingredient except milk for the perfect chocolate pudding. That's why MY-T-FINE is New York's most popular packaged dessert. Most good grocers sell MY-T-FINE Dessert. Ask for it. A package and 2 cups of milk makes 4 to 6 delicious portions. We would like to send you a cook book telling you more about MY-T-FINE and other D & C Quality Food Products. Your copy is waiting for you. Address The D & C Co., Inc., Dept. F, Bush Terminal Bldg., No. 10, Brooklyn, N. Y.



FOR QUALITY — SAY Q ★

MACARONI

and get it!

Kitchen Memoranda

$1 post paid anywhere in the U. S. A.

In Enameled Colors

for Kitchen Efficiency—
"Write it down"

Paper and pencil at hand when you need it most. Hung on the wall or on the side of your kitchen cabinet; the handiest little device (just 4 x 12 inches) you ever used for kitchen efficiency. Jot down the items just as you think of them; tear off a slip when your grocer calls, when you telephone, or when you go shopping.

COLORS

Furnished complete with pencil and 2 rolls of memo paper; enough for 18 months ordinary use. Roll holder is nickeled; base beautifully enameled on steel, in choice of 4 colors —Apple Green, China Blue, White or Orange. Ideal for gifts and prizes; a marvel for your own home efficiency use.

Mailed complete, post paid, anywhere in the U. S. A. for $1—dollar bill, stamps, money order or check. Mention color desired. An outfit you will use many times every day.

BURGESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. G2, BEAVER FALLS, PA.

In Your Living Room
Moore Push-less Hangers
(The Hanger with the Twist)
Safely hold heavy pictures without marring walls.
10c Pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Phila.
No hammer needed when you use MOORE PUSH-PINS

Tastes Like Fresh Corn Right off the Stalk

MONOCACY VALLEY Corn is sweet, juicy, tender young corn, packed fresh from the stalk. Its creaminess and delicious natural flavor (so different from ordinary corn) will delight you. Try it today. If your grocer does not have it, send us his name and address and 50c for Special Trial Order of four big cans prepaid. The Monocacy Valley Canning Co., Frederick, Md.

MONOCACY VALLEY
"MO-NOCKA-CY"
CRUSHED CORN ★

Lovers Can Sail Home Again

her mind for a way to keep him from going. The sure way was to marry him there and then and anchor him with a child or two. But that way she would not take. There must be other ways, fairer ways.

She gave herself up to holding him. She fell back on old wiles. She began to wash her brown neck and her brown arms with buttermilk. She sold a pig of her own, and with the money she had her hair cut short so that it stood in a dark mass around her head and magnified the circling lashes of her dark eyes. But he did not lose the far look. He'd come walking up the nine miles from Ballymacrain just to go to church with her on a Sunday morning; yet when he knelt beside her, saying his prayers, she could feel his thoughts going out past the altar to New York.

On a rainy evening he came into her father's kitchen, and the thing he took from his pocket was a passport. He was sailing in four days.

He said, "Maggie, will you marry me before I go?"

She said, "I'll marry you if you stay."

He cried like a man tortured, "Can't you see that my whole life depends upon my going?"

"Aye," she said bitterly, "your whole life depending upon a place you've never seen."

"You love your own will," he told her. "You want to bend me to your satisfaction, and that's all."

She saw that in all the years they had reached no further than this, that he was bound to go and she was bound to stay. He stood up and put on his hat. Sick with the knowledge of losing him she cried,

"Why must you be in such a hurry?"

He said: "I've a pair of boots here that needs only a little cobbling. They're for Tom Casey. And I'm going over to O'Rourke's to leave a coat for Ed. I'll not need any of my old things," said he, "for I'll be wearing my best."

He swung open the door and was gone without looking at her, gone as though he had never kissed her. She saw his head and shoulders above the white palings of the garden fence. She could, before he came to the last of them, call him back. He came to the last of them, but she did nothing. He never turned his head.

HOW many hours she stood there, looking into the empty road, she did not know. Months it seemed, years. Yet it had happened only on the Tuesday of that week, and now it was Thursday morning, and he was sailing, God forgive him, dressed in his best and with his blue eyes glued on the blue west. If the west was still blue. She could not be sure, for color had gone out of the world, and there were no more heartbeats in her body.

She dried her feet on the river grass. What matter now that they were whiter than the lilies in Killroe's garden? She jumped up, shaking down her skirts. She would go over to Killroe's and talk to any of the fourteen who happened to be about.

What if they said, "He will never come back."

The words were sounding deep within her, and surely they could hurt no worse on a Killroe tongue.

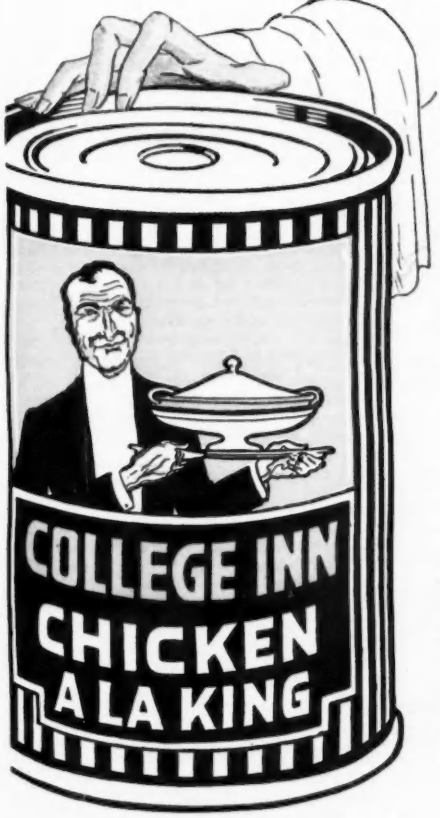
Carrying her shoes in her hand she went out past the crooked oaks. As she neared the Killroe fields, one of the little girls, one of the three red-headed Killroes, with excitement shining like lamps in her eyes, ran out to meet her.

She called, "You've come at the right time, Maggie Costigan, for this very morning my mother had a present from America, and there's part of it laid aside for you."

They went in toward the house, and all the big and little Killroes who were at home came into the garden to see their mother display the present across the back of a chair. There were a dozen towels of cotton, each knitted loosely into a soft fleece. Each larger than

The College Inn label means food from

America's Celebrated Restaurant



The College Inn label is a genuine promise of quality

ALL over the world there are travelers with cherished memories of their meals at the College Inn. It is the American restaurant which classes with a few English and Continental eating places that are always on the route of those who know.

The joy of dining in the College Inn may be *yours—your family's* TONIGHT! Order some College Inn Chicken a la King—good food shops always have it. Simply heat and serve—and there you are!—a wholesome, enticing repast of choice, tender chicken meat—luscious mushrooms—a whole medley of fine spices. Flavor?—well, you just never knew that any ready food could have such flavor.

Only College Inn foods do have it. You can prove that with any of the foods under the College Inn label—the seal of the College Inn chefs who prepare these delicacies for you. Why not enjoy this real treat—tonight? College Inn Food Products Company, Chicago.

You will enjoy these College Inn Foods ★

Chicken a la King
Cream of Tomato Soup
Welsh Rarebit
Chop Suey
Chili Con Carne
Spaghetti
and many others

Made by HOTEL SHERMAN CHEFS

In using advertisements see page 6

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE CREAMY RICHNESS and smooth chocolate flavor of Baker's Cocoa are the result of blending the finest cocoa beans with the skill one hundred and fifty years have brought. To pay more for cocoa is extravagance. To pay less is false economy.

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

★ BAKER'S COCOA
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

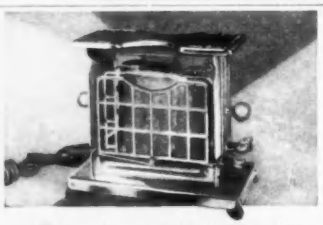
These authorities say Baker's Cocoa is best:

78% Professional Nurses
79% Home Demonstration Agents
82% Domestic Science Teachers
67% Hospital Dieticians and Stewards
63% School Lunch Room Managers
75% Hotel Stewards
87% Editors of Women's Magazines

DRINK COCOA OFTEN
for nourishment · for enjoyment

Just Wanted Pin Money
But Soon Made "Tea Room Fortune"

Pin-money was all I wanted—at the start. But my new Tea Room method was so successful that I found it just as easy to make big money as little money. There's a lot of money in Tea Rooms—the nation's "eating out." Let me tell YOU how to start. Write for free booklet. Address Josephine Ware, Dept. 13, 52 West 39th St., New York City.



Only $5.50

for crisp quick toast this new way · · · send for free booklet

New Torrid Pushomatic Toaster offers remarkable value. Toast-carrier turns automatically when you press cool button—no burned fingers. Makes perfect toast every time—either crisp or soft, as you prefer.

Colorful, smart, inexpensive. $5.50. Insist on Torrid. At most dealers. Write today for free booklet describing 12 remarkable electric appliance values. The Beardsley & Wolcott Mfg. Co., Dept. 3G, Waterbury, Conn.

★ TORRID · · *Electric*
HOME HELPERS

The **Sift-Chine**
(SIFT-ING MA-CHINE)

"Just Squeeze The Handle"

Not an ordinary flour sifter, but a **sifting machine.** Highest quality—built to last for years. ★ One hand operates—quickly—easily. Does not scatter flour. Eliminates lumpy baking. DOUBLE screen. One operation sifts contents twice. Used and endorsed by leading food authorities. Highly polished finish. Also furnished with handles in Green, Red, Yellow or Blue. Money-back guarantee. At your dealers or postpaid for **$1.00**

MEETS-A-NEED MFG. CO.
2963 Utah Street Seattle, U. S. A.

Special **10¢ offer**

CANDO preserves and restores the lustre of delicate surfaces. It is a household necessity. Very economical. Use it to clean and polish mirrors, windows, porcelain, cut glass. CANDO makes the bath tub gleam. No water is required. Apply a thin film and rub briskly.

SPECIAL 10 CENT OFFER

For this coupon and 10 cents you may have a generous jar of CANDO—enough to try several ways—and three Egyptian incense candles that deodorize the whole house. You will be delighted with their fragrance. Regular size may be secured through your dealer. Mail your coupon now.

THE CANDO CORPORATION
25 Thorndike St., Cambridge, Mass.

Send me enough CANDO Silver Polish to try its many uses. Also, the three Egyptian incense candles. I enclose 10c. in stamps or coin.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Lovers Can Sail Home Again

three lambskins! Turkish they were called, and their borders were embossed in bright color. The bright color of them was a delight to the eye, and the soft white fleece of them a delight to the hand.

Mrs. Killroe told Maggie to select two of the color she liked best. Maggie pointed out that only ten towels would then be left to the fourteen Killroes.

That made Mrs. Killroe laugh. "What," said she, "is the difference between ten to fourteen and twelve to fourteen? Sure, if you look at it the right way, it's the very selfsame thing. And," said she, "there are more where these came from, and handy to get at. The lad who brought them is a cousin of a cousin of my husband's. He's just come home from America to buy a farm. Mind that, Maggie! He's only twenty-three, but he's been six years in America, earning his steady good pay, and now he's home with plenty for a farm and over. Owen McQuillan is his name."

"Owen McQuillinan," corrected the red-headed Killroes.

"Well," said Mrs. Killroe, "it's not the letters in your name that count, but the pennies in your pocket."

"Here he is now," sang all the Killroes in chorus.

And there was Tom Killroe turning the corner of the cottage with a strange young man. At sight of the stranger Maggie sank to hide her bare feet in a bed of parsley.

Mrs. Killroe cried: "Get up from crushing my growing things! What are bare legs to a lad who was never out of Galway till he was turned seventeen?"

THE lad smiled on Maggie, but she was afraid to look squarely at him, fearing that his eyes might not be blue.

He said, "I've fixed on the Conway place, for I've always had in my mind a bit of high land looking up and down a glen."

The sound of America was in his speech. She looked at the cut of his fine clothes. The look of America sat on his straight shoulders. But she did not look closely at his face, fearing that his eyes might not be blue.

The talk was of land and of crops, of cows' milk and of goats' milk. Then Maggie, remembering the little kid, said she must be off up the road again. She went with the two fleecy towels across her arm, and the Galway lad walked with her. Yet she could not say even then if his eyes were blue.

He walked with her as far as the turn of the road.

He said: "I'll be stepping your way this evening. If I thought you'd set a chair for me in the garden, I'd stop in and tell you about America and New York."

She looked at him squarely and saw that his eyes were blue as larkspur. Then blue-eyed men did sometimes come sailing home again!

She said, "The garden's behind a white fence, and I'd be pleased to set a chair."

Then he left her, and she took the turn in the road, coming to the big rock where so many years ago another lad had shown her a picture-postcard. She buried her head in the soft towels because she could not look at that old trysting place. As she hurried past it, she knew how quick she had been to seize the blue glance of a pair of Galway eyes and clap it to her heart to ease its ache. How quick she'd been to say she'd set a chair in the garden! She cried shame on herself. Shame! Shame!

When she lifted her head, there was the fork in the road leading down to Ballymacrain. But when would Nick Ennis be walking that road again? Far away he'd be treading stone flags, coming and going from a tall house on a city street. Beyond reach. But her heart cried that a letter would find him. Write it tonight, and in the morning run with it in your hand down to Ballymacrain, and his mother

Lovers Can Sail Home Again

will tell you Nick's strange, new address in America.

In her mind the letter began to write itself in a torrent:

"I'll wait for you a year, Nick darling. Sure what's a little year to you and me that's only seventeen and twenty? I'll be waiting that long, I promise. And the thing I have to tell you is, there's a Galway lad come home from America to buy the Conway farm. He's a cousin of a cousin of the Killroes, and this very evening he's coming up to tell me all about New York. I'll be setting him a chair in the garden, but not the chair you always favored. That I'll keep to myself. I'll be sitting in your very own chair, Nick, thinking about you bound for a strange city, and praying for you to come home."

Products of the Sea

(*Continued from page 87*)

spoonful of minced onion in three tablespoonfuls of fat until tender. Then add three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until bubbling. Next add two cupfuls of strained canned tomatoes or one cupful of canned condensed tomato soup diluted with one cupful of water. When smooth and creamy, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped pickles, two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley, one tablespoonful of capers, and salt and pepper to taste.

In another method of baking fillets we dip the fillets in well-salted milk, then in seasoned bread or cracker crumbs, and place them in a well-oiled baking pan. Dot the top of the fish with bits of butter or oil and bake in a very hot oven of 450°F. for fifteen to twenty minutes, or until the fish is tender and moist.

There will always be those who prefer fish that has been cooked in water until tender and then served with a savory sauce. If a steamer is available, the fish can be steamed without any danger of its breaking apart. However, if the fish is to be cooked in boiling liquid, care must be taken to have the water only simmering during the cooking period, for vigorous boiling tends to separate the flakes. The fillets may or may not be wrapped in cheesecloth, although this does help to keep the fish in shape. The Institute always adds one medium-sized onion, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one or two chopped carrots, and a little thyme or bay-leaf to the boiling water in which the fish is cooking. These seasonings add to the fish a subtle flavor that is most alluring. Eight to ten minutes are usually sufficient cooking for thin fillets, while thick halibut and salmon steaks may take as long as half an hour.

There are many sauces which can be served with boiled fish. Two cupfuls of well-seasoned, thin white sauce provide a basis for many variations, for example: One-half cupful of cheese put through a grater and added to the white sauce makes a delicious sauce for cod, haddock, or sole fillets. One teaspoonful of finely-chopped chives or onion and two chopped, hard-cooked eggs, added to the basic white sauce, make a delicious Egg Sauce. Or for a change add one cupful of canned peas, sautéed mushrooms or canned mushrooms, or one-half cupful of chopped olives. For a Mustard Sauce add two teaspoonfuls of prepared mustard to the basic white sauce. For a Tomato Sauce add one-half a can of condensed tomato soup very gradually, while stirring constantly.

It is the basic methods of fish cookery that have been considered above. However, variations in serving both fresh and frozen fillets, canned fish and other sea-food products are many, and these have been included in our bulletin, "Fish and Shell Fish Cookery." For information concerning this bulletin refer to the article "Plumbing that Meets Your Needs," which appears on page 88 of this issue.

Follow the New Fashion-

Tinted Bed Sets

THE vogue for delicately colored pillow slips and sheets of linen, crepe de chine or cotton can be easily followed at great savings by tinting your white ones . . . Just dissolve a package of Putnam Dye in a pint of boiling water and bottle it. This Tinting Fluid can be used like blueing to keep the tint uniform. Clear, even shades are assured. Rose, blue, orchid, yellow, peach and pale green are the favorite colors used by women of fashion. The same 15-cent package of Putnam fast-dyes or tints all materials in one operation. At your druggist's.

Write for your copy today

Color Secrets Revealed

FREE

Send for new Revised Edition, "The Charm of Color," a beautifully illustrated guide to Dyeing, Tinting, Bleaching, Dry Cleaning, etc.

To remove color, use Putnam No-Kolor Bleach

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

for Tinting *or* Dyeing

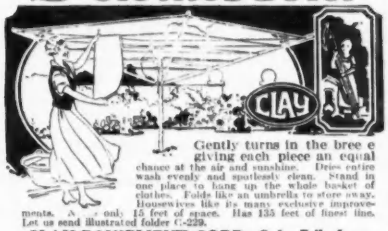
Monroe Chemical Company,
Dept. A-3, Quincy, Illinois

Please send your free booklet to

Name.....

Address.....

Sunshine Clothes Drier



Gently turns in the breeze giving each piece an equal chance at the air and sunshine. Dries entire wash evenly and spotlessly clean. Stand in one place to hang up the whole basket of clothes. Folds like an umbrella to store away. Housewives like its many exclusive improvements. A only 15 feet of space. Has 135 feet of finest line. Let us send illustrated folder C-229.

CLAY EQU'PMENT CORP., Cedar Falls, Iowa

Baby-Bottle-Kit

Carries any make nursing bottle.

A VITAL necessity in the preparation and care of your baby's food. Designed by a baby specialist to aid busy mothers and *safeguard babies' health*. Quickly sterilizes bottles, nipples and utensils. Pasteurizes too! Holds six 8-oz. feedings. Always ready. *No spilling.* Handy for visiting. Pack it with ice—carry it anywhere. Seamless aluminum, beautifully polished. Includes all items illustrated. $5.00 postpaid. (West of Mississippi $5.50. Canada and foreign $6.00.) Money back if not satisfied. Order today. Folder free.

THERMA PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 3—1136 Ohio Bldg., Toledo, O.

SIMMONS *Cribs*

Scientifically perfect for baby's sound healthful sleep . . . Come to you hygienically clean and safe in sealed cartons, springs included. $12.50 to $40. Beautyrest Mattress to order.

Keeps little spines strong and straight

In using advertisements see page 6

© E. S. C. of A. 1929

Women who like Smart Shoes will appreciate this Patent 3-strap Pump with cut-out sides, trimmed with Black Suede. Educator Arch-Elator Shank. 1¾ inch covered heel. Same shoe may be had in Brown Kid with Brown Suede Trimming.

Don't let aching feet prevent your being *yourself.*

DO you have days when everything you try to do goes wrong? Because feet hurt—you can scarcely move — can hardly speak — your nerves on edge when they should be under perfect control. Those complaining nerves that radiate from the feet are giving you warning. Take care of your feet!

The Educator way of caring for feet is scientific, hygienic and gives quick relief. The five Educator points shown below protect your feet, support them and aid them in the strenuous work of an active business day. Educator Shoes for men, women and children do away with tired, aching feet, save nervous energy for its proper use, and give a poise that calls forth admiration.

When you try Educator Shoes your foot troubles will soon leave you.

1—Foot conforming Arch.
2—Snug fitting heel.
3—Tailored instep.
4—Scientific modeling.
5—Flexibility.

EDUCATOR SHOES

Women's	$8 to $10	Infants'	$3 to $3.50
Growing Girls'	$6 to $6.50	Men's	$8.50 to $10
Children's (sizes 8½ to 2)	$4 to $5.50	Boys'	$5 to $6.50
Small Boys'	$4 to $4.50		

THIS BOOK SHOWS THE WAY TO FOOT EASE. SEND FOR FREE COPY.

THE EDUCATOR SHOE CORP. OF AMERICA
Dept. G. H. 3, 225 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me your free booklet—"Laying the Ghost."

Name .....

Street Address .....

City .....

New Friends In the World of Books

(Continued from page 92)

old one once used in "Romola" and the ending that common to the Russians. But it is told straightforwardly with a beauty eternally new. We have long been accustomed to the fact that a college diploma seems to carry with it the craftsmanship necessary to write a novel that is, so far as style and manner go, far ahead of its predecessors. But hitherto we have bewailed the fact that a course in English does not teach life nor give the young something to say with their dexterity. Now I am wondering if the contribution of these graduates to fiction may not be a new rendering of beauty rather than a new combination of events or a fresh interpretation of life. The literary young, no more than the athletic young, the military young, the every-day-business young, as any parents of this generation would bear witness, can be ignored. This is in fact their day, and those of us who learned our literature in an older tradition, must listen if we would not be relegated entirely to the position of bystanders or even be stuck into the literary attic until another generation brings such of our ideas as survive downstairs again to be exhibited beside the what-not and antimacassar for their quaintness.

Zona Gale, Essayist

In her "Portage, Wisconsin and Other Essays" (Knopf, $2.50) Zona Gale has discussed this and much more that the earnest reader would like to know, for the "other essays" are devoted to the novel of tomorrow and the chasm that lies between that of yesterday and that of today. Surely no one can claim to know more about this transition than the writer who began her career as the historian of "Friendship Village" and became the creator of "Preface to a Life." And what she knows seems to me the wisest and most helpful thing that I have read upon this subject. The first half of the book, autobiography reflecting pictures and impressions of her home, her father and mother, delicately, softly done, reminded me of Zona Gale as I saw her for the first time, an exquisite, delicate, mystical study in red browns. I remember she wore a hat of brown tulle trimmed with tiny, dull-red berries from under which looked the kind, gentle, soft brown eyes with the slightly hurt look in them which later I came to know was pity for the sorrow of the world. "Portage, Wisconsin and Other Essays" explains that look in her eyes which have grown no less kind with the years but which are reinforced by the line of fortitude about her mouth.

One of the youngest of this generation, of it literarily as well as physically, is the Canadian journalist, Morley Callaghan, whose first book, "Strange Fugitive" (Scribner, $2.50), was recently issued. The fresh incisiveness, the hard-boiled philosophy, the directness of its narrative, the stenography of its dialogue, and the sketchiness of its scenes all would date it, even if the subject matter did not. And who but the younger generation would tackle that social rear-back, the bootlegger, and work his plot around a feud between hi-jackers? Whether the characterization is true or the situations possible, of course, I have no way of knowing. I do hope so because I have always wondered how the gangs whose funerals, machine guns, and armored motor cars fill the first pages of the Chicago newspapers were really motivated and would like to think that now I know.

In "Heritage" (Knopf, $2.50) Rose C. Feld treats realistically the futility of the struggle of each new generation to escape from the last, and the dreariness of the contest. Sarah Wetherby first of all fed her husband's youth and ambitions to the farm which she wanted to own, then her son's. His son escaped only to find that his beloved mother in turn was stepping into his grandmother's shoes. The revelation of character is of that cleverness that

New Friends In the World of Books

makes us recognize these same qualities in our neighbors. But there is in the book what many clever delineators do not have—a depth of sympathy that stays criticism. Miss Feld has insight as well as power. She seizes on life, not on a transcript of it. And yet it hardly seems possible that such a sordid, dreary struggle to win a livelihood out of the soil could have been possible in the New Hampshire of 1914. If these people were really as peasant-like as she makes them, it ought to be a factor in explaining the agricultural problem. I could not help wondering if she were not, perhaps unconsciously, writing into them the ideas and feelings and reactions of her Roumanian kinsmen. But maybe she is right and democracy is merely a blinder which our peasants wear. I am compelled to take her word for it, since the only New Hampshirers with whom I am familiar have gone in for politics rather than agriculture.

"She Walks in Beauty" (Brentano's, $2.50) is the effort of another new writer, Dawn Powell, to show the squalor of the small town as it looks to the New Yorker—the adopted New Yorker more bitter than the native-born—and to reveal the futility of life therein. But the story is the princess-in-disguise one causing a critic to suggest that some one should tell Dawn Powell that there are no longer fairy-tales. For even in this small town, aye, even in that sink of iniquity, Aunt Jule's boarding house of shady reputation, there grows up the lovely Dorrie, moving among the dissolute boarders, sympathetic and pure, kind, gentle, understanding, loving and creating beauty. And there comes, of course, the Fairy Prince in the person of the queer old boarder's grandson, who is a poet himself and so recognizes behind her wide eyes and detached manner the poet-soul of this princess.

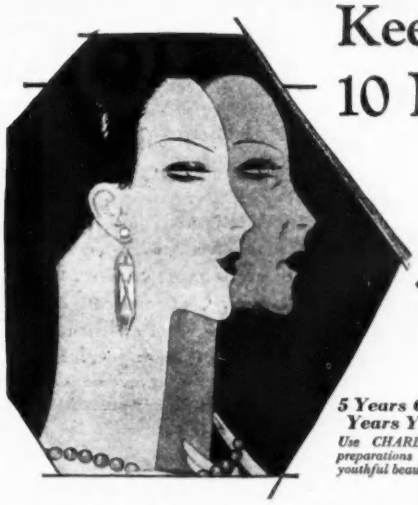
Of course, such things are romance, but even allowing for the author's undue dramatization of Aunt Jule, the boarding house, the adventuress, and Linda's marriage, I for one could not help being amused and entertained. Withal there is an element of touching beauty in the picture of Dorrie in those sordid surroundings And after all, lilies have often bloomed in barnyards.

Margaret Irwin

I do not know Margaret Irwin's age, but only a young person, I am sure, could have written such a story of romantic love as "Fire Down Below" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). It, too, is a tragedy, revealing the treachery of life. Peregrine Sark is a girl's idea of a lover after the model of Jane Eyre's Rochester, deep, inscrutable, complex, a compelling, dominant ego that kills the thing it loves. Ella Sark is the beautiful housewife dulled by time; the governess, Bridget O'Farrell, the sort of heroine girls dream themselves to be at bedtime, plain without, although shining with the alluring beauty of the siren, or of Cybele, herself. The Red House with Peregrine's library of the red Chinese lacquer desk, dark woods, vellum-like walls, and hangings that teem with the life of forests and exotic birds; Ella's drawing-room of white and gold, glossy chintz, and satin-striped walls; Bridget's room with the raised dais, painted tables, blue hangings; the terrace; the old church under the windows of the house; the circling hills, all envelop the story in the atmosphere of allegory. And Peregrine's absorption in the restoration of the church, in stained-glass windows, in rare fruits, in beautiful objects—his dark-red Cybele which he purchased at the price of his friend's life—serves only to intensify it. Even the theme, as old as time, of the over-ripe man renewing his youth by the love of a young girl and her susceptibility, not uncrossed with fear, to the masterfulness of maturity lends itself to that treatment.

The book reads like legend and has the beauty of one, for Margaret Irwin is one of the

How New York's Social Leaders Keep Young In 10 Minutes a Day



5 Years Older or 5 Years Younger?
Use CHARLES' scientific preparations and preserve youthful beauty many years.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ

Now Use at Home the Secret Beauty Salon Treatments of CHARLES OF THE RITZ

THERE is no fear of ageing lines, skin pouches, eruptions, sallowness, coarse pores and other unsightly disfigurements among the fashionable women who go to the CHARLES OF THE RITZ Beauty Salons. CHARLES' famous treatments clear and tone the skin and bring back 'young girl' freshness, softness and smoothness with magic speed.

And now his secret preparations, heretofore used only at his salons, are obtainable at leading department stores and druggists. With them come simple directions for CHARLES' special salon treatments. The new CHARLES OF THE RITZ beauty aids, which include both corrective preparations and make-up accessories, are not expensive.

Visit your favorite shop today and ask to see these lovely new beauty creations. You will say they are *different*, far better and quicker acting than any you have ever used. Purchase ONE and try it tonight. You will be amazed at the improvement it makes with even the first treatment. A few minutes a day will keep your complexion fresh, unlined, youthful—completely alluring.

And send for CHARLES' fascinating Beauty Book, *The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty*. Simply mail the Request Slip below. If you wish special information, check the slip for CHARLES' personal advice.

CHARLES' 3 *Secrets of Youthful Beauty*

The famous beauty treatments given at the CHARLES OF THE RITZ salons in general make use of but three remarkable preparations perfected by CHARLES as the result of twenty-five years' beauty practice. With amazing swiftness they bring to a dull, lined, ageing skin the radiant freshness and satiny loveliness of youth. They are sold separately and the three together cost only $4.25. Included are full directions for CHARLES' special treatments. Get them at any leading shop today. The preparations are:—

1 ***Lemon Cleansing Cream Ritz $1.25.*** Not only cleanses perfectly but refines and whitens, softens, smooths and supples.

2 ***Skin Tonic Ritz $1.50.*** Stimulates dull skin, helping restore youthful color, lift sagging tissues, reduce coarse pores.

3 ***Skin and Tissue Builder Ritz $1.50.*** Helps to keep skin firm, full, youthfully soft and smooth. Corrects lines and pouches. ★

NOTE: *If unable to get at store, order direct. Address Charles of the Ritz, Suite 1023H, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, N. Y.*

Charles of the Ritz

Salons:—*New York:* RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL—RITZ-TOWER—PLAZA HOTEL—BARCLAY HOTEL—GLADSTONE HOTEL—PARK CHAMBERS—*Atlantic City:* RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL—*Boston:* RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

© 1929

CHARLES OF THE RITZ, Suite 1023H, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City.

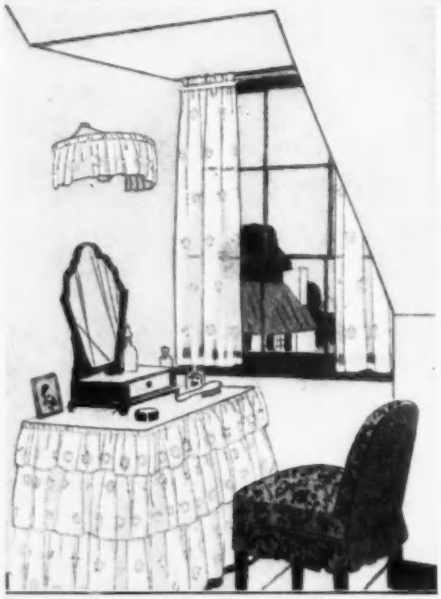
Please send me your Beauty Book, *The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty*, and advise treatment for: ☐ Thin, Brittle Hair, ☐ Dandruff, ☐ Face lines, ☐ Skin pouches, ☐ Eruptions, ☐ Enlarged pores, ☐ Dry skin, ☐ Oily skin, ☐ Red, rough hands.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

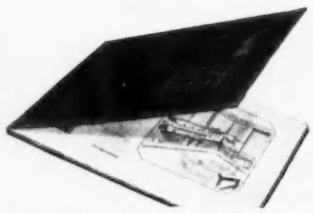
SCRANTON *Drapery* FABRICS



net alone could be so dainty here

ONLY net could convert this awkward angle into a charming corner for a dresser. Only net could be used so profusely without an "overdone" feeling. It is one of 77 curtain arrangements in the new Scranton Drapery Style Book, by Hope Harvey.

See this book and the actual curtain recommended for each room in the better stores in your community.



SCRANTON LACE CO., DEPT. 100, SCRANTON, PA.
Enclosed find 10c for new Booklet showing all material in large Style Book.

Name.....

Address.....*City*.....

the modern **prophylactic shoe**

This Goodyear Turned identification mark on each sole

TRUE FOUNDATION for correct posture and charming costume style . . . here is feminine footwear completely modernized! From their supple support comes that habitual ease and "swing" of naturally graceful bearing.

Here's every nature-fitting improvement in design, "turn" shoe lightness, flexibility, smartly patterned in famous Ruby Brand Glacé Kidskin from John R. Evans & Co., Camden, N. J. Prophylactic shoes *prevent* common foot-troubles, *preserve* the youthfulness of normal feet.

No. 180-1 No. 192

$6 *to* $8.50

Send for* STYLE *folder and nearest dealer's name

AULT-WILLIAMSON SHOE CO.
Factory & Eastern Sales Division: Auburn, Maine
Western Sales Division:
416 North 12th Street, St. Louis, Missouri

THE EASY WAY
to trim the
daintiest garment

THERE is a quality and width in Wright's Bias Fold Tape suitable for every purpose;—nainsook, percales, lawns, cambrics, soft finish pure silk, taffeta. The widths vary from 4/16-inch to one inch. All guaranteed wash fast.

Be sure to ask for
WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE
Don't accept substitutes—look for the label shown below

Interesting ideas for finishings and trimmings with many clever new designs are shown in our Sewing Book which we will send you for 10c in stamps together with a full three yard sample of our fast color tape.

Address Dept. 849
WM. E. WRIGHT & SONS CO.
Orange, N. J.

New Friends In the World of Books

new writers who give credence to the hope that beauty, rather than profundity of thought or keen observation of phenomena, will be this generation's contribution to the novel. Albeit her beauty will appeal only to those who can take it in tragic, poignant guise.

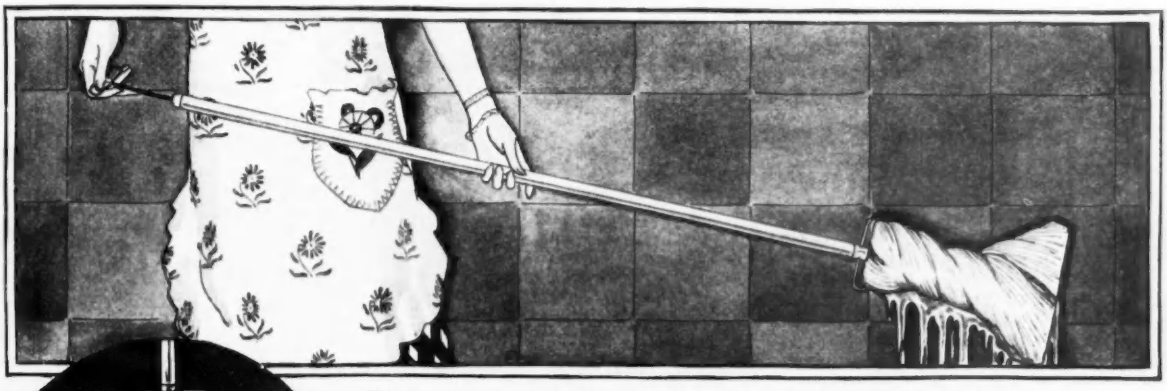
The only one of these young novelists who seems to look on life as a comedy is Patrick Hamilton, who in "Twopence Coloured" (Little, Brown, $2.50) turns the light touch of the humorist on the attempt of Jackie Mortimer to become a dramatic star. Mr. Hamilton manages the old Thackerayan trick of making fun of his characters, although always in pity and affection rather than in anger or contempt. But this is not to say that he resorts to such kindergarten methods as obtruding the editorial "I" between himself and his reader. However, it is Mr. Hamilton's presentation of his characters—his opinions of them and their actions, his amusement, his tolerance—that makes the book and not they themselves. The career of romantic, ambitious, hard-boiled, but essentially sound and sweet Jackie offers him the occasion to say what he thinks about this age of the exploitation of the ego and the emptiness of go-getting. Although it takes him a little over 356 pages to present it, I do not know that I have ever found the viewpoint more entertainingly or adroitly revealed.

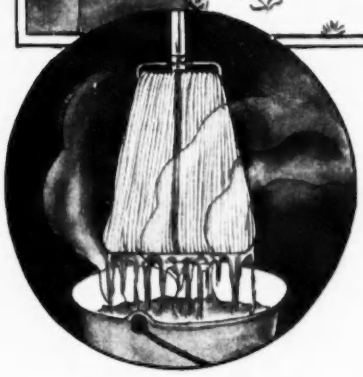
Alain-Fournier

Sometimes we meet a new young writer only to lose him, one of the Chattertons or Keats of literature who blossom early and then die. Just before the war a young Frenchman, Alain-Fournier, wrote a short novel, "Le Grand Meaulnes," which seemed to catch up and fix in an amost perfect piece of prose the spirit of youth as the "shades of the prisonhouse begin to close upon the growing boy who came," as Wordsworth said, trailing clouds of glory from God who is their home. The homesickness, the nostalgia as well as the glory and the dream, the rebellion against limitations of geography and time as well as the urge to fulfillment and fruition—all these he compresses in the story of "Admiral" Meaulnes, which has the intensity of a dream and which, like a dream, it is impossible to describe without forfeiting reality. The story of Yvonne de Galais, which is interwoven with that of this strange wanderer, has been compared to the "fairy-tale reality of Yseult," and Meaulnes himself has a suggestion of Parsifal. Although "Le Grand Meaulnes" has been required reading in college courses on French literature ever since it appeared, Alain-Fournier is now made known for the first time to English readers through the translation of this book by Françoise Delisle under the title "The Wanderer" (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). But alas, this acquaintance can never ripen into friendship, for the young poet was reported missing after a skirmish at Saint-Rémy on September 22, 1914. So this spring song was his swan song.

Another French writer, whose first book was published in 1913, who may be said to be new to English readers after the same fashion, is François Mauriac, whose "Thérèse" is now available in translation for the first time (Liveright, $2.50). "Thérèse" is a terrible book. Its effect is to tighten the muscles about the heart as with deadly sureness the author tracks down the motives of this woman whom we meet on the first page on trial for the murder of her husband. Who but a Frenchman could put a thrill into a psychological study? For it is as a ruthless study of that passion in the woman-soul which can not be chained in marriage that he presents this woman—"more odious," he says himself, than all his "other heroines." And who but a Frenchman could "reveal the secrets of those hearts that are tainted with the clay that covers them" in a little book of two hundred and eight pages? And could do it with such proportion, such dis-

Ladies' hands . . that mop this *new* way





This clever new mop, called the Betty Bright, is wrung by merely turning a handle grip. In steaming water that leaves your floor dry in almost no time, water hotter than hands could stand, you can rinse the self-wringing Betty Bright Mop

ACROSS the bridge table they used to look so conspicuous—the hands all reddened from mop water. Tell-tale color, tiny wrinkles, and that indelible grey shadowing the cuticle . . .

But you seldom see this evidence any more. White hands, smooth hands, *ladies'* hands everywhere. Women are mopping a new way—*wringing* their mops without ever touching the grimy gritty mop water. An improved type of mop has made that possible. A self-wringing mop, called the Betty Bright.

You simply turn a handle grip and this clever little mop is wrung. You can start the job with a brand new manicure and still have it when you've finished!

It means you can now use the hottest water, boiling, steaming suds that loosen the dirt with scarcely any effort on your part. And with a good hot rinse, have a dry floor in no time! If there are children around the house you can appreciate that point.

There is another special feature about the Betty Bright Mop; one that women love. It's the square end of the mop, the "nose" you might call it, which can be glided closely along the baseboard, squarely around table legs, even beneath the radiator—just like a broom. And without streaks or splashes!

Of course the cloth is removable—that is essential in any mop nowadays. Furthermore, you can replace the cloth with another (which you keep constantly treated with Betty Bright Polish), and have a floor polishing mop! Dealers who sell Betty Bright Self-wringing Mops also sell the replacements; they cost fifty cents each.

The price of the complete Betty Bright Mop is only a dollar. If you don't find the Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop at the regular stores in your city, a dollar mailed with the coupon below will bring it, complete to you, postpaid.

BETTY BRIGHT SELF-WRINGING MOP $1.00

[ADDRESS NEAREST OFFICE]

Parker-Regan Corp., Dept. 39-A, 524 Superior Ave., N.E., Cleveland, O.; 593 Market St., San Francisco

Please send me a Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop complete; I enclose $1 (money order, currency or check).

Name..... *Street*.....

City..... *State*.....

This store hadn't it (*name and address*).....

.....

NOTE: *Betty Bright Reversible Dust Mop, $1.50; Betty Bright Polish for lacquer, enamel, varnish, 30c, 60c. At dealer's or sent postpaid on request.*

In using advertisements see page 6

Now...keep Onions *and* Butter *in the same* Refrigerator

Amazing new invention allows you to do this in the new Alaska models. Works with ice or electric cooling

HERE, according to many housekeepers, is the great discovery of our times in food-keeping. At a single stroke this new patented feature of the Alaska refrigerator abolishes the old fears of food spoilage—increases the useful service of the household refrigerator *as much as 20 to 50 per cent.*

Known as Foodex . . . Simple . . . Accurate

This invention is named Foodex. It is an infallible, accurate food-arrangement index incorporated into the inside of the refrigerator doors. It makes it virtually compulsory for you to put each food in the one place in the Alaska where it will keep best. Every food is classified. Every shelf in the refrigerator has its correct use specified. Even the most unintelligent servant girl can make no mistakes unless she deliberately ignores the Foodex guidance.

See it before you buy any Refrigerator

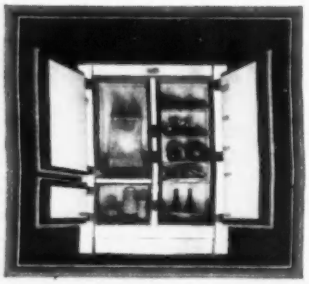
Dealers everywhere are now showing the colorful new-type Alaskas with their new and exclusive Foodex food insurance advantage. There are 67 of these Alaska refrigerators from which to select ranging in price from the very moderate to the finest made. Each Alaska is built to be convertible from ice to electric or back again to ice—so whatever ideas you have about the type of refrigeration you will use, you are safe in choosing an Alaska.

Send for Free Book

An interesting new book, "Amazing New Facts on Food Care" tells you what Foodex is—what it does—why it enables you to keep onions and butter in the same refrigerator. Mailed free to any householder on request. Simply address Dept. G.3, The Alaska Refrigerator Company, Muskegon, Michigan.

You can see the cork insulation through the Alaska Cork Wall Window

"Good Housekeeping Institute has checked up on this recommended arrangement of food in the refrigerator and finds it quite satisfactory."—Good Housekeeping Institute.



ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerators

with their new **FOODEX** *food insurance*

"Tells you where each food keeps best"

March 1929 Good Housekeeping

New Friends In the World of Books

tinction, such intensity, that critics would even come to confuse the beauty of the portrait, like that of Rembrandt's old men, with the beauty of the subject and speak of her "beautiful heart"?

Another book of horror is "Into the Abyss" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), not John Knittel's first book, but the first I have seen. Queerly enough, the heroine of this book, too, was called Thérèse, Thérèse Etienne, and it, too, has to do with a murder. And if M. Mauriac's Thérèse was terrible, John Knittel's is dreadful—dreadful, that is, in the full meaning of the word, arousing as it does a sense of awesome fear before the capacities of the human soul for cruelty, for sin, for suffering, for atonement. John Knittel, a Swiss writing in English, places his tragedy against the Swiss scene and invokes the genius of the Swiss character, but he deals with the elemental emotions of love and passion, hate and anger that have neither race nor geography, and with those qualities of character-weakness and strength. It has, therefore, the universality of a "Macbeth" or a "King Lear," the universality and the magnificence of a Gothic cathedral.

The book's central character, over whose youth has hung the stigma of having a murderer for a father, marries Anton Müller, a patriarchal old man, although she loves his son, Gottfried, a young scholar. The story of the three-cornered tragedy that grows out of it has been likened more than once to Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," but to me the passion of Thérèse lies nearer that of Anna Karenina, and the treatment, the objective one of "Les Miserables" than the subjective one of the gloomy English realist. Yet realism John Knittel has, the courageous realism that does not side-step the punishment of Thérèse's sin by recourse to death. This courage, added to a positively terrific sense of justice, forces him to see his heroine through to an end new in literature. It is this daring handling of moral values—remorse, bravery, truth, justice—that gives the book, in spite of much that is brutally unpleasant, its power.

Alfred Tresidder Sheppard

Not all new friends are young ones. Sometimes we meet them late in life. So a writer may have grown old writing books before it has been our luck to meet him. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, I wager, can not be young. "Here Comes an Old Sailor" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00) savors too much of the wisdom and tolerance that are the compensation for age, the hard-won guerdon of experience. But before I looked up this book—because so extraordinarily highly recommended by May Lamberton Becker, whose opinion is always valuable—he had done seven other books. Since then I, too, have been recommending it, even though occasionally a friend reports back to me her disappointment, or that she could not get interested.

To me this tale of the old sailor rescued on the shores of Kent in 1215 had all the charm of novelty, of erudition, that flatters one by its intelligibility, all the lure of antiquity, all the attraction of the strange. To live again in an ancient day, to follow the actions of men long dead, as if they had lived yesterday, to reconstruct their homes and follow their loves and hates, to be a party to the great events of history—all this has an appeal to those with the historic sense joined to that love of a problem which makes of some men chess-players, of others detectives, of some genealogists, and of still others merely cross-word-puzzle addicts. Usually the only opportunity one has to satisfy this taste is by means of a roystering, knight-errant tale—stale in subject and mechanical in fashion. Not often is one offered an historical novel which has perspective, depth, and in addition introduces us to the unknown through a new method of presentation. All this "Here Comes an Old Sailor"

New Friends In the World of Books

does. But it has another claim to my appreciation.

It gives reality and substance to that day which we met so long ago in "Ivanhoe." Not that it takes away from us that romantic picture of a world in which knights were forever fighting for ladies, and in which serfs with brass collars served Saxon thanes. But it peoples the stage of that all-star cast with freemen, small villagers, monks and lesser churchmen, sailors and soldiers in such a way as to show an integrated society and to link them in their emotions, actions, and reactions to us and make their politics and religions understandable.

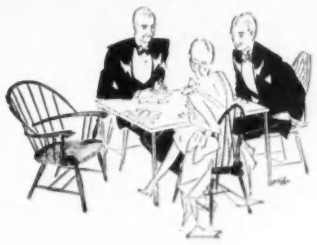
Among my own new book friends are two that come within that all too small group of the really amusing. "Angel Child" by Grace Perkins (Henkle, $2.00) reports refreshingly from the viewpoint of the child actress the affairs of her elders, including the love-affair of the star and the ambitions of her mother and the quarrels of her parents. "Too wise to misunderstand her elders, too young for emotional sympathy," to quote the publisher, she entertains us so much with inside "dope" on the intrigues and jealousies that go with life on the road, that we forgive her the precocity of her activities, though it slightly strains our credulity. I hope that Angel Child will do another book before she, like Jackie Coogan, leaves us to grow up.

"The Virgin Queene" (Little, Brown, $2.00) won me by degrees. Taking Mr. Harford Powel, Jr., at first in all seriousness, the satire in this tale of how a temporarily retired advertising man succeeded against his will in imposing a fraud on the literati of two nations led me slowly to the wide grin with which I recognized its delightful irony.

McCready Huston

The irony of McCready Huston's "Dear Senator" (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), on the other hand, shouts to us from the very title. But in spite of the heaviness with which it is laid on, and the reportorial style that seeks a front-page story in every incident and so sacrifices contour to surface vividness, depth to emphasis, one feels that in essentials here is a true picture of certain aspects of the American scene. Dan Meredith in his entirety may be a creation of the author's brain, but one knows that the same materials which went to make him are to be found in men sitting today in the halls of Congress. Laurel Fife may be the creature of his imagination, but undoubtedly there are women with the same ideals being disappointed every day in the idols they have raised. Dixon Latrobe—well, many a young man in love knows her prototype. As for the other characters, politicians, bankers, play-managers, they are reported and not constructed. As for the incidents of the plot, the action, the detail of the scenery—if they have not all happened in this relationship to each other, we know that they are to Mr. Huston's composition what the tiny pieces of glass in the kaleidoscope which charmed our youth were to the picture at which we looked. His is merely the hand that has juggled them into relationship to each other. There are here too many stories, Dan Meredith and his wife's, Dixon Latrobe's and Colin Hay's, the young newspaperman's who tells the story and Latrobe's—each separate and entire.

There are here four different kinds of novel—a novel of character, the slow decomposition of Dan Meredith under the corrosion of ambition; a novel of setting, that of the political scene; a novel of plot, that of Laurel Fife's relationship to Dan; a novel of manners, those of today. Rather a tremendous undertaking, this, for the young author whose second book this is—and well brought off, yielding in spite of all its faults a truer picture of actual politics than that presented by his fellow Indianian, Booth Tarkington, in that political novel of



so QUIET

8 DISTINCT IMPROVEMENTS

including LOW COST

THE T/N One-Piece Water Closet is a startling advance in modern sanitation. Eight distinct improvements—*including extreme quietness*—at a very moderate cost. See any good plumbing contractor. Let him show you—

1. T/N's amazingly quiet operation. 2. Powerful "whirlpool" flushing action. 3. Non-overflowing feature—eliminating one of the most expensive troubles. 4. Beautiful one-piece design—unsightly wall-tank has been eliminated. 5. Space-saving advantage—the T/N can even be placed in a corner if desired. 6. Finest two-fired vitreous china—should outlast your home without cracking, crazing or discoloring. 7. Protects your water supply against pollution and infection—it is impossible for water to find its way back into the supply pipe. 8. Mechanism simple and free from trouble.

Ask your plumbing contractor today—see the T/N in actual operation. Or mail the coupon below for interesting helpful literature.

ONE PIECE T/N WATER CLOSET

W. A. CASE & SON MFG. CO.,
Dept. 203, 220 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send free descriptive literature on the T/N One-Piece Water Closet.

I am interested in ☐ NEW HOME ☐ REMODELING

Name .....

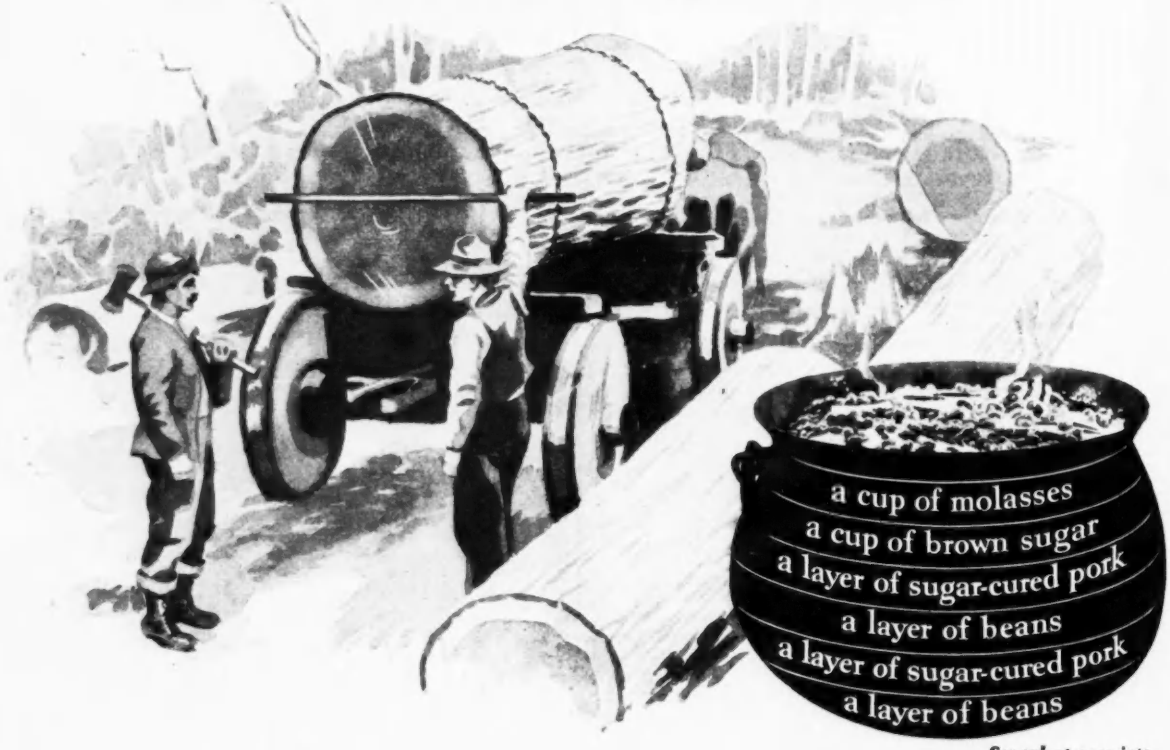
Address .....

Plumber's Name .....

In using advertisements see page 6

Bean Hole Beans!

Just like those baked in the outdoor oven called the "bean hole" in the Maine woods


a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

See what goes into the outdoor bean pot! The very same ingredients are used in Bean Hole Beans.

You've heard of them, of course—those beans baked in the old "bean hole" in the logging camps of the Maine woods. The recipe used and the way of baking are unique.

The great round-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim—with a layer of beans, a layer of sugar-cured prime pork, a cup of molasses and one of brown sugar. Repeated again and again.

Then the pot, the cover sealed on air-tight with clay, is buried in the oven in the ground called the "bean hole." There, in a bed of glowing pine embers, it slowly cooks all night—for 12 hours.

And in the morning when the bean pot is lifted out and opened—*such deliciousness!* Flavor-rich ingredients blended by long slow cooking . . . the fragrance of the forest . . . seasoning of pungent wood smoke . . . *Indescribable!*

And now you can have that same wonderful baked-in-the-ground flavor. For a way to reproduce it has really been found at last.

So like the originals baked in the "bean hole" in the Maine woods are these new beans that they are called Bean Hole Beans.

Think of having this up-to-now unattainable woods flavor for your own table! Don't put off experiencing this new pleasure—order some Bean Hole Beans today. They come in two sizes, medium 15c; large 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Ind.

Now you can have that wonderful "baked-in-the-ground" flavor!

★

The first real reproduction of the famous Maine woods beans

New Friends In the World of Books

yesterday, "The Gentleman from Indiana."

Viola Paradise is one of the younger novelists who can do a pleasant story without insulting our intelligence, doing it not by saying this is the best of all possible worlds, but by suggesting ever so deftly that it may under some circumstances be one of the most amusing, and then proceeding to outline some of those circumstances. In "Wits' End" (Dutton, $2.50) they comprised a young newspaper man who had been asked to do a play and invited to a charming summer place in Maine to do it; two young women artists living in a little old unpainted farmhouse, one of them, at least, ready and willing to fall in love; a nice old scholar with high blood pressure; and his bustling, antique-bitten, efficient club-woman wife; a foolish, ultra-modern, empty-headed, sentimentalist girl; a British-model, warranted-to-make-no-mistakes butler; a rescue; a lost manuscript; a regular-true-love misunderstanding; all cleverly intermingled with just enough of irony and psychology, including dreams, to enable our sophistication to accept them, even today. Not that the author is trivial. Not at all. What she seems to say as she cocks her eye most delightfully is: "There's as much sentiment and comedy as there ever was—if you only know where to look for it."

Walter D. Edmonds

My very newest friend is the Walter D. Edmonds whose "Rome Haul" (Little, Brown. $2.50) I have just finished reading in proof. In reverse order from Miss Paradise's method, Mr. Edmonds shows us an old-fashioned scene through the new-fashioned eyes. No writer of the fifties following Dan Harrow down the Erie Canal would have dared to give us, had he seen it himself, the unromantic truth about Molly or the squalor of the boats, or the brutality of the rum-sodden men who manned them. Mr. Edmonds does it so effortlessly that we are hardly aware of the art that has stripped from this scene all the romance in which an older day cloaked all its hard realities. This is because he is able to retain its real values. There is a pathos about Dan's and Molly's relationship that no idealization of it could have; there is a tragedy about Gentleman Joe that no one of the old outlaws ever attained.

Although "Rome Haul" is built around the experience of Dan Harrow, who came off his father's farm, got a job "driving" the toll-road mules, made a momentous trip and won a canal boat of his own as a result, won Molly and then turned his back on both her and the boat, it is really the story of the canal, and, since its life was woven intimately into that of the back-country, it serves as a revelation of that back-country itself, its taverns, its grim justice, its primitive emotions. By a rare power of divination or, perhaps more truly, of materialization, he makes these incidents that document his story so real and vital that it becomes a story of that day and time. But let those who do not wish to lose the illusions in which it has hitherto been draped turn their back on this book. Those who do not, however, will come away from it with more gratitude if less respect for these forebears whose efforts have made possible our softer, gentler, safer day.

I can not close an article on new book friends without mentioning one whose last book, "A Marriage Was Made" (Sears, $2.50) is so much beyond her first, "This Ecstasy," that some day she may stand with that distinguished list of those who come slowly to their public but hold them long. To all who wish to assist at the development of a novelist of depth and passion I would recommend Elizabeth Stern.

For advice on books, write to Mrs. Blair, Joplin, Missouri. Always enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for her reply. If you can not find in your local book store any of the books mentioned here, we shall be glad to buy them for you. Send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

A dinner for a hungry child

THE clear shining light in a child's eyes when he views this dinner will keep on being clear and shining after he has eaten these fresh vegetables—for they are that kind of vegetables.

Carrots — cooked this new fine way. Potatoes — with a new and exclaimed-about flavor. Spinach that puts iron into those slender limbs — not ordinary spinach by any means. Then with a poached egg, a glass of milk, a cookie or apple—it is one good dinner!

The vegetables are cooked as you perhaps have never cooked them—seasoned perhaps as you have never seasoned them . . . in this, the Griswold Triplicate Set. It is a "waterless" set, and it coddles the vegetables in gentle steam. It holds in all the nutrition that vegetables are famed for, while cherishing and concentrating their flavors. Even what tries to escape as steam gets basted back from the rings in the cover. Then with "Aunt Ellen's" special way of seasoning—well, the need of most vegetables is for just such cooking, just as the need of most children is for just such vegetables.

Griswold "Waterless" Utensils are in glinting thick cast aluminum, in many shapes and sizes. See them at any kitchen-equipment store.

Write for "Aunt Ellen's" recipe for a vegetable dinner for children. Also for her booklet on "Waterless Cooking"—with its fifty recipes more. Address "Aunt Ellen," Dept. N, The Griswold Kitchen, Erie, Penna.

GRISWOLD ★ Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Tea Room Managers Wanted

Splendid opportunities open in tea rooms, motor inns, coffee shops. How to start a tea room of your own. Managers, assistant managers, hostesses and other executives are needed in tremendous new field for women. The tea room industry is sweeping America. A real income, fascinating work, quick success, are offered in this new field of opportunity. Previous experience unnecessary. We quickly train you by mail, show you how to earn while you learn. Start your own tea room, or we put you in touch with desirable positions. Lewis graduates everywhere are winning success. Write today for 44-page FREE BOOK, *"Pouring Tea for Profit,"* which gives full details.

LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE

Dept. BJ-2410 *Charter Member National Home Study Council* **Washington, D. C.**

HAPPY HOSTESS *Waterproof* Tablecloth

(Not an oilcloth)

HAS the appearance of imported Irish Linen. Instantly laundered with damp cloth. No washing and ironing. Guaranteed not to peel, crack or stiffen. In white and six colors. Ask your Dep't or Drygoods store for HAPPY HOSTESS Table Cloth. If he cannot supply you, write us for samples.

Every yard marked "Happy Hostess" on reverse side for your protection

KENLIT MFG. CO.

22 Locust Street — Medford, Mass.

Malt-o-Meal ★

This wheat cereal flavored with specially prepared barley malt is highly recommended for infant feeding and children's diet. A good tasting cereal that the whole family will like. Cooks in two minutes and makes excellent puddings, porridges and other tasty dishes. Send your name and address and grocer's name for free sample. Write plainly.

CAMPBELL CEREAL COMPANY
NORTHFIELD MINNESOTA

A Cereal You'll Enjoy

In using advertisements see page 6

Why houses fail as homes for women

By
ELIZABETH GARY
HOSTESS, CELOTEX COTTAGE

SO many things claim the attention of men when they build or buy a house . . . they must think of the cost, location and a host of other important business details.

But women have a deeper, more vital interest in their home . . . they wonder how it will feel on cold, drizzly mornings; on hot, sultry afternoons. They worry about the damp, chill and draughts that threaten the health of children.

These are points that do not naturally occur to men. They must be reminded of them by the women, who live in their homes all day and appreciate the need for protection against unpleasant weather.

Most women already are familiar with a remarkable insulating cane board, Celotex, that stops extreme heat and cold . . . that increases comfort, reduces sickness and lowers fuel bills in old homes and new.

Celotex is used for sheathing, for lining basements, attics, roofs and garages. For plaster-base Celotex Lath is especially designed to reinforce against plaster cracks and eliminate lath marks.

Visit your contractor, architect or dealer some day and ask for further information on Celotex. And when you are in Chicago, call at the Celotex Cottage on Michigan Boulevard and get all the facts about this better way of building.

Meanwhile, let me send you an attractive booklet describing this interesting little home. Use the coupon below.

The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal. All reliable dealers can supply Celotex Building Board and Celotex Lath.

Elizabeth Gary probably talks home building with more people than any other woman in America. She can help you on many problems. Visit the Celotex Cottage at 645 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, or write her.

CELOTEX
BRAND
INSULATING CANE BOARD
The word
CELOTEX
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
is the trademark of and indicates manufacture by
The Celotex Company
Chicago, Illinois

THE CELOTEX COMPANY G. H. 3-29
645 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the booklet, "The Little House with the Mansion Air," and the Celotex book, "Year Around Comfort and Fuel Saving for Every Home."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Tested, Tasted and Approved

(*Continued from page 91*)

other meals, and readers are telling us that our 1929 series of articles on the cost and the preparation of the daily meals to fit various conditions is effectively meeting their needs.

Housekeepers also find our recipe charts very useful. In these charts we use a basic recipe for each type of dish and show how it may be varied widely. These recipes by chart simplify cookery, especially for beginners.

For the home manager the problem of purchasing food today is a steadily changing one. Foods are constantly appearing in new forms, and the food industries are rapidly perfecting processes of food manufacture in bringing our every-day foods to the market in more convenient form and with their food value well conserved. Housekeepers in their purchasing are asking for dependable information as to these products. For this reason Good Housekeeping Institute has been preparing articles for these pages on the various food industries of today. Our recent series on modern canned foods had an enthusiastic response from our readers as well as our articles on package foods. In order to make these Institute articles on manufactured food products informative and authoritative, members of the Institute staff visited the plants where these food products are manufactured, and took the time to watch the complete process and to talk with those in charge of production, in order to gather for our articles all the facts in their relative importance.

Our Service to Manufacturers

Food manufacturers, recognizing our unique facilities for working with food products at Good Housekeeping Institute, frequently turn to us for assistance in developing methods of using their products and in making recommendations to them for any desirable changes in improving these products, whenever this seems necessary.

An association of food manufacturers recently asked the Institute to assist them in developing standards for their fruit products in producing a quality that would make a wider appeal to purchasers. This work included the determining of the most acceptable density of sirup for preserving the fruit. As their experiments progress, samples arrive at the Institute to be tried out.

We are now cooperating with the manufacturers of a new method of preparing fish which brings it to market packaged and in the freshest condition. As each new package is developed, samples of it are sent to the Institute for criticism and constructive suggestion. In judging these products as they are prepared and ready for serving, we have the same advantage as in testing Institute recipes, of being able to call upon our testing staff as a tasting staff as well, for their opinion and their rating of the product according to a carefully worked out score-card.

Another association of food manufacturers asked us a short time ago to do some work for them on their product as outlined in their letter to us:

"Will you in your own experimental kitchen test out the cooking of our product and let us know your findings—the ultimate object being to work out the practical, fool-proof, basic method of preparing and cooking this product with the shortest possible amount of time involved, yet with results which are satisfactory.

"Another thing: Will you let us have any recipes which you may have for the use of this product? Also, will you let us know frankly just what is your opinion about them—about their menu possibilities; about their food value."

Manufacturers, in telling the public about their products and the preparation of these for the table, often come to the Institute for assistance in making all recipes and other

Tested, Tasted and Approved

instructions definite and clear. In this connection the Institute also offers cooperation to those whose products appear in the advertising pages of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. All directions and recipes are checked up, and tested in the Institute kitchens whenever it seems necessary. And the manufacturer may announce in his advertising that the recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute if they have been found satisfactory, or if our recommendations for any desired changes are followed. Manufacturers are increasingly availing themselves of this service, so that Institute standards for methods of preparing foods are represented in our advertising pages as well as in our editorial pages.

All foods tested by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health are also tested by Good Housekeeping Institute from the standpoint of their use, flavor, consistency, and the directions for preparing and serving them. These Institute tests are considered in the final decision as to the approval or disapproval of any food product tested by the Bureau.

Not only does Good Housekeeping Institute develop methods of preparing food products, but we are of course equally interested in helping our readers to serve meals that keep the family fit. In response to many questions from home managers and others interested in food values, our articles on foods and food preparation take into consideration food values and methods of planning well-balanced meals. Our directions in the form of a hanger card for Balancing the Daily Meals for Adults and Children are now being widely used as a simple guide to meal planning, as is also our bulletin on the same subject. And, as already stated, since both the art and the science of cookery are considered in all our food preparation work at the Institute, methods of cooking are developed that preserve food value, as well as texture and flavor, and modern kitchen equipment plays no small part in accomplishing this.

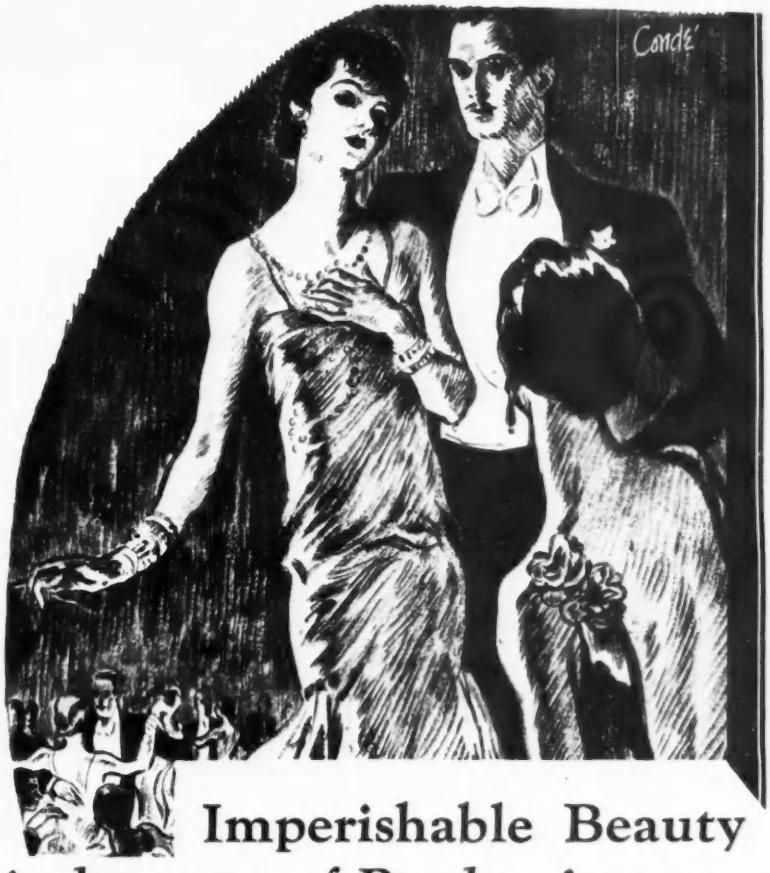
Food service follows food preparation, and many are the questions we are asked on the serving of food. These questions are answered in our Institute articles and in our bulletin on the Etiquette of Serving Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner. Simple but attractive methods of preparing the food for serving are clearly illustrated in both, as well as the setting of the table for the every-day meals and for special occasions. Linen, glass, silver, and china are also considered in discussing and illustrating correct methods of table service.

Plumbing

(*Continued from page 89*)

a good investment is mainly a matter for personal decision. If you decide that your needs demand additional bathroom facilities even in your present home, it is probable that you can install equipment in some little-used space that you can readily give up for the purpose. Manufacturers are now making bathroom equipment especially suited for small space, and it is surprising how complete and adequate the little bathroom may be made. We are showing on page 89 a floor plan of a small bathroom fully equipped. The room, you will note, is only 6'-3" long and 5'-3" wide and might easily be made from a closet or storage space. Many variations are available in the equipment and in the location of it, so that it is possible to fit a bathroom into almost any reasonable space that is desirable.

With the advent of the modern bathroom, there came a tendency to centralize all the bathroom functions. You will remember the old-time arrangement in which each room had its washstand and basin and pitcher. A later



Imperishable Beauty *is the secret of Bemberg's success*

WHENEVER smart women exchange confidences about clothes these days, the word "Bemberg" runs through the conversation like a silver thread.

Exquisite underthings, sheer hosiery and smart frocks of fabrics made of Bemberg are always mentioned, not only because they are as lovely as the finest silk, but because they wear and wash so remarkably.

Recently at a meeting of textile students, experts and silk buyers who met to study the various yarns of chemical origin at one of our great New York universities, a test was made to discover whether anyone could distinguish materials of Bemberg from silk by touch or sight. Not one of those present could do so.

Properly constructed materials of Bemberg have no rival. They can be sent to the laundry without any washing instructions. They can be run through the wringer and pressed with a *hot* iron.

Ask to see the newest fabrics of Bemberg at your store.

You may buy underthings, hosiery or dresses of Bemberg with complete confidence in their superior wearing qualities.

The story of Bemberg, a fascinating account of a modern miracle of science, is ready for you.

Send this coupon for a free copy.

Bemberg

"Bemberg is a soft, white, silky yarn made from pure, dissolved cellulose fibres, spun into very fine threads, by an exclusive, stretch-spinning process, which gives it unusual strength and elasticity. It has a natural lustre similar to silk and contains filaments of the same number and fineness."

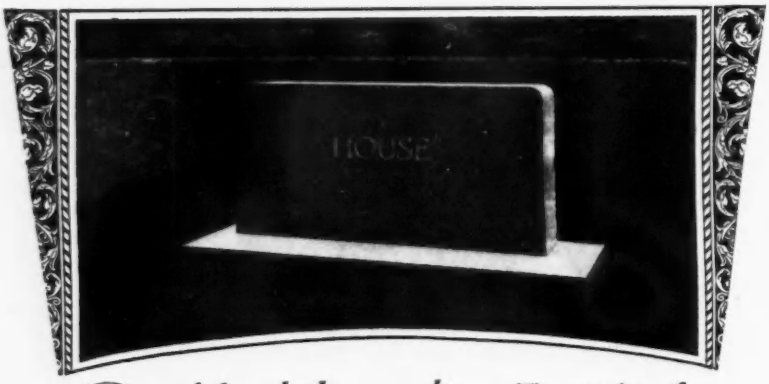
AMERICAN BEMBERG CORPORATION, 180 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send me your booklet, samples of fabrics made of Bemberg and a twist of Bemberg Yarn as it comes from your mill in Tennessee.

G. H. 3

Name..... *Address*.....

In using advertisements see page 6



Build while you live— The creation of a trust fund, like insurance is a provision for those we love. A carefully considered act—it is one of the provisions that one makes for the proper disposal of an estate built up during a lifetime. The selection of a family memorial is also a matter calling for good judgment, deliberation and thorough investigation. We urge you—now—to erect a memorial to perpetuate your family name. Let us assist you to simplify your task. Use the coupon below or better still, write us in detail of the memorial you would like to erect.

ROCK OF AGES

THE *DISTINCTIVE* ROCK OF AGES BARRE GRANITE

ROCK OF AGES CORPORATION — BARRE, VERMONT

Please send me your booklet—*"How to Choose A Memorial"*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Fits a Man's Vest Pocket or a Woman's Purse

A dainty, exquisite *and caseless* flashlight that is durable and practical. Lasts an amazingly long time. Lights as top snaps open. Go to the nearest dealer and buy one today.

Silvery and Sparkling Designs in: Red Blue Green Brown Black

A COMPLETE FLASHLIGHT **39¢** NOTHING ELSE TO BUY

Sold in these Stores: Drug Hardware Electrical Automotive Department and many others

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY, Chicago

Mfrs. of Radio, Ignition and Flashlight Batteries

BURGESS SNAP LITE FLASHLIGHT

This is *His Kingdom!*

His Kiddie-Koop! Within its protecting screen, baby can be safe—secure from all harm, fended from flies, mosquitoes and all the many germ-carrying enemies which lie in wait for his defenseless little self. Then, too, Kiddie-Koop is such a boon to busy mothers, lightening their work through all those dear but trying years of babyhood—from birth to 5 years.

"Nurseryland" Free

Trimble has published a wonderful little book called "Nurseryland." It's crammed with helpful hints to mothers. Thousands are now reading it. Your copy awaits your request. No charge or obligation. Send for it today.

E. M. TRIMBLE MFG. CO.
151 Jay Street, Rochester, N.Y.

KIDDIE-KOOP
Makes Healthier Babies

Plumbing

development was "running water," and then the washstand became a lavatory—but still in the bedroom. Later the lavatory stepped out of the bedroom and into the centralized bathroom. This change was in part prompted by the conservation of space and by economy. But there are definite signs that the pendulum is about to swing the other way again. We are becoming more interested in convenience as an important factor in our lives, and so we are prone to put a money value on it or, in other words, to try to evaluate cost against convenience and comfort. It is probably for this reason that the "decentralized bathroom," as it might be called, is now a subject for serious consideration.

The bathroom functions may be entirely decentralized, for example, by having the bathing facilities separate from the toilet and lavatory, or the bathroom may be designed so that the functions can be separated or combined as desired. A plan for such a bathroom is shown on page 89. You will notice that the bathtub with shower is in a room with a lavatory and dental lavatory, and this room can be used separately or in combination with the adjoining room containing the toilet and another lavatory. The advantages of this plan are quite obvious. The only extra piece of equipment is one lavatory, although, of course, the cost of this combination of rooms would be greater than the usual single bathroom because of the added wall and floor surfaces and the extra piping.

Other methods of decentralization might include the provision of an extra shower bath entered from a bedroom or dressing-room or, for the maximum of convenience, a separate bathroom to be used for one or more bedrooms.

Fashions in Stains

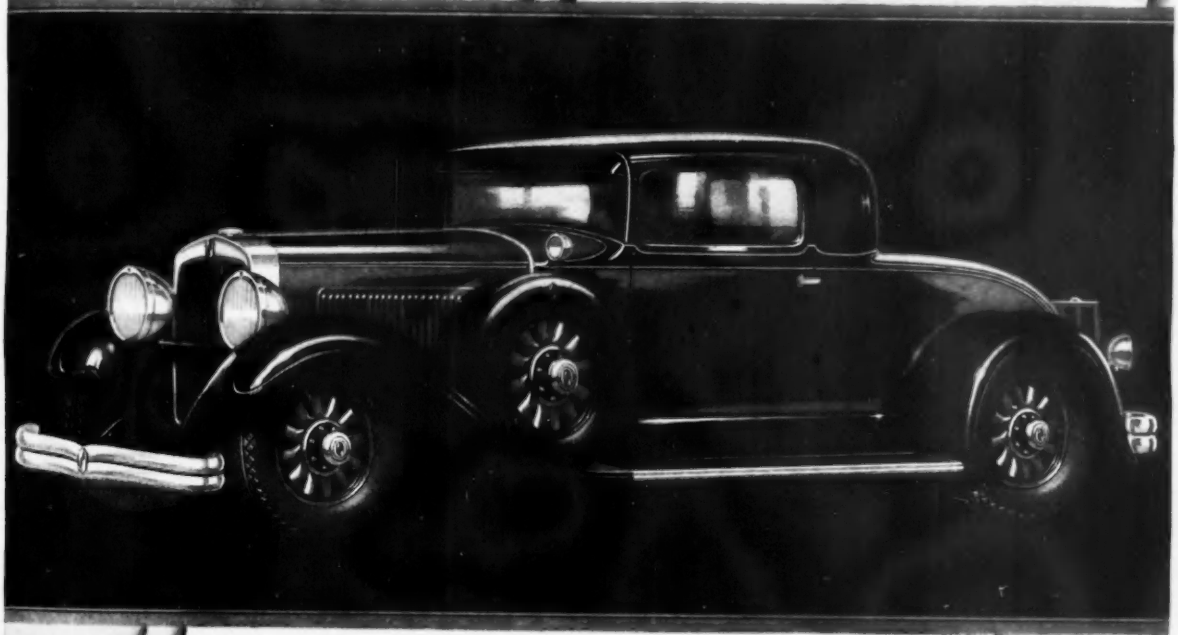
(*Continued from page 85*)

must be used. The following incident describes one way of bleaching a large quantity of linen at home:

A short time ago a chest of old table linen and bed linen was opened and found to be yellowed with age. There were no spots on the linen, but all the material—even the lace on the pillow slips—was a uniform yellow. The pieces were washed in warm soapy water in a washing machine for five minutes, as they were not really soiled, then rinsed in warm water for the same time. The water was then drained from the machine, and clear water, about 125° F., was run in up to the water line. One cupful of javelle water to four gallons of water was added. The pieces, well opened, were put in, and the machine was operated for eight minutes. Four rinses were given, two cupfuls of white vinegar being put into the third rinse water. The clothes were dried indoors and were white and odorless when ironed.

The same method of bleaching could be followed, using a wash tub and observing the same proportions of javelle and water. If any part of the inside of the washer is aluminum, the javelle will darken it; but no more than will continued use in regular washing. In the strength given the javelle water will not injure the metal. It may be necessary to treat dark brown spots as individual stains, using the javelle water in stronger solution as described for removing mercurochrome stains.

In removing stains, the work is much more intelligently done if the stain is known. Also, if a knowledge of the fabric and of the effect of different cleaning agents is possessed by the home cleaner, and she has patience and an aptitude for careful work, there is no reason why she can not remove successfully the majority of spots and stains that may occur on the textile materials of the present day. In sending a garment to a professional cleaner, it is well, if possible, to tell him what are the stains he is expected to remove.



THERE is a finer touch to the operation and control of the new Nash "400". ¶ Perfect confidence, even in severe traffic, is yours. Nash brakes stop the car comfortably, instantly. Gears shift smoothly, noiselessly. Clutch pedal yields to the lightest pressure. You've never driven an easier car to steer and park. ¶ Drive the new "400," and then you will know that here, indeed, is the *World's easiest car to drive.*

NASH LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

In using advertisements see page 6

MY HUSBAND INSISTS THAT I OWN A WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

WHILE helping me with the dishes last night, he said: "We ought to have a WALKER Electric Dishwasher. We have every other electrical appliance you need and here we are washing dishes just as they did in the dark ages. Why not do this job in a modern way?"

I told him I would rather use that money for something else but he said: "Tommyrot!—it costs less than many other things and we can pay for it in installments, the same as we are paying for the automobile and refrigerator."

I told him that our next maid could use a dishpan and he floored me with "Perhaps your next maid would stay longer than the last one if a dishwasher helped make your kitchen more attractive and encouraged her to work in a modern way.

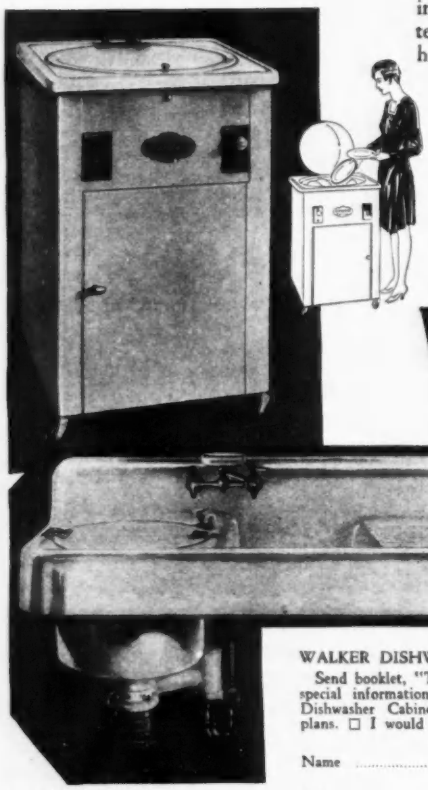
"Then, too, if the doctor is right, poorly washed dishes are a constant menace to the health of the children."

That settled it . . . we are going to have a WALKER Dealer bring in a Cabinet Model for demonstration and arrange terms of payment. And, perhaps, when planning our new home, we can plumb-in the Sink Model . . . or use the neat tiled-in style like Mary Jones has in her new home.

Thousands of homes and apartment owners now recognize the WALKER Electric Dishwasher not only as the latest but the most practical electrical equipment. It keeps the unsanitary dishcloth and towel from the dishes . . . saves that 3-times-a-day drudgery. Physicians have always been its foremost users and endorsers.

WALKER is the original electric dishwasher for home use, refined and improved in actual use beyond the stage of experiment; approved by leading institutes and domestic science teachers; endorsed by physicians and health officers.

Model No. 115 Portable Electric Dishwasher Cabinet—in three colors and white. Easy terms thru your electrical dealer. Side leaves available.



Let us send you an interesting story, "The Dawn of a New Day in Your Kitchen", which explains the WALKER principle and describes models for every possible requirement. Name of your electrical dealer appreciated. WALKER DISHWASHER CORP., Dept. 810, 246 Walton St., Syracuse, N. Y.

DO NOT PUT OFF ADDING THIS NEW INFLUENCE FOR HOME BETTERMENT. LET US NAME DEALER FOR DEMONSTRATION AND EASY TERM PAYMENTS.

WALKER
ELECTRIC
DISHWASHERS
Sink and Cabinet models

Model No. 112 WALKER Dishwasher Sink. Consult your Plumber for sink models and ask our Kitchen Planning Dept. to prepare layout for your old or new kitchen without obligation.

WALKER DISHWASHER CORP., Dept. 810, Syracuse, N. Y.

Send booklet, "The Dawn of a New Day in Your Kitchen," and special information about ☐ Electric Dishwasher Sink ☐ Electric Dishwasher Cabinet ☐ Send instruction sheet for kitchen floor plans. ☐ I would like a demonstration.

Name .....

Address .....

(Names of your architect, electrical dealer and plumber appreciated

© 1929, W. D. C.

A Thing of Beauty

(Continued from page 47)

American cabinetmaker might have made it. The fireplace furnishings and some of the chairs are antiques. (The latter looked thoroughly comfortable and usable.) Everywhere are quaint and lovely objects chosen and placed with a discriminating eye to form and color that add to the friendly, casual air. It is a room in which no one—even the shyest soul—could feel like a stranger.

Dining-rooms are usually difficult to furnish attractively. This one is successful because it is completely unpretentious. It is a place to dine in—nothing more—and the extreme simplicity of its furnishings strikes one pleasantly. There is an oak table, long and narrow, surrounded by well-proportioned, sturdy chairs, and against one wall is a peasant dresser holding thick plates, chubby pitchers, tankards, and measuring cups of pewter. It is a room that shows graphically the value of knowing when to stop in the matter of adding furnishings.

To one who has always been fascinated by low rooms that follow the vagaries of the roof, the three bedrooms upstairs are utterly charming. The irregular walls, the casement windows tucked into alcoves, the quaint wallpapers, the hooked rugs, and the old-fashioned rocking chairs and dignified highboys—it is hard to describe things like these which make these rooms so individual and so captivating.

Choosing Wallpaper Is Difficult

Mrs. La Gatta spoke of the difficulty of selecting just the right wallpapers.

"You go to a shop," she said, "and pattern after pattern is displayed, not as it will look upon the wall, but in a narrow strip. Your eye and your mind are distracted by dozens of other designs all around you. You see one you think you will like, and only after you have tried it on the wall do you realize that a design which is effective in a strip looks different when it is repeated over the entire surface."

In spite of these difficulties, however, the papers in the bedrooms were well chosen—one a reproduction of an old Salem bird design, one a small prim flower pattern, and one a large over-all rose pattern reflecting the green and rose notes in rug and coverlet.

One goes away from the La Gatta home marveling at the beauty and interest that can be packed into a little house of six ordinary-sized rooms, and wondering why it is that so many home-builders who aim at the same rambling, informal charm fail to attain it. It is obvious, of course, that in this case the fundamentals of good home-building have been observed. The site—a woodsy plot of four acres, part of which is comparatively flat and part a bluff—has been used to the best advantage. The irregular rooflines are well adapted to such a site, and the view from each of the important rooms is attractive. The house is sturdily built of the best materials, and is natural and unpretentious in design, and the exterior expresses pleasantly the simple floor plans. Most of us really want to conform to these essentials of good building. We want a home that is well-built and well-designed and that expresses honestly our tastes and our manner of living. But when we try to achieve the romantic informality we call picturesque, we often seem to overlook some essential principle. The result is a house which is merely tricky, which calls attention to the effort at picturesqueness with painful obviousness, or which is confusing instead of charming.

To find out just why some houses possess this elusive beauty and others miss it entirely, in spite of great effort to attain it, I consulted Mr. Wesley S. Bessell, a New York architect who has been especially successful in designing informal houses. He has had as clients a number of artists and writers, who as a class seem to prefer the enchanting hominess of a cottage to the more formal beauty of a mansion.

He considered my question thoughtfully, and then said: "The charm of an informal

A Thing of Beauty

house comes from its sincerity and its casualness. It should be a genuine expression of the character of the owner, and it should be thoroughly harmonious with the traditions of the locality. In this section of the country, in my opinion, a house taken from the Colonial or from one of the still earlier English designs will best fit into the American scene and will express most harmoniously the character and tastes of its owner. Contrary to the popular opinion, neither type of house is stereotyped. Both offer a wide variety of design. But in adapting plan and exterior to the needs of the owner, the house must be kept true to its prototype. It takes a trained eye and a talented mind to include all the conveniences that make a house livable from a modern point of view and still lose none of the old beauty. It takes more than a characteristic doorway to make a house Colonial, and a jumble of several materials does not make an English house. In recent years there have been built a tremendous number of pseudo-English cottages with thin strips of wood to simulate the timbering of the old houses. These houses are nearly always ugly; there is a structural reason for the use of timber in the real English cottage, and the modern house built in the English tradition should not use timber unless it is used in a truthful way; that is, unless it has a real structural purpose. One characteristic of English cottages is the variety of materials used in them—wood, stone, stucco, brick. Properly handled, this variety adds greatly to the charm of a house, but it may be confusing and pretentious if badly used. These examples will give you a concrete idea of what I mean when I say that sincerity is a fundamental necessity if you want to build an informal house that has genuine charm."

Leave Something to Time

"Then," I asked, "if I lived in New Jersey and wanted a homey, rambling house, you would tell me to choose the early Dutch Colonial style, and have an architect who was thoroughly familiar with the way the old homes were built, design a house suitable for modern living but faithful to the original?"

"Exactly. And I would tell you to leave something to time. The people who want their houses to be picturesque all of a sudden, like those who put a jib in the roof to make it look old and wavy, don't understand the true meaning of the picturesque. One of the tests of really good architecture is the way it stands wear. A beautiful building becomes more beautiful under the softening influence of time, and realizing this, many people want to hurry the process and start with a house that looks time-worn from the beginning. I know of one case in which holes were bored in the stones to be used for a wall, and the whole was sand-blasted to make it look old and worn, and everything was done to make the house look at least a hundred years old. Nothing more can happen to a house like that. Grayed and weather-beaten by an artificial process of antiquing, it has lost that subtle interest which comes from the signs left by the creeping finger of time. A house that is properly and beautifully built is attractive when it is new, and should be left to the years for the added grace they can give it."

It would be very pleasant if there were definite rules which would guide us to beauty in home-building. But unfortunately the needs and tastes of each family are different from all others. Each house is an individual problem, and each one involves a great deal more than an artistic appreciation of beautiful lines and masses. That is why artists, who, you might think, could easily design their own houses, call upon an architect to help them. They need some one trained in the fundamentals of sound building, who can plan a house that wastes no space and gives the family the highest possible use and enjoyment of every square foot, and who, in addition, can design a house that will always be satisfying to the eye and to the heart.

Save on Stockings!

New Thrift McCallums $1.65 . . . $1.85 . . . $1.95

THIS announcement offers you the opportunity to enjoy McCallum luxury and save money at the same time! Here are four new Thrift McCallums priced so low that every woman can afford to wear them all the time—for sports, for work, as well as for smart social occasions.

These stockings are real McCallums. They have the famous McCallum sheen that comes from long silk fibres parallel laid and parallel knit. They are the McCallums which for forty years have guided Fashion's trend in colors from season to season.

Though you choose to pay no more than $1.65, you can wear these lovely stockings! Four new numbers are described here so that you may select your entire stocking wardrobe from these low-priced Thrift McCallums. And remember, you have the full assortment of McCallum colors to choose from.

Watch for the McCallum Style Opening in all smart shops, March 18-30. The outstanding spring colors are these—Copal, Vellum, and Allure. The McCallum color card, showing the correct stocking shades for spring and summer, will be mailed to you upon receipt of your name and address. McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass.

AT $1.65 . . . An all-silk stocking at a really amazing price! Sheer, lovely silk from hem to toe. The narrow French heel is graceful and becoming. You'll say it's the greatest combination of beauty and low price you ever saw!

AT $1.85 . . . For Sports, for business, for every occasion where extra wear is the prime consideration, this is the stocking to be chosen. Heavy silk, sturdily reinforced with lisle in the foot, and with a four-inch lisle hem.

AT $1.95 . . . Two numbers: one, an exquisite all-over silk chiffon stocking with picot edge. The other, a light service stocking heavy enough to be practical, sheer enough to be becoming.

McCALLUM HOSIERY

"You Just Know She Wears Them"

In using advertisements see page 6

KOZAN
Reproduction

"What I need now is a New Rug"

The natural taste of the Oriental weaver is a symphony of strong, rich colors—blues, roses, reds, golds, greens—sometimes a dozen shades of each will be introduced into a rug. The result is a picture of positive Oriental beauty. The cost of this original runs into many hundreds—even thousands of dollars . . . . . Bengal-Oriental rugs reproduce this Oriental picture definitely and authentically for you at a price not to exceed $185 in 9 x 12 size.

There are no other rugs so beautiful

Your address and 10c. will bring you a portfolio of color reproductions of rare and beautiful Bengal-Oriental rugs
James M. Shoemaker Co., Dept. G.H., 119 W. 40th St., N.Y.

Bengal-Oriental Rugs

THE HOUSE OF SHOEMAKER—TWENTY-SECOND YEAR

The new home Vul-Cot is OVAL

The smartest wastebasket you ever saw—colorful, graceful and capable! The new *oval* shape in ten soft pastel lacquers is the accepted basket in homes of exquisite taste. Its solid construction of vulcanized fibre is dust-tight and immune to the roughest treatment. Guaranteed by the makers for a full five years! At all stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.

VUL-COT
-the national wastebasket
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
Wilmington, Del.

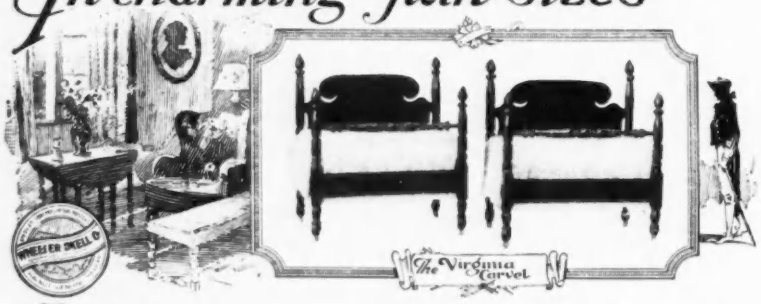
CASH'S NAMES

For Marking All Clothing. To prevent loss of laundry, to save arguments as to ownership, to positively identify both clothing and owner there is nothing like CASH'S NAMES. Woven with fast color thread on fine cambric tape CASH'S NAMES are neat, permanent, economical. *Order from your dealer or write.*

Trial Offer
Send 10c for one dozen of your own first name woven in fast thread on fine cambric tape.

J. & J. CASH, Inc.
109th STREET
South Norwalk, Conn.

In Charming Twin Sizes



Among the fifty authentic and distinctive designs of "America's Foremost Four Posters," twin-size beds can be obtained with the same Old Colonial charm as the singles. These beautiful and durable beds are sold by the better stores and are easily identified by the trade mark name Wheeler-Okell on the footboard.
All Wheeler-Okell products, acknowledged leaders in their lines, are fully illustrated and described in our DeLuxe catalog. All names and designs copyrighted and registered.

Send 10 cents for catalog.

WHEELER-OKELL CO. - NASHVILLE, TENN.

Little Boy Blue

(*Continued from page 39*)

Stained-glass windows. Velvet carpets and deep, soft cushions. Flowers and magnificence. Gold leaf and silver plate.

And back in a dim little church, in a dim little farming community, a fair-haired girl went over next Sunday's music on a rusty little organ. She was alone, and the church was cold and every so often the girl paused. To blow upon fingers that were more than slightly tinged with blue.

HE JUSTIFIED all that the stout trustee had said of him. For on his first Sunday, in the pulpit of St. Luke's, James Lane Hall preached a sermon that was unique in the history of the church. With black silk robes adequately covering his leanness and his shabbiness, the young minister told his new friends—and, miracle of miracles, he made them feel that they were his friends!—all that was crowding his heart. Told them of his desire to help them and serve them and lead them.

At first his speech was a little awkward—a trifle halting and slow. But it wasn't long before the thrill of the moment caught and held him. At first he had been conscious, standing behind the ornate pulpit, of much magnificence. But as he spoke, that consciousness passed. And he was again addressing a group of farm folk—who had come to him for beauty.

There was, in his soul, no realization of the fact that he was offering aid to men who controlled millions of dollars. That he was offering friendship to people who crowded the social register. That he was offering leadership to captains of industry and arbiters of society. He only knew that he was reaching out a hand of fellowship. A hand that—much to the congregation's own surprise—was swiftly accepted. It wasn't until they were dining at home, an hour after the benediction, that any of the congregation had a desire to smile over the man's earnestness. And when the smile came, it was always a kindly, fatherly thing.

"I didn't know," said one man to his wife, "that there was so much spontaneity left in the world. Especially in—the church!"

And his wife answered. "If I were as naive as he," she said, "I'd—" she laughed—"I'd *incorporate!*"

Oh, they smiled, over their dinners. And by tea time some of them were raising quizzical eyebrows. But the people of St. Luke's came back, the next Sunday, to hear what James Lane Hall had to tell them. Of his amazingly simple religion—and of his amazingly personal God!

In a week or two they had ceased to smile. And in a month or two one had to stand in line for admission to St. Luke's erstwhile commonplace services.

For James Lane Hall (he signed the name casually now) had a great deal to tell them—the people of the city and of St. Luke's. To him, newly come from a country village, the city was an astounding place, and the church was an astounding place. And the lives that folk lived—folk who did not work with their hands—was incredible. And he told them so! He told them about their city, and about their church, and about themselves. And about the One who was back of the city, and over the church, and inside their souls. And they called him an inspired boy, with a boy's clean viewpoint. And they loved him for his earnestness and his inspiration.

Earnestness and inspiration and boyishness. They were new to the people of St. Luke's. Rhetoric and eloquence they had known—to polished diction they were accustomed. They had heard about many things—from the carved pulpit of their church. But they had heard little of the church itself, and of their part in it, and of God's part in them.

"It's the way you put it over," the stout trustee told him. "You're wonderful!"

"Wonderful—you're wonderful!" James

. . a wonderful thing has happened

already in France, in England, as in America, it is revolutionizing Skin Care . . . This very evening you can begin to recreate Youth before your glass, can begin to *wash the years away!*

•

YOUNG, radiant, silken skin—dewy fresh, glamorous! We do want it—so passionately—every woman of us from seventeen to seventy!

But oh, the precious hours we have always believed it demanded!

The expensive, overpowering array of jars and bottles, tubes and boxes!

And even then, no certainty as to what all our time and money was accomplishing!

But now—a wonderful thing has happened. An amazing discovery has been made—pronounced by dermatologists of two continents "the most revolutionary advance in skin care for one hundred and fifty years"!

Tender, silken, fragrant—PINAUD'S NEW CREAM!

Just two steps: smooth it on—then, miraculously, *wash it off!*

Just thirty swift seconds—yet now with your own eyes you can see the first lovely sparkle of reviving Youth!

★

Smooth on Pinaud's Cream; then, miraculously, WASH it away with clear, cool water! All in thirty swift seconds!

For in the very instant of its caress, PINAUD'S CREAM does three astounding things!

—*cleanses* each tiny pore more exquisitely than ever before (like a magic magnet it "floats" all the stifling accumulations of dust and powder to the surface!)

—*supples* the tissues with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils—

—then, as you wash it away, *tones* the whole underlying fretwork of muscles and skin glands into vigorous life!

FOR this amazing Cream developed by the famous Parisian House of Pinaud has a magnetic attraction for dirt exactly ten times as strong as the attraction which the skin itself has for dirt. Its delicate oils resemble the fine natural oils of the skin itself more closely than any ever prepared for a cream before.

MOST extraordinary of all, this cream triumphantly overcomes the common fault of ordinary preparations—a fault which skin specialists are stressing with increasing emphasis. Instead of leaving waxy, fatty traces of itself deep down in the pores, as do ordinary creams—to clog and coarsen them slowly but surely—PINAUD'S CREAM actually dissolves completely away in clear, cool water!

Before your eyes it *washes* away—with all its load of aging accumulations from deep down in your skin! Now your profile smiles as cameo-clear as Youth itself!

Now, too, you need neither astringent nor powder base! Just this one silken cream! Use it faithfully each day and soon your cheek will grow—*and stay*—velvety, radiant, young! . . . In jars and tubes at leading stores. PINAUD, Paris and New York: Makers of French toilet preparations for more than 150 years.

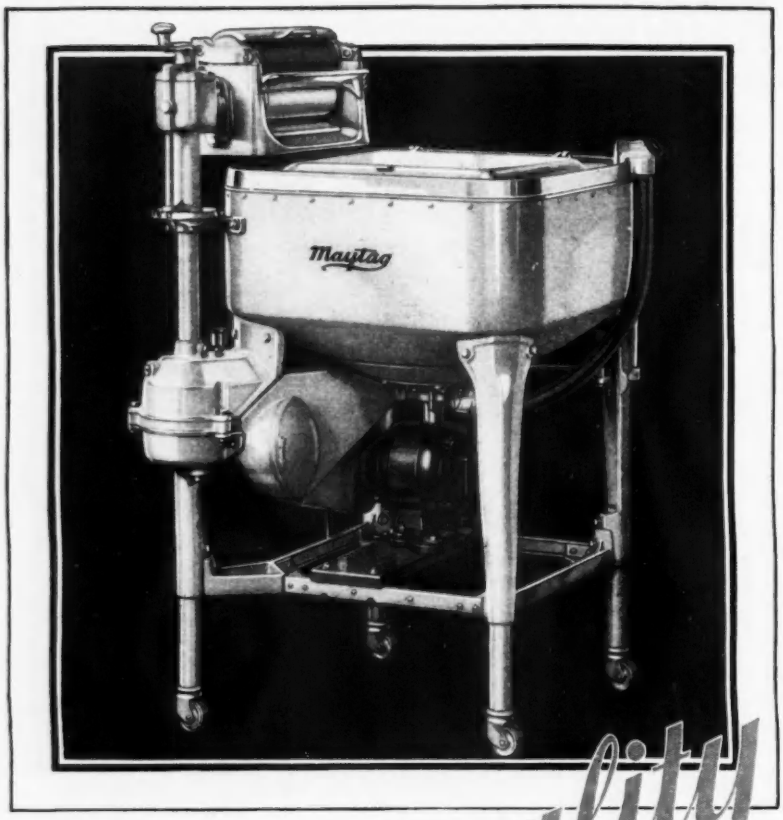
Copyright Pinaud 1929

1. ☐ Please send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments.
2. ☐ For 25¢ enclosed send two weeks supply (Check 1 or 2). Pinaud, Dept. G-3, 220 East 21st St., N. Y., or in Canada, 560 King St. West, Toronto, Canada.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

In using advertisements see page 6



Originality

MAYTAG achievements mark every milestone in washer history. Such outstanding improvements as the seamless cast-aluminum tub and gyrafoam washing action with the countersunk gyratator, were originated by Maytag.

It is a high tribute to Maytag ingenuity that many washers emulate its triumphs. But while others are tracing Maytag footsteps, Maytag again steps out in advance with a new and better method of wringing—the Roller Water Remover with a flexible top roll and a hard bottom roll. Wringing is necessary to clean washing, and the Roller Water Remover makes wringing faster, easier, safer and more efficient. It swings and locks in seven different positions.

Let your own washing decide. Try a Maytag. A telephone call to the nearest dealer brings you one *If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it.*

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, *Newton, Iowa*
Founded 1893

★ Maytag Aluminum Washer

A postcard request brings an interesting booklet —"Better Methods of Home Laundering."

Little Boy Blue

Lane Hall—used to pouring out his soul to an inarticulate group — wondered, sometimes, whether he had, indeed, a special gift. He had always held his audience in the hollow of his hand—but his audience had been unable to tell him so. The effect that he had had upon them had been a thing to measure by lifted, listening eyes—by a call in an hour of distress. Now he knew invitations to splendid homes, gifts, words of praise. He knew a crowded church and faultlessly gloved hands to clasp his own. He knew instant and valuable appreciation. Sometimes he found himself thinking, as he wrote his sermons,

"They'll be caught by this line!" or "This will make them like me better."

He'd never thought of sermons, in the old days, in quite that fashion.

Winter passed. And with it went the shabby great-coat, and the old traveling bag, and the shabby serge suit. A tailor—on a street just off the Avenue—can do wonders for a spare young body. Winter passed, and spring was born. And the life of James Lane Hall went briskly, successfully, on according to schedule. Save only for one matter. The girl with the pale golden hair did not come to the city. For the new pastor of St. Luke's was busy, when spring came, with the series of "My Impression" sermons that he was preaching. He wrote back to the village sincerely and lovingly, in explanation.

"Darling," he wrote, "I want you more each day." (Truly, when he had time to want, it was so!) "But this business of adjustment is terrific. You'd be surprised at the work that goes with a great church. All the clubs, and the social duties, and the demands upon one's time. I have four helpers, but even so—"

The girl read the letter. Carefully. And then, with her hands in her lap, she sat silently for a long while. Looking out across the waking world of the spring. She saw the trees, soft with a promise of leaves. She saw the fields—faintly, shyly green. She saw, across the rolling meadows, a small wooden church with a gaunt, gray steeple that pointed—with a certain gallantry—toward the sky.

And as she sat there, she thought of the man who had—not more than half a year ago—captained that gallant little church. The man who had walked, thinly clad and roughly shod, up hill and down dale through the muddy, rough roads. To christen and to bury. To give light and to give comfort. To join in pleasure and to lead in prayer. The man who had given so utterly of himself—and had given with a disciple look upon his weary young face.

She thought of that man—and of the other man who had grown into his place. The man who was so busy, despite four helpers, that he could not adjust himself. All at once the girl's hands, that had lain so quietly in her lap, were lifted to cover her face.

But she was not crying.

IN THE matter of evolution it is hard to place one's finger upon the time of change. Change comes so quietly, so subtly. This outline grows blurred, that other outline grows more distinct. And then, all at once, the change has taken place! And there's no denying it—any more than there was a chance to follow it.

So it was with the evolution of Jaimie. He was James Lane Hall completely at the end of his first six months at St. Luke's. And he, least of all, realized that he was different.

He, least of all, knew when his sermons had become studied rather than spontaneous. When the naive words and expressions of opinions had started to come after thought instead of after a desire to say them! Still he fell to his knees in prayer. But he waited, now, until the music from the inlaid organ pipes had reached a certain height. Still his final pause, followed by his sudden, shy benediction, sent people away with an urge to return. But the suddenness of that benediction was now a climax that came after a particularly poignant sentence!

The city? The church? Themselves? Oh,

Little Boy Blue

James Lane Hall still told his congregation of the three. Only—the city wasn't so wonderful to him any more! Now that he knew which hotels were smart, and that the Avenue divided more than just the west side from the east. And the church was less lovely. Now that he knew just how much it cost to build such magnificence to God's glory—and how much more it cost to keep the paint of it shining and the cushions spotless and the stained glass windows free of dust.

And now that he knew—oh, how well he knew—his congregation! Oh, they, too, had become routine. He knew that this stock scandal shouldn't be mentioned or even thought about. Because the president of the company sat in the fourth pew—slightly to the left—from the front. He knew that that questionable factory fire should be ignored—even though life had been forfeited. Because in the far right-hand corner the owner of the factory bowed before each prayer.

James Lane Hall had learned these things. These and as many more. But when he had learned them he did not know—and that his education was reflected in his sermons he did not know, either!

And the congregation of St. Luke's—they, and the outsiders who weekly besieged the church doors—they did not realize what had happened. They did not understand exactly that a change had come. Only the stout trustee knew that he was responsible for a sensation—that his snap judgment had been vindicated by popular opinion. And at the moment that vindication was more important than the emotions that he had felt on a certain day in a tiny country church. After all, emotions are costly things. They tend to make a man think, to make him remember old dreams and older ideals. And in the city it is sometimes better that dreams be forgotten and ideals laid aside.

Morning service. Evening service. Young people's clubs. Businessmen's clubs. The weekly radio talk. James Lane Hall, in immaculate broadcloth, officiated at all of them. And between times, in a great, purring car, he made calls upon this wealthy widow and that prominent club man. Between times he attended that dinner and spoke at this reception. Always gracefully—always with a charm and boyishness that were sure—(save with the cynical ones, who were usually reporters and didn't count!)—to register. And his letters to the fair-haired girl became less frequent—and sometimes they weren't answered. And—speaking of evolution—the pastor of St. Luke's was so taken up with divers affairs that he would have found it hard to tell when the "Darling Jaimie," of her opening sentence, became "Dear James."

Then autumn arrived, with harvest. And winter brought soot and steam heat and hothouse violets to the city. And then, once again, spring sang her song of eternal triumph.

IT WAS with the second spring, and after a triumphant sermon of awakening and rebirth, that James Lane Hall went into his study and found her there. A slim, quiet girl—with a pale face and eyes that seemed abnormally large in the whiteness of it. At first—with his own eyes full of the raised faces of his congregation, he did not recognize her. It took a moment for his gaze to focus, to clarify. And then—

"*My dear!*" he exclaimed. And again, "My dear!" And then: "But why didn't you let me know that you were coming. And how did you get in—*here?*"

The girl was looking at him queerly. Her moon-gold hair, escaping in little tendrils from under her country hat, made her seem very fragile and lovely. Almost, staring at her, James Lane Hall was unaware of her shabby cloak, of her pitifully polished slippers. He had forgotten how—how dear she was. How desirable.

"There's never," he said suddenly, and without meaning to, "been anybody else. Since we

"Does *Anyone* Ever Feel Cheerful at Breakfast Time? I Used to Wonder"

"I KNOW in our home it certainly wasn't the most pleasant meal in the world, John was usually a little grumpy. Gulping his coffee, trying to read his paper and keep his eye on the clock at the same time. To tell the truth I didn't feel any too cheerful myself. I was faced with all the work of carrying the meal into the dining room or else serving it in the kitchen. The latter certainly wasn't a pleasant prospect.

"One lucky day I stopped to look at Dow's display of Porce-Namel Kitchen Furniture. Here I saw the daintiest little breakfast sets imaginable. Table and chairs the proportions were perfect. The colors were bright and cheery. I knew from my experience with Porce Namel that the top would not buckle or bulge, and could be easily cleaned. The drop leaves would enable me to put the table out of the way when it was not in use. I made up my mind to have one of these sets at once. The hardest part was to decide on the color scheme. Each combination seemed more delightful than the other. Finally I chose one in ivory with a green edge and dainty decorations. The base is trimmed to match.

"John was delighted. It seemed as if the lively colors of the set changed the whole atmosphere of breakfast. At any rate John goes to work whistling nowadays.

"I don't know what I'd do without my Kitchen Furniture. You know I have one of those handy little Porce-Namel work tables with the five roomy dustproof drawers and the two splendid drop leaves. These leaves allow me twice the working space I'd ordinarily have, and don't take up any room when they're not in use.

"And my Porce-Namel kitchen cabinet! I'd like to meet and thank the woman who designed it (I don't think any man could have possibly thought of everything that's in this cabinet.) I believe every woman should lay out her kitchen just as efficiently as any office or factory. I know my present arrangement has cut my kitchen hours in half."

You *can* cut your kitchen hours in half if you have the proper equipment. Porce-Namel Kitchen Furniture will help you tremendously. Sit down right now. Fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page. Send it in to us. We'll send you three amazingly interesting booklets.

MUTSCHLER BROTHERS COMPANY
Nappanee, Indiana

FREE
Send Coupon NOW

PORCE-NAMEL
handy-roomy
KITCHEN FURNITURE
★
Kitchen Tables-Cabinets
Cupboards-Breakfast Sets

MUTSCHLER BROTHERS COMPANY
Dept. A-39, Nappanee, Indiana

Gentlemen: Send me your free booklets on "First Aids to First Class Cooking", and tell me where to see PORCE-NAMEL styles.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

In using advertisements see page 6

Whether your floors are old or new, hardwood, softwood, linoleum, varnished, shellaced or painted —all can quickly be given this lasting polish.

WAXING

Adds $100 to looks of your home

MOST of your home consists of wood—floors, woodwork, furniture. Nothing will add to or detract from the looks of a room as much as the way wood is finished. You very likely would pay $10.00—yes even $100.00 for a new piece of furniture to improve one room—but for a few cents you can buy enough wax to add a hundred dollars to the appearance of *every room* in your house.

Gleaming floors to frame your rugs—polished woodwork and doors—furniture with the same subdued wax finish as is used on fine furniture when it comes from the factory. And Old English Wax will clean the wood and protect it from scratches and wear.

And so easily! Just apply a thin coat of Old English Wax. Dry for a few minutes, then polish by hand or with an Old English Waxer-Polisher.

Old English Wax costs no more than ordinary wax. That's why it has been preferred by hundreds of thousands of thrifty housewives for more than 30 years.

On sale at paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing, grocery, department stores. Made in U. S. A. by The A. S. Boyle Co., 1934-44 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Old English Wax

PASTE & LIQUID POLISH

Hotels Need Trained Women

High-Salaried Positions Open in Hotels, Clubs, Apartments, Institutions

Managers, assistant managers, floor clerks, hostesses, etc., are wanted in America's Third Largest Industry. Hundreds of new establishments now opening are calling for trained women. Shortage acute. Lewis Students' Employment Bureau receiving daily calls.

You can quickly learn at home with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan the duties of Hotel Hostess or other executive. Coffee Shop Manager, etc. We put you in touch with positions everywhere. A good income and quick advancement are offered those who succeed. The work is fascinating, developing charm and personality. Past experience unnecessary. Many Lewis Students are winning success in this uncrowded field. Mrs. M. F. Miller, Betterton, Md., writes: "Your Course has been of inestimable value to me. Since graduating I have been Housekeeper-Hostess, managing my own cottage 'Annex'."

Free Book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY," gives full details. Write for it today.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room BJ-2411 Washington, D. C.
Charter Member National Home Study Council

Little Boy Blue

said good-bye. I haven't been conscious of another woman—"

The girl laughed. Her laughter was soft and kind. "That," she said, "is not why I'm staring at you, James! I—I haven't come to press—" her laughter persisted—"any claim. Ours—was a pretty little fairy-tale. And I've come a year—" the laughter died—"a year too late to give it a happy ending."

All at once, there in his study—just after his effective sermon—James Lane Hall felt an urge to take this girl, who had suddenly risen out of the past, into his arms. To kiss her wistful red mouth. But she forestalled his forward movement with an upraised hand.

"No," she said. "No, James. I've come, really, to see you. Not to renew something that—that isn't any more. I've come to tell you something, instead."

One of the ushers had knocked on the study door. Had come inside with a note. The pastor of St. Luke's murmured a word of introduction. And the usher, his eyes upon the worn, polished slippers, smiled.

"Mr. Hall—one might say that he's like a matinée idol," remarked the usher. "What with letters and invitations and—"

He bowed himself out. And the girl, a trifle of pink in her pale cheeks, spoke again as the door closed behind him.

"*That,*" she said. "*Jaimie! That's why I've come.* You see—I've loved you. And our whole village—has loved you. And we've so hated to see you *go down!*"

GO DOWN? James Lane Hall started, incredulously. Was it possible that he heard the right words? Was it probable that he could believe his ears? Why, his study—this study in which they were talking—was larger than the whole church had been in the village! And his salary, in a month, was more than a year's salary—back there. Far more! And his audience—his congregation—

But the girl was going on. "My dear," she said gently, "after you left—we missed you. So dreadfully. The new man—just a boy, out of the seminary—couldn't begin to fill your place. So—" she choked—"we scrimped and economized, all of us. And bought a radio. And put it up in the church. So that once a week we could have you with us. We—" her voice was low—"we noticed the difference in you. Jaimie, we noticed it almost at once! And about a week ago we took the radio out. We could hardly stand it any more. And it was then that I decided—to come to you!"

The man was about to speak. But a slim hand, in a cheap cotton glove, stopped him.

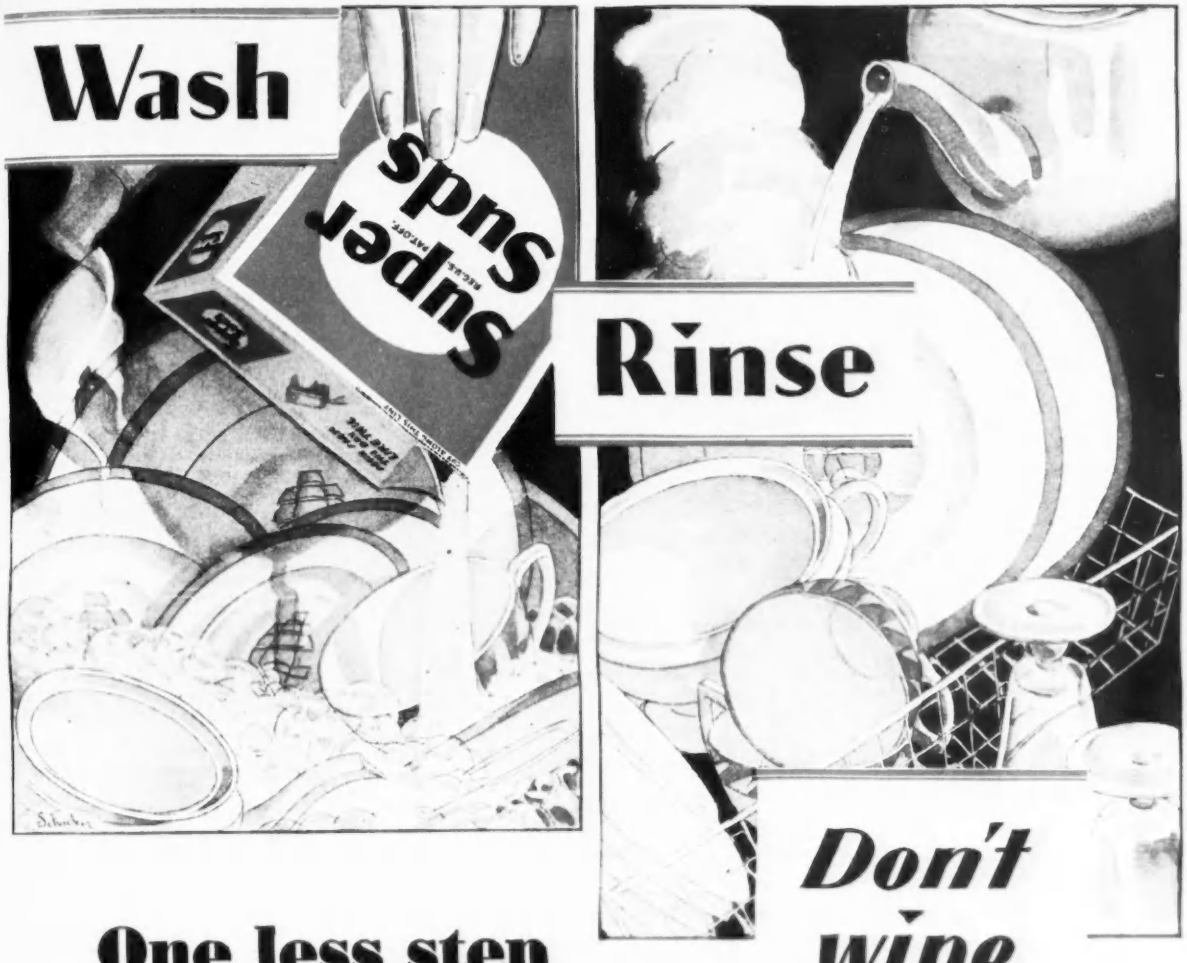
"I don't think," went on the girl, "that you realize what's happened. Or else you'd be so sorry that you wouldn't be able—to go on. But we—oh," all at once the tears were creeping down over her cheeks, "we know—"

James Hall was watching his visitor. Fascinated, his eyes followed the course of a tear. It wasn't until it had splashed down on her coat collar that he found words to say.

"What," he questioned, and he scarcely recognized his own voice—"what do you know?"

The girl was choking back her sobs. When she spoke at last, her voice was clarion clear. "Why," she said, "why, Jaimie! We know that it's—*it's got you!* The city, and St. Luke's. The splendor and the velvet and the rest of the grandeur. You're talking to it—and about it. You're not preaching about God any more. You're preaching about *things.* And you're using the realness of you to make what you say sound real. And—oh, do you understand?—for that reason there isn't any realness left. It's all become a clever—trick! You—why, *Jaimie!* You're not honest any more. That's what we know—"

She paused, and then—"I came to the church, this morning," she said. "I came early, so there was room for me to get into the lobby. I stood next to a man from a newspaper. And we listened together. And the man took notes.



One less step in dishwashing now

New speedy beads of soap cut time in half—dishes gleam with new brilliance

LAY away your dish towels. Save those precious minutes you've been spending in three-times-a-day dishwiping. For here's a new bead form of soap called "Super Suds," which dissolves so completely that your dishes rinse soap-free . . . dry, shining, clear—*without wiping.*

Used by 1 woman in 3

Unheard of a little more than a year ago—today, in cities where Super Suds has been on the market but six months, one woman out of every three is using it. Where it's been on the market for a year, one woman in every two has turned to it.*

"Why do you prefer Super Suds?" we asked women everywhere throughout the United States.

And over and over again came the answer, "We changed to Super Suds because it speeds housework."

Beads—fastest form of soap

Says a busy young mother in Ohio, "I no longer inspect each dish for stray soap flakes, nor wipe them to make sure the family won't taste soap film. Just wash. Then a hot rinse. And I'm through."

And so thousands of women told us why one woman in three uses Super Suds. "It sudses in water cool enough to keep my hands nice." "No more waiting for chips and flakes to dissolve." "Saves me three half hours of dishwiping each day."

Super Suds is not chips, nor flakes, nor powder, but *beads.* It is made by spraying melted streams of soap from towers hundreds of feet high. As the soap cools in falling it divides into millions of tiny beads; four times thinner than the thinnest machine made chip or flake. This is why Super Suds gives instant suds. Why it never sticks to dishes. Why it rinses off completely in one hot rinse, leaving even glasses shining, clear . . . without wiping.

Super Suds gives not only suds *above* but completely dissolved soap *below* where there's real work to be done. It penetrates instantly below the surface, to every drop of water in the pan. Cleaning . . . cleaning . . . everywhere at once . . . energetically . . . thoroughly . . . swiftly!

Get Super Suds today, for dishwashing tonight. Only 10c for a big box. Get one at any grocer's.

*NOTE. These figures are the result of a recent investigation conducted in principal cities throughout the United States. They are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives in conversations with them in their kitchens.

In using advertisements see page 6

"Appeal effectively to the higher aesthetic tastes"— **BECKWITH**

A TRULY delightful means of expressing your personality in the home is afforded by such intriguing designs as these in the Futura patterns by Roseville. Bold and dashing in conception, they express the beautiful in modern art. Many different Futura items in several colors await you at leading stores.

The abundantly illustrated booklet, "Pottery," is sent free on request.

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY CO., *Zanesville, Ohio*

ROSEVILLE POTTERY

Imported *Wallpapers*

Lloyd imported wallpapers are artistic, durable and "fast to light". Your decorator or dealer should have Lloyd sample books. If not have him write to the nearest establishment listed below.

W. H. S. *Lloyd* CO., INC.

NEW YORK—48 West 48th Street
BROOKLYN—570 Atlantic Avenue
NEWARK—6 Walnut Street
CHICAGO—434 So. Wabash Avenue
PHILADELPHIA—1620 Spruce Street (JOHN H. WHITWELL, Inc.)
WHEELING, W. VA.—1121 Market Street (R. C. DANCER, Inc.)
NEW HAVEN, CONN.—290 York Street (H. M. HODGES & BRO.)
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—111 Chestnut Street (H. M. HODGES & BRO.)

OVER 40 YEARS IMPORTERS OF GOOD WALLPAPER

Make these lovely golden JONQUILS

Directions and Materials Sent FREE

Yes, make them yourself at home, so perfect they will seem to be fresh from the garden. For by a new method you can now make roses, sweet peas, poppies—more than 60 varieties of flowers—all of colorful crepe paper. Make them for home decoration, for your church, club or school, for favors, for gifts, to sell.

So that you may prove to yourself by a happy experience how easily you can make flowers by this new method, we will send you *free* instructions and sample materials for making jonquils. Send the coupon below.

DENNISON'S, Dept. 5-C
Framingham, Mass.

Please send me *free* sample instructions and materials for making Jonquils.

Name.....
Street or R.F.D.....
City.....State.....

Why not let us include some of these Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose proper amount.

....Novelty Dolls (Free)	....Crepe Paper Costumes 10c
....Crystal Trees (Free)	....Table Decorations 10c
....Glorified Glass (Free)	....Children's Parties 10c
....Crepe Twist Bags (Free)	....Showers & Announcements 10c
....Swinging Parrots (Free)	....Money Making Parties 10c
....Sealing Wax Craft 10c	....Decorating Halls & Booths 10c
....Lamp Shade Packet 10c	....The Party Magazine 25c
....Weaving Paper Rope 10c	....The Party Book $1.00
....Complete Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower Making $2	

Dennison-craft

Little Boy Blue

And finally, when you were nearly through, he went outside suddenly, the man did. And I followed him. And he looked at me and laughed.

"'Little Boy Blue,' he said, 'isn't he—*cunning?* Only how long'll it be before the sheep and the cows know that he's tucked away under the haystack of importance? That he hasn't a horn to blow—*not any more!*'"

The girl's cheeks were flushed, now. Her eyes were bright. And she had risen to her feet. "It was then," she said, "that I walked around to the back of the church and found your study, James." Unconsciously she had slipped back to the more formal use of his name. "How did I locate it? You ask that? Don't you remember—once, when you were new at St. Luke's, you sent me a plan of the place? Well, I came inside and waited, and listened to the organ.

"And all the time," the girl was moving to the door, "I was saying it—oh, I know it's irreverent!—in time to that magnificent music. Saying a nursery rhyme that a casual stranger had put into my mind. Saying it, and wishing that you might wake up, Jaimie, and shake off all of the things that don't matter. Wishing that you might sound the bugle call, again. For your flock—to hear!"

All at once, she had turned. And was gone. Gone so swiftly that James Lane Hall, following blindly after, saw only her shadow against the outer wall of the church; saw only a taxi hurrying away . . .

An hour later, when the stout trustee came in search of him, he was still in front of his broad desk. And his head was lying upon his folded arms.

IT WAS that night, at service, that the pastor of St. Luke's became Jaimie Hall once more. He had gone without his dinner—even though the dinner was to have been eaten with an important member of the stock exchange. Badly shaken out of his self-esteem, he had skipped his radio hour. And he had failed to appear at a white stone house, on the right side of the Avenue, for tea. But at evening service he was early, and as he stood—erect and tall and keen of face, behind the carved pulpit—there were those in the room who noticed a strange difference in him. It wasn't only that he was not wearing the black silk gown that was one of his marks of office. It was something humble in his bearing, something almost pleading in his eyes.

When the organ stopped its flowing prelude, he stepped forward, and raised his hands, and waited. But those who expected a fervent, eloquent, slightly boyish prayer were surprised. For no prayer was forthcoming. Simply—and with the simplicity of an old hymn tune played on an ancient organ—Jaimie Hall started to talk. And as he talked the stained-glass windows and the carpets and the velvets fell away. And he was a shabby youth, speaking to a handful of shabby people, in a shabby wooden church.

"My friends," he said, "I am here tonight to say good-bye to you. Not because—" the emotion in his voice was quite unstudied—"not because I want to go away. For I love you and the church and the city. But because I've forgotten my job since I've been here—because I've forgotten what was back of the whole thing.

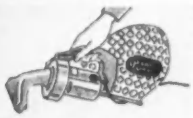
"Friends—" the man was leaning forward—"I—I guess I wasn't big enough to come to you here. Back in my home I could preach a simple faith to simple people. But here—well, I don't exactly understand it, myself, but here I've," he hesitated, plunged on, "*I've gone to sleep.* I've forgotten that a pastor's first duty is to sound a call—to keep sounding it. A call to duty, to ideals, to truth. I've been content to let that call go unsounded, to stand aside—to dream. And to say the pretty things, to pray the pretty prayers, that you've expected of me. I—" his voice shook—"I started by giving you my conception of God. But lately that God has not been so clear in my heart.

NOW . . . . Two electric cleaners for the price of one

. . . . A cleaner for the rugs and carpets and a special new-type cleaner to do the work of seldom-used attachments.

Good-bye Attachments!

No longer need you take out the big electric cleaner to do the little cleaning jobs. Premier has found an easier, faster way, without attachments.



Hello Spic-Span!

Works independently—with its own sturdy little motor . . . does the work of attachments . . . and does it more conveniently!

An amazing Premier discovery that *speeds up electric cleaning-by hours*

Crumbs on the couch after the party—feathers flipped from a playful pillow—children's clothes streaked with dried mud—upholstery and drapes gray with yesterday's dust . . . .

No longer need you use the electric rug-cleaner to do these lighter tasks. Here is an easier, faster way to clean . . . . without the use of a single attachment!

A Speedier Way Without Attachments

The Spic-Span is the result of years of research. In a handy, compact form, it retains all the superiorities of the big Premiers . . . . super-suction, ball-bearings—no oiling! Tried, tested and approved by many of America's greatest engineers and domestic science experts, the Spic-Span is capturing the enthusiasm of women everywhere.

Just think! A genuine electric cleaner weighing only 4 pounds—less than an electric iron! Handy—yet sturdily built for long hard wear. It takes the place of most attachments. It gets its nose close to the dust and dirt, and cleans more conveniently. You can plug it into any electric socket and clean mattresses, clothes, stairways, upholstery, automobiles, nooks and crannies everywhere—without wasting time or steps.

The Premier Two-Cleaner Method

The new Premier method gives you two electric cleaners for the price of one: A big cleaner for the rugs and carpets, and the handy little Spic-Span for lighter tasks. It's a wonderful combination for shortening your house-cleaning hours.

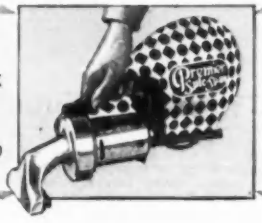
Free Demonstration

The Spic-Span may be purchased separately for $14.50 or in one of the combinations listed below. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration. No obligation.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
Dept. 303, Cleveland, Ohio

*Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by The Premier Service Company, with branches in all leading cities. *Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. *Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.*

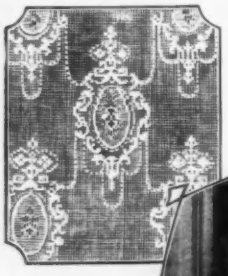
Premier SPIC-SPAN

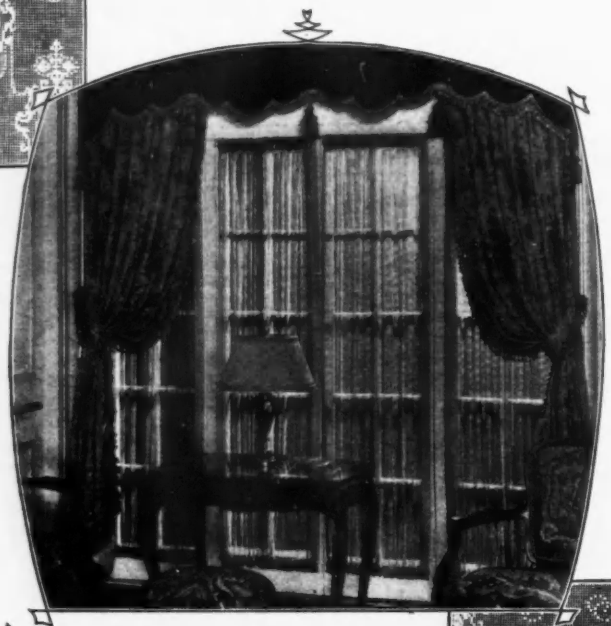


Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER DUPLEX *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $72.50

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER JUNIOR *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $48.00

In using advertisements see page 6





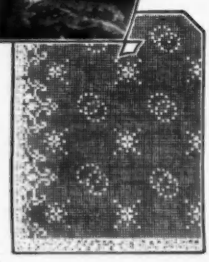
A regal, flowing design, adapted from the French, is the motif of this lovely Zion Curtain Net No. X6182

ZION CURTAINS OF DELICATE LACE

Soften the Natural Light

Impressions of sheer loveliness prevail, when light filters in through lace curtains at your windows. For curtains of lace soften contours of room and furniture; they enrich the setting; they make charming interiors.

In Zion Lace Curtains you will find the art of lace making at its height. The beauty of design, the skill of the craftsmen, the delicacy and enduring fine quality of the lace—all are apparent. Not in all the world are there more beautiful loom lace curtains than those which come from the Zion Lace Curtain Mills. You can see them at a store near you. May we call your attention to the coupon below?



Smart and tailored in feeling, Zion Curtain Net No. X5410 is a pleasing addition to the simple decorations of modern homes

ZION LACE CURTAINS

Mills Owned and Operated by
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, *Wholesale*
Chicago New York

Marshall Field & Company, *Wholesale* G.H. 3
P. O. Box 800, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me your Booklet on Zion Lace Curtains, showing 42 photographs of beautiful room settings, and many charming new ways to decorate windows. I enclose 10c.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Oh How Lovely!

Sell Us Your Odd Hours

Women "go wild" over this smart line of Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics—Fancy Goods also Hosiery. Liberal commissions and bonuses. Men and women, full or spare time. Nearly 1000 samples furnished. Act now.

THE NATIONAL IMPORTING CO.
Dept. P-49, 573 Broadway, N.Y.C.

BEAD FLOWER BOUQUETS
Latest Novelty for dress and coat decorations.
ALL Materials (beads, silky tinsel, wire and direction sheet) for 85c.
Money order, check or stamps. Wonderful colors, duplicating nearly every flower. **Samples Free.**
Our Satin Finish Beads Are The Best For Flowers.
Allen's Boston Bead Store, 8 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Little Boy Blue

My only excuse is that I didn't know He wasn't clear—not until today.

"For today," it was an eager young disciple now, with a white, tired face, "today I learned that—though I could crowd this church—I couldn't hold the attention of a little group of people who knew me, and loved me, and were my first audience. While you stood to listen, they turned off the radio that carried my voice to them across the miles. And went sadly, silently, away. They knew the real me—and they wouldn't be fooled by any other!

"And so," the pastor's voice was suddenly bell-clear and beautiful, "so I'm going home—*to them!* To people who are farm people—who see God in every tree and cloud and blade of grass. I'm going back to them. And when I'm able to satisfy them—to preach so that they'll take something away from the church with them, then I'll know that I'm awake. And then, if you want me back again, and they're willing, I'll come to you. And I'll bring a—wife—with me. And . . ."

All at once there wasn't any more to say. Except—

"Will you let me pray with you, once more," asked Jaimie Hall, "before—I go?"

And then, kneeling suddenly—so suddenly that he tripped against the pulpit, so suddenly that there was no question of pose—he began to speak.

It wasn't only the stout trustee, it wasn't only a newspaper man with a note-book. It wasn't the head of this company, or the owner of that factory, alone, who thrilled to that prayer with its unquestioning faith, with its tenderness and great desire. All through the large church men and women, bowing their heads, found that they were remembering things. Things that they had remembered once, when a young pastor fresh from the country was preaching his first sermons to them. Things that, in the last year, they had not remembered so readily. Lost memories; lovely memories! Vanished dreams and dead ideals. As the prayer went on, they were caught up into the mists of the might-have-been and were brought back refreshed. Led by the voice of a young man who was able to translate, once again, the Highest Love and the Dearest Hope.

When the prayer ended, they surged forward to touch their pastor's hand.

But already he had left the pulpit of St. Luke's. Stepping down—swiftly, lithely—he was going out of the little side door that led through his study. And, through that study, to the Avenue outside. And down the Avenue toward Yesterday . . . . and Tomorrow.

The Boy Who Anointed Two Kings

(*Continued from page 50*)

and altogether beautiful. Samuel did much to make it so. Under his priesthood the temple at Shiloh purged itself of long-standing abuses, until, sadly enough, his own sons followed the bad example of the sons of Eli and shamed their father's old age.

Samuel was perhaps the first circuit judge of recorded history. "And Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life. And he went from year to year in circuit to Beth-el and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and judged Israel in all those places. And his return was to Ramah; for there was his house; and there he judged Israel; and there he built an altar unto the Lord."

While not a military man, he was on occasion an organizer of an army. "And Samuel said, Gather all Israel to Mizpeh and I will pray for you unto the Lord . . . And the men of Israel went out from Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them." In an emergency he could do a drastic act if it needed to be done, and he did not issue hasty amnesty proclama-

Mrs. Robert R. McCormick

from a portrait by an eminent painter. Mrs. McCormick treasures pictures, owning one of the finest Cezannes in the world, an exquisite Matisse, and other splendid moderns. Extremely versatile, she is, as well as a distinguished Chicago hostess, a painter of some note, and the breeder of a prize Guernsey herd on her place at Wheaton.

In her Beautifully Appointed Town House
Mrs. ROBERT R. McCORMICK
has these Luxurious Mattresses and Springs

THE DAMASK-COVERED BEAUTYREST MATTRESS AND MATCHING ACE BOX SPRING. The Beautyrest boasts a unique inner construction,—a center of hundreds of small, individually pocketed coils that insure lasting buoyancy. The splendid box spring has the same taped edges and stitched sides. This pattern above comes in rose, light blue, and lilac. A handsome medallion design in seafoam green, beige, and Venetian blue.

ELEGANCE and luxury characterize the Chicago home of Mrs. Robert R. McCormick. Each smallest detail has been exquisitely thought out, from the Chinese brocades that hang in the entrance hall to the marvelous Aubusson rugs richly carpeting the floors.

And for this house of treasures Mrs. McCormick chose these most luxurious mattresses and springs — Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs! In this French and Venetian bedroom, their rose damask covers blend beautifully with the rose and apricot hangings. Mrs. McCormick says, "I can't say enough in praise of these buoyant Beautyrests and the new Ace Box Springs. They are the last word in comfort. The rose fits the color scheme perfectly, and completes the harmony of color and comfort."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00, No. 1581 $32.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

THIS EXQUISITE BEDROOM in Mrs. McCormick's home, has soft green walls, light rose organdy glass curtains and deep peach taffeta hangings. The rug is a handsome Aubusson adding to the charm of the room. Blue-green Simmons Beds No. 1581 with rose damask covered Beautyrests and Springs, fit perfectly. This bed also comes in peach, mahogany, and walnut finish.

Already, 655,487 Beautyrests in American homes*

Every 54 seconds, one more Beautyrest in someone's home!

*These records are for the U. S. only.

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

BUILT FOR SLEEP

In using advertisements see page 6

In Winter Wind or Burning Sun

it keeps your skin flower-soft, snow-white

TRAVEL is *always* harder on a woman's skin than staying at home. But you can triumph over all its discomforts by tucking a bottle of Jergens Lotion into your travelling-bag. Use it for cleansing when the water is hard. Use it whenever your skin feels dry and irritated. It is healing, comforting, deliciously soothing. It keeps your skin smooth and velvety through every change of weather and climate.

SOOTHING, healing, restorative—Jergens Lotion stands by your skin in all kinds of weather.

It makes winter a season of delight, since you no longer have to struggle with chapped hands, a rough, harsh skin, fingers that catch disagreeably on silk or wool when you sew.

It keeps your skin smooth and supple in summer, taking the fever out of a hot parched skin, soothing and healing it when you have been too long in the sun.

Jergens Lotion owes its wonderful restorative power to two famous ingredients long known to medicine for their beneficient, healing action on the skin. Combined with other healing elements in Jergens Lotion, they form a deliciously soothing, fragrant liquid—easy to apply, leaving not a trace of stickiness.

Use Jergens Lotion regularly through the day—take it with you when you travel, have it in some easily accessible spot at home. It will do wonders in keeping your skin fresh, youthful, lovely to look at and touch.

You can get it for 50 cents at any drug store, any toilet goods counter.

FREE

A new trial bottle · A beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3205 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.

Please send me — free — the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3205 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

JERGENS LOTION

Made by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap

The Boy Who Anointed Two Kings

tions. "And Samuel said (to Agag, king of the Amalekites), As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women. And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal."

A vigorous, powerful man in times which demanded courage and decision. But a man of vision, and a scholar besides. He was the foremost educator of his time, for in his administration we have the first mention of the "schools of the prophets" which were destined to exercise a long and important influence. Neither of the two kings whom he anointed could have attained the throne without the power of his influence. He found the land in anarchy and left it with a settled government and a dynasty whose rule continued for centuries and is still a name to stir the fervor and imagination of mankind.

These are the larger outlines of his story, but we are interested at the moment only in its beginnings. Those followed a formula which has been repeated a million times since, and is still potent for the production of greatness. The devotion of a mother who believed in her boy; the hard work of a father who was willing to pay the bills and give his wife a free hand in making the boy as great a man as in the nature of events, he might become; a teacher, disappointed in his own sons, achieving proud but pathetic fame in the success of his pupil; and a child's response to the call in the dark, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Next month, "The Boy Who Became King"

Preparing Inexpensive Meals

(Continued from page 83)

pint of fresh fish, cod or haddock, cut into two-inch cubes. Simmer ten minutes and add two cupfuls of hot milk, one tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Stir into the stew one tablespoonful flour mixed with two tablespoonfuls of milk. Stir until thickened and cook five minutes longer.

For *Beef à la Mode* mix one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper, one tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, one teaspoonful of thyme, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, and two broken bay-leaves. Cut one-fourth pound of salt pork in thin strips and roll in the mixed seasonings. Cut gashes one-half inch deep all over a five-pound pot-roast from the rump or chuck and insert the seasoned strips of pork. Roll the meat in one-half cupful of vinegar and let stand in this overnight or from early morning until after luncheon. Chop one small onion fine and brown in one tablespoonful of fat in the Dutch oven. Put in the roast and brown on all sides. Add five prepared carrots, two turnips cut in pieces, and one No. 3 can of tomatoes. Cover tightly and simmer three hours on top of the stove. Or braise in the oven at 350° F. for the same length of time.

If saving time is an important factor in preparing the inexpensive meals, the pressure cooker will prove valuable, as it greatly reduces the cooking period. Before using any pressure cooker, study carefully the directions that come with it, especially as to closing and opening the cooker at the beginning and the end of the cooking period. Cook all foods for the exact time given in the time table, as, owing to the high temperature at which the foods are cooked, five minutes more or less makes quite a difference in the cooked product. It takes only about forty minutes for a beef stew and fifty minutes for a pot roast.

The Golden Trail

(Continued from page 45)

Morzillo, had been so lamed from the terrible crossing of the Mountain of Alabaster that he alone took no part in the display, standing wearily with drooping head, his thick black mane a mass of briars, his great flanks gashed with unhealed stone bruises.

It was Doña Marina, the woman of Tabasco (she who years before in her girlhood had been sold to the Conqueror, being first slave, then mistress, then interpreter), who watched beside the ailing animal, speaking to him as if he were a person.

It was Doña Marina who heard the slight rustle of a human body stealing near at hand in the bushes; who caught the glitter of staring, black eyes peering at the horse in stricken awe and wonder.

Quietly she spoke to a soldier in Spanish:

"An Indio hideth beyond these bushes. Capture him without harm and take him to our lord, Cortez. It may be that he is of the tribe of Itzá, from yonder lordly city."

So engrossed was the Indian in his watching that he was made prisoner almost as Doña Marina spoke. And, trembling with terror, they led him into the presence of the Señor Cortez, who watched his marching men from astride a weary, nut-brown horse.

None knew better than Hernan Cortez how to combine courtesy and good will and kingliness of bearing. Speaking through the Doña Marina's translation into the Mayan tongue that she had mastered, he bade the Indio have no fear, since the white men came in peace. And in token of his friendship he presented him with trinkets of glass.

"Go to thy master, the Cacique of yonder city," he then commanded, "and say that I pray him to honor me with a visit. For I have many wonders to exhibit to him from the realm of the great King I serve, his Most gracious Majesty of Spain, Emperor of all the world."

Awestruck, almost incapable of speech, the Indio groveled on the ground as he would to a god. Well content, they watched him set forth in his *cayuca*, which had been drawn up in the shelter of the reeds, for they knew he would give a prodigious account of the inexplicable things he had seen.

And indeed, when the messenger came by command into the presence of Ah Canek, he was breathless as if he had run a dozen leagues, and his eyes stared like those of a madman.

BELEN EK stood at the Cacique's right hand, his somber face filled with sullen rage. But crouched against her father's footstool, the Little Princess of the Moon looked up with wide-open, fascinated eyes. She, the favorite daughter of Ah Canek, was allowed many privileges denied to other women of her race. And she had begged so earnestly to hear of the marvelous, bearded barbarians that her father permitted her presence there in the chalcedony chamber of state. Around him stood the warriors and priests in their drooping headdresses of brilliant plumes, the lobes of their ears distended with plugs of jade, their woven, cotton mantles tasseled with turquoise and beads of gold.

"O Lord of the Itzá people," the messenger said solemnly, "these strangers are in truth gods, for never were mortal men created with such power and such magic. Truthfully do I speak when I say that they walk about in two parts. For with these eyes did I see the godly creature that is like, yet unlike, to our sacred deer, become part man, part animal, each half walking independently of the other, and joining itself together at will to become one monster. Creatures of terror are these sacred plumed deer, O great Cacique. For they spit forth fire and smoke and dreadful noise from between their ears, and their hoofs strike sparks from rocks like lightning flashes.

"Their warrior lord is a god of pale face, and he clothes himself in silver. Dark hair grows on the lower part of his face; his eyes are filled

For hands that play sonatas –

~ *and* peel potatoes!

A. & J. Blutip Stainless Steel Kitchen Tools are made to fit kitchen needs—and feminine hands. Practically every kitchen tool is included in this Blutip family of twenty-four items—egg beaters, forks, spoons, spatulas, etc.

Each one made entirely of genuine stainless steel. Just think—no more scouring, no polishing, no scrubbing to be rid of stains—for stainless steel can't spot or rust and requires only easy washing to be bright and spotless as new.

This "Blutip" Egg Beater is made entirely of stainless steel. Big center drive. Bronze bearings throughout. Beats small or large quantities easily, quickly without spattering.

When you've bought an A. & J. Blutip kitchen tool you've settled that tool problem for life. At department, hardware and housefurnishing stores. Write us for free illustrated literature. A. & J. Manufacturing Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Whether you pay a dime or a dollar if it's marked A. & J. it's good value.

A&J BLUTIP

Hexagonal handles in pearl gray or cream with Blutip; or in solid colors of red, blue, green or yellow—to match any kitchen color scheme.

STAINLESS STEEL KITCHEN TOOLS

In using advertisements see page 6

Clever Little Mrs. Jordan...

You would never guess she does her own housework

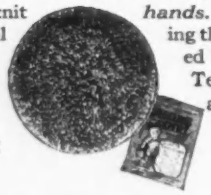
Smartly gowned and chic, her appearance suggests a personal French maid far more than the maidless household which is reality. (You would never dream that just an hour ago she was rinsing the last of the dishes.) Even her hands do not betray her.

And that's her secret. Knowing that dishwashing, more than any other household chore, makes inroads on a woman's beauty, she has the Chore Girl help her with the dish-washing.

The Chore Girl is an all-copper knit sponge ball. Because of its special construction, it cleans even the most-difficult dishes and pots and pans almost like magic; and shortens the time your hands must be in the soapy water that is so fatal to their beauty.

Because it is made of soft copper, the Chore Girl can not rust or splinter. Nothing has ever been found which more surely guards your hands, making unsightly blemishes and irritating scars of housework a thing of the past.

You will find the Chore Girl a truly marvelous help in the kitchen—and even more important *it saves your hands.* If you have trouble obtaining the Chore Girl at the stores listed below, send 10c to the Metal Textile Corp., Orange, N. J., and a sample will be mailed to you.



★

The CHORE GIRL

10¢

At Woolworth's, Kresge's, Kress', McCrory's and all other 5 and 10's, at Department and Hardware Stores.

. . . . . SAVES YOUR HANDS . . . . . .

Big Profits

MAKING HOME MADE CANDIES!

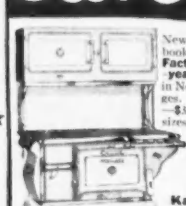
Turn Your Kitchen Into a Candy Shop

MAKE big money from the very beginning. Candy costs 15c lb. to make—sells for 60c! E. R. Foxton sells 200 lbs. weekly—Mrs. J. A. Wilcinson sells almost 1,100 chocolate bars each week at 5 and 10c—YOU HAVE THE SAME OPPORTUNITY! Successful manufacturer teaches secrets of candy making in your spare time and shows how to quickly sell your candy at a big profit! Practically no capital required. We furnish tools. Write for fascinating FREE book.

Capitol Candy School

DEPT. AL-431 WASHINGTON, D.C.

Save 1/3 to 1/2



New Free book quotes **Reduced Factory Prices. Lower terms year to pay.** Choice of 5 colors in New Porcelain Enamel Ranges. New Circulating Heaters —$33.75 up. 200 styles and sizes. Cash or easy terms. 24-hour shipments. 30-day Free Trial. 360-day test. Satisfaction guaranteed. 27 years in business. 700,000 customers. Write today for free book.

Kalamazoo Stove Co.
441 Rochester Ave.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ranges $39.50 Up

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

The Golden Trail

with majesty and dignity. Of all those who are with him, I can scarcely speak, O mighty Cacique. For their garments, their speech, the strange things they carried, have never been seen in the world before. And although there are men of our race with them, speaking a tongue not unlike our own, yet it seemed to me that they were as slaves, serving the terrible white War Lord."

A murmured sound like the sighing of wind passed through the great chamber as the messenger ceased speaking. Ah Canek sat with his head bent in troubled thought, the quetzal plumes of his towering headdress sweeping about his sandaled feet like an iridescent serpent.

But the Little Princess of the Moon looked up with her great, shining eager eyes and, touching his robe, said pleadingly, "Receive them in friendship, O my father; let them come to Tayasal!"

He would have rebuked her. But his brother, Belen Ek, spoke harshly in assent, striking the butt of his feathered lance against the pavement floor.

"Yes, my brother, bid them come to Tayasal! Let us see if these white gods can withstand the bite of our weapons!"

Again a murmuring rose that grew to a pulsing clamor. For many echoed the words of Belen Ek, but others cried out for submission.

"Enough!" Ah Canek rose with dignity, and the voices died into silence. "I myself will see these strangers and will judge of their intentions. If they indeed are gods, fulfilling the ancient prophesy, it would be as futile to attack them as to shoot arrows at the sun. But if they are men as we are, and come to invade our country, be sure that the word of death shall be given through all the land of Itzá!"

IT WAS a strange, brilliant, barbaric procession that set out from the city of Tayasal to the distant shore of Lake Peten where the Spaniards' campfires were smoking. Ah Canek with his chosen lords, and priests of the highest gods, followed by *cayucas* bearing gifts of fruit and cakes and honey, woven cloaks and mantles of feathers, red snail beads and plaques of jadeite, and little, tinkling, golden bells.

There at the margin of white sand did Cortez receive his guests, with roll of drums and blare of trumpets, with all the majestic panoply of Christianity and Spain.

Now with his own eyes did Ah Canek see the "sacred plumed deer" and their silver-armored riders. He looked with stunned amazement on the accoutrements of the army. Through Doña Marina's facile translation he held speech with the Conquistador. And Cortez again spoke words of peace and conciliation, saying that he but paused as a guest in the land of the Itzás, and that his mission lay much farther on, in a country by the sea. That he followed the trail of other white, bearded men who had gone that way long moons before. And Ah Canek was able to tell him that rumors indeed had come of these strangers who had passed to the east and south, but who had not come to Tayasal.

Hernan Cortez set his guests to dine from a table laden with silver. For thus had the Conqueror come prepared to maintain, even in the deepest wilderness, the pomp and dignity of Spain. He commanded the lone juggler to perform, and ordered the sackbuts to be played. And after the meal, he ordered mass to be sung while the Itzás listened, wide-eyed and spellbound, but reticent in their praise.

Then he presented them with gifts, speaking meanwhile of his master, the King. Of how the mighty monarch of Spain had heard of the Itzás' ruler and desired earnestly that he, Ah Canek, should acknowledge himself a vassal, accepting the true religion of Christ, and burning all evil idols.

"Behold the Cross of Our Lord!" he cried, and the chanting monks lifted it high. "This

LIKE RARE OLD WINE, THIS TEMPTING COFFEE ADDS PLEASURE TO THE MEAL

Every drop of White House throbs with tantalizing goodness—the standard of supreme quality—rich in flavor, fine in taste. . . .

© 1926, D. W. Co.

FOR forty years, the fine rich flavor and tantalizing aroma of White House Coffee has wrapped itself around the hearts of millions. And well it may, for a better coffee can not possibly be made.

It comes from fields that contain a vast wealth of flavor-giving elements—known to produce the richest coffee beans on earth. The various yields are tested for quality and flavor, and only the finest stock is used in the White House blend. That's what brought it fame—quality, supreme quality, for White House has been the inflexible standard of the Dwinell-Wright organization, expert coffee roasters for 80 years.

Through the swollen seas, this precious gift of Mother Earth then winds its way to Boston—home of White House—where it is assorted, mixed, roasted—transformed into a delectable blend. What a superb cup of coffee this delightful blend will make! Every single drop just throbs with tantalizing goodness—rich in flavor, exhilarating in aroma, fine in taste. So fine that it crowns the appetite and helps to digest the food with ease.

Like rare old wines from the sunkissed vintages of fertile France, this tempting coffee adds a world of satisfying pleasure to every meal. When you order White House Coffee from your grocer today, be sure it has a picture of the White House on the package—then you know it's genuine. Dwinell Wright Co., Boston, Chicago, Portsmouth, Va.

Tune in every Saturday on the White House Coffee Radio Dinner Concert . . . At 6:30 P. M. Eastern Std. Time: WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WFI, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WBT, WGR . . . At 5:30 P. M. Central Std. Time: WLS, WTMJ, KSTP, WSB.

In using advertisements see page 6

LADD BALL BEARING BEATER

It Whirls Whirls Whirls

For Faster, Better Beating

Made with White and Colored Handles

THE smooth, rushing whirl of a Ladd Ball Bearing Beater will delight you. No wobbly, jerky action to cause spills and annoying delays—but wonderful results in a hurry—with thorough blending of ingredients and flavors and highest degree of healthful aeration of foods and beverages.

This splendid beater has 8 blades that keep shape. Finely made ball bearings are hidden in the wheel. Finish is shining nickel with handles large, comfortable and colored to suit your fancy.

Order a Ladd Ball Bearing Beater To-day: Sold by Hardware, Houseware and Department Stores, or sent direct.

UNITED ROYALTIES CORPORATION
1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Ladd Ball Bearing Egg Beaters

No. 3 . . . $1.00 (Home)
No. 4 . . . $1.25 (Large Home)
No. 5 . . . $1.00 (Cup Size)
No. 5 . . . $1.60 Beverage Mixer
At Dealers.
By mail 10c extra
Other Ladd Beaters at various prices.

So easy to make these "DIXIE STYLE" Toasted Sandwiches

PIPING HOT clear through . . . complete sandwich toasted from top and bottom in 20 seconds . . . perfect golden brown . . . luscious flavor and aroma sealed in . . . that's "Dixie Style" . . . toasting method of the new HOSTESS Sandwich Toaster. Make complete sandwiches in advance . . . toast right at table when ready to serve. In few minutes, delicious toasted sandwiches for party of ten or twelve. Self-adjustable for 2-deck or 3-deck sandwiches, also single slices of wafer-thin Melba toast. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. $10, complete with cord and on-off switch plug. Money-back guarantee. Pat. 1-19-26 No. 1570447

The All Rite Co.
Dept. GH-39
Rushville, Indiana

Good Housekeeping Institute

Makers of All Rite Commercial Sandwich Toasters

HOSTESS Sandwich Toaster

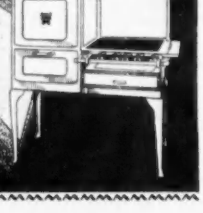
Wincroft GAS RANGES

Your Assurance

In the choice of a gas range, the name "Wincroft" is your assurance of distinctive beauty and enduring satisfaction.

AND

WINCROFT STOVE WORKS
Middletown, Pa. *Established 1856*



The Golden Trail

is the sign of salvation for the world which I have been charged to bring you!"

Shaken, bewildered, Ah Canek replied: "Thy words may be true, O stranger Cacique, for the ancient prophecies of our people have spoken of thy coming. But the gods of Mayab are many and strong; it is not meet that they should yield thus in a moment to a new and unknown god. We must have time to take counsel and decide if the time has come indeed to turn from the gods of our fathers."

Then he returned to the gleaming white city of Tayasal. And far into the night he sat with priests and counselors, seeking wisdom from their words, and the auguries of offerings placed upon the altars of the mighty gods of Mayab.

Woman-like the Little Princess of the Moon pored over the gifts that the stranger War Lord had given her father. She found endless delight in stroking the soft, velvet doublet embroidered in silver, and in running her fingers over the smooth fragility of a silken shirt. A medallion of the Virgin occupied her absorbed attention. Was this really a goddess, as the dark Tabascan woman had said, or was it a princess of some far-off land whose memory the War Lord thus preserved? She made the messenger repeat again and again all that had taken place that day. Made him describe in detail the appearance of the strange white Cacique, his manner of dress, his mode of speech. Sleepless she sat through the long night hours, motionless upon the palace terrace, staring across the dark water where the fires of the Spaniards spangled the lake's far shore with a pattern of saffron jewels.

IN THE camp of Hernan Cortez, the Conquistador held conference with Doña Marina. Though he had treated her with the careless brutality of a conqueror toward a slave, still she adored him with a changeless, slavish idolatry. And well he knew her value to him, the importance of her advice.

"How fares the horse Morzillo?" he asked.

"Badly, my lord," was her reply. "The poor beast's hoofs are so badly cut that he scarce can stand upon them."

The Conquistador strode up and down the length of his curtained tent. "Yet I must go on, and quickly," he said, "for it is certain that the treacherous Olid hath not reached Honduras long before us. I would smite him down in his treason and deceit before some Indio gives him word of my coming. But, too, I would fain have the friendship of this heathen Cacique of the Itzás. For it is in his power to send us with guides who know the land that we must traverse."

Doña Marina's face was troubled. "My lord, beware of going into the city as he did urge and as thou didst consent to do. For well did I watch the warriors and priests and listened to their converse. There is one of them who seemeth in power. 'Belen Ek,' thus they addressed them. And he hath no reverence for the Holy Mass such as is in the heart of the Cacique, Ah Canek. That man is thy enemy, my lord, the enemy of all strangers who come into the realm of the Itzás. And he will surely attempt to do thee harm if thou dost set thy foot in Tayasal."

Haughtily the Conquistador regarded her.

"Am I a woman, to be turned from my course because a savage Indio is my enemy? Assuredly I shall go to Tayasal, for I would see the extent of the power of these people. A time will come when we shall take possession of this heathen land for God and Spain. And I must make full report of all its advantages to His most gracious and Catholic Majesty."

Doña Marina bent her head humbly, her hands folded upon her breast, after the manner of an Indian slave. But presently she spoke again, choosing her words with care.

"My lord, be thy will forever unquestioned. Yet I venture to tell thee one thing more—this warrior, Belen Ek, hath no dread of aught that here he witnessed *except a fear of the horses!* For it was made plain to me, upon my inquiry,

The Golden Trail

that they hold them in deepest reverence, speaking of them as 'sacred plumed deer,' and regarding them as gods. They account it as marvelous that man and beast can seemingly join themselves together at will, and when the guns were fired by the mounted soldiers, they ascribed the flash and the smoke to the godly beasts themselves. *Tziminchac*, 'Lord of Lightning,' was the name they gave thy horse Morzillo. And so, my lord, if my poor words have aided thee in the past, I implore thee to take with thee into the city of Tayasal one, or all of the horses, so that the minds of the people shall be filled with awe; and so that this heathen savage, Belen Ek, will be balked in his hatred against thee."

Hernan Cortez toyed with the finely-wrought chain that hung about his neck. "There is sense in thy words," he said at last bluntly, "and they fit in with my plans as well. For it seems that Morzillo is like to die, and unable to fare farther into the wilderness. Neither can I wait until he hath recovered from his fatigue and sickness. Therefore I shall take him with me into the city of Tayasal, praying the Cacique to keep him and care for him against the time of my return. Tomorrow thou shalt listen well to all that these savages say amongst themselves, and hold converse with them as well as may be, speaking always of the true religion and the power of our master the King of Spain."

IT WAS a day of marvels in the lake kingdom of Peten when the stranger War Lord came with his retinue to the city of Tayasal. From far and near the Itzás journeyed to see the men of magical powers and the awe-inspiring "plumed deer." The temple terraces glimmered like pyramids of mosaic with the massed coloring of brilliant garments and headdresses. The streets swarmed with pressing, staring throngs. The gods in the temples were for once forgotten, their altars empty of offerings.

Ah Canek received his guests with splendid courtesy and dignity. And even Cortez was struck with admiration for the kingly bearing of the heathen ruler whose empire was a wilderness, and who, unwittingly, served gods of darkness.

Ah Canek's household made fitting obeisance before the stranger lord. And Doña Marina, watchful and alert, saw in the eyes of the Little Princess of the Moon the flame of adoration and worship that had been in her own eyes when first she beheld the Conquistador. She saw the delicately-modeled cheeks flush and burn with waves of crimson; she saw the child-like hands tremble with ecstacy as they touched the cloak of the Conqueror.

Doña Marina saw, too, that Belen Ek was not there. Her troubled eyes searched constantly for him, for she feared the power of the man. So at length, while Cortez watched the dancing of maidens and warriors commanded for his entertainment, she drew aside the Cacique's daughter and whispered in her ear.

"Where is he whom they call Belen Ek? Why has he not come to receive the White Lord who honors thy land with his presence?"

The Little Princess of the Moon started fearfully. Her quick eyes darted from side to side, searching. "Alas, I know not," she answered low, "and there are others who should be here in my father's palace. The priests have not come, and many of the warriors—I fear they have gone to the Enchanted Caves."

"The Enchanted Caves?" Doña Marina's voice was persistent.

"But yes, noble lady, the caves of Hubitzinah. They have been used since the dawn of time for ceremonies of secret import. None but priests and those initiated in the mysteries of the gods dare go near the sacred place. For they are filled with shadows and malignant spirits, and ghosts of the wandering dead."

Doña Marina eyed her steadily.

"Yet it is necessary that that which is being decided there should be known to the White Lord, thy father's guest. Hast thou the

NOW You Can Write SHORTHAND In the Plain A-B-C's

No Need to Learn a Whole "Foreign Language" of Signs and Symbols

AT LAST a remarkable new system makes it possible for you to learn to write shorthand in an astonishingly short time! Employing only the familiar A-B-C's, this new shorthand is so simple that you can master its basic principles in a single hour of study. So logical and natural that in three to six weeks, you can become a proficient Speedwriter. So efficient that you can attain in that time far greater speed than many shorthand writers ever attain.

Based upon the language you already know—easy to learn, simple to use, speedy and accurate—*Speedwriting* has been enthusiastically adopted by business and professional men and women, by experienced stenographers and beginners alike.

Speedwriting
The NATURAL SHORTHAND

Originated by Miss Emma B. Dearborn, eminent author on shorthand, who has taught almost all systems for eighteen years in such institutions as Columbia University, Rochester Business Institute, Simmons College, and the University of California.

One student, Ethel Eddie, So. Manchester, Conn., writes: "I learned Speedwriting while working eight hours a day in an office, and managing my home with four minor children, with no help. I am now employed as secretary to Dr. E. Myles Standish at an increase of $125.00 a year in my salary."

Emma B. Dearborn, originator of Speedwriting.

Send For *FREE BOOK*

Full Details Free!

Our Free booklet tells about Speedwriting, the Natural Shorthand, and how you can learn quickly at home. Mail the coupon NOW!

SPEEDWRITING, INC.
Dept. BD-2211 200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Speedwriting COUPON

Speedwriting Inc., Dept. BD-2211,
200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Without obligation, please send me your illustrated book "Speedwriting" and complete details about this new, natural shorthand.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
I am interested in Speedwriting for: Stenography ( ) Engineering ( ) In Executive Work ( ) Reporting ( ) Professional ( ) Clerical ( )

Maternity Apparel
WITH NO MATERNITY LOOK

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes, as well. Latest modes designed to conceal condition and provide expansion. New Style Book, picturing latest fashions in Coats, Dresses, Skirts and Corsets for Maternity wear; also Apparel for Baby. Sent free. *Write for it today.*

Style Book Free

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 11 39th St. at Fifth Ave. New York

De Lis HAND-MADE BABY DRESS 98¢ POSTAGE PREPAID

As adorable as baby—is this dainty little dress. Hand-made and hand-embroidered on finest nainsook. Sent postpaid for only 98c. Offered you at this remarkable price to acquaint you with the exquisite work of the famous French-needlewomen of New Orleans. Sizes—Infants, 6 mos. and 1 year.

Baby's Own Spring Fashion Guide Free

Write today for your free copy of De Lis Authentic Spring Fashion Guide. Describes and illustrates complete line of De Lis exclusive styles—for babies—for girls to 14 years—and suits for boys to 6 years.

Send 98c today for this exquisite little hand-made dress.

DE LIS
New Orleans, La. Dept. M. 19

They're Still BABIES!

Weigh them DAILY, *mother*

THEY may have outgrown the nursery scale, but their constant gain in weight is just as important as ever. Every night, when they have their sleepers on, put them on the scale. It's great fun! They like to see themselves gain. They want to grow big, and it is a great incentive to eat things that are good for them.

A Hanson Health Scale should be in every home. Weighs up to 250 lbs., and is as accurate for adults as children. Compact in size; absolutely accurate, guaranteed for 5 years. *Cannot tip.* Beautifully finished in colors, white, or black.

At leading stores, or direct from factory

HANSON
WEIGHMASTER
HEALTH SCALE

Free Trial Offer!

HANSON BROS. SCALE CO.
529 N. Ada Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send your booklet describing Hanson Health Scales, and your FREE *Trial Offer*.

Name .....
Address .....

BABY IS SAFE
Endorsed by Specialists and Mothers

The safest, most comfortable way to motor with baby. Saves mother from worry and tired arms. Made of strong metal frame covered with fine leatherette, and suspended on shock absorbing springs. Folding hood. No screws or nails in upholstery. Bassinet may be instantly removed from car for use in hotel or home. Folds compactly for storage or train. DETACHABLE RUBBER TIRED WHEELS OBTAINABLE to quickly convert Bassinet into strong attractive carriage. Send for illustrated folder of Gordon Baby Motoring Accessories. Guaranteed to please or money refunded. Prices from $3.50 up. At dealers or by mail.

Gordon Motor Crib Co., Inc., Dept. 13, 9 Bridge St., New York
You may send illustrated folder and name of nearest dealer.

Name .....
Address .....

In using advertisements see page 6

JANE THIS IS THE BEST DESSERT YOU EVER MADE
LET'S HAVE IT AGAIN TOMORROW MOTHER
AND IT TAKES NO TIME AT ALL IT'S EZEWAY DESSERT

Chocolate Tapioca With Nuts

Pour one pint milk into pan, add one package Ezeway Chocolate Tapioca Dessert, and cook until thick. Remove from fire and stir in one-half cup nuts, dates, raisins, chopped together. Allow to cool. Line sherbet glasses with lady fingers and pour in dessert. Top with whipped cream or marshmallow cream. Serves five.

"On Busy Days I Serve the Most Delicious Dessert I Know!"

"NO matter how busy I am I always have time to fix this marvelous new quick dessert—and the family like it the best of any dessert I make. Tom says it never disagrees with him—no matter how much he eats!"

Here is something entirely new and different—a unique new dessert that is not only marvelously delicious and easily digested but also amazingly easy and quick to prepare. You can make it in a jiffy after a busy day's shopping, or when last-minute company is expected. No fuss, no bother, no measuring, no big pile of dishes.

This wonderful new dessert—Ezeway—is made in four tempting flavors. First there's *Chocolate Tapioca* which combines mellow sweet-chocolate with nourishing tapioca. *Cream Tapioca* has a rich vanilla-like flavor. *Cocoanut* and *Chocolate Malted Milk* are absolutely different from any dessert you ever served before. If your family are sick and tired of the same old round of desserts—if you want to delight your guests with something original—treat them to an Ezeway Dessert.

You'll be amazed when you discover that this wonderful new dessert costs only 10c. One package serves five. Phone your grocer today. If grocer cannot supply you, send 10c and grocer's name for full size package.

EZEWAY★
DESSERT
EZEWAY FOOD PRODUCTS
3265 Colerain Avenue CINCINNATI, OHIO

TRY AN EZEWAY PIE
For a real old-fashioned, home-made pie—the kind that makes your reputation as a pie maker—get **Ezeway for Pies.** Comes in three flavors—*Lemon, Chocolate* and *Butterscotch.* Saves time and bother—your pies are always good—always delicious and wholesome. Only 10c at your grocer's.

The Golden Trail

courage, O daughter of Ah Canek, to brave the terrors of this hidden place and discover what evil things are planned?"

For an instant the olive-hued face blanched white. "I—I have no charms powerful enough to overcome the magic of the guardian spirits there," she stammered.

Doña Marina lifted from around her neck a crucifix hung there on a thin silver chain. "I shall give thee one," she said, "one which I swear will protect thee against evil spirit or fiend of hell. For this is the sign of the One God, the sign against which the powers of darkness are powerless. I had this as a holy gift from the great White Lord himself. His fingers have often touched it in prayer—and now I give it to thee."

A burning, passionate light leaped into the eyes of the Little Princess of the Moon. Her hands closed tightly around the silver cross, and she pressed it against her heart.

"What one weak woman may do, that will I strive to accomplish!"

Doña Marina's lips smiled in the only way they knew—a smile of unutterable sorrow.

"The greatest weakness of all is love," she said, "and yet that is a strength beyond the reach of all force and guile."

The daughter of the Cacique looked into the Tabascan woman's eyes. Each understood what lay in the other's heart.

"I go to the caves of Hubitzinah," she whispered at last.

THE sun was low in the western sky when the Little Princess of the Moon slipped away from the crowded city, divested of her regal garments and clad in a single, coarsely-woven garment such as a boatman's daughter would wear. She chose a small, high-prowed canoe, and poled it with long, skilful strokes across the narrow expanse of water, on beyond the sacred island where above the trees gleamed the white temple of the Thunder God on its lofty pyramid of stone. Across a narrow lagoon the light cayuca sped and was beached in the sheltering tangle of tall, green reeds and marsh grass.

Then, swift and silent as a young forest fawn, the Little Princess of the Moon made her way through the jungle tangle, avoiding the trail that ran like a snake's track among the vine-hung ceibas and mahogany trees.

Presently she reached the opening of the caves, a sinister, rocky mouth that seemed to purse itself expectantly. And although the sunshine was hot in the windless, sheltered embrace of the towering hills, her body trembled as if an icy wind had seized her, and her limbs seemed to fail of their strength.

But her fingers clenched desperately the talisman of silver. And with it pressed tightly against her breast, she slipped inside the dark, narrow passageway and heard the beating of her heart like a signal drum in the silence.

At first all was heavy stillness, save for the far dripping of some subterranean spring of water. Bats on velvety, noiseless wings wheeled past her, brushing her face and shoulders. And although she could have died with terror, she stifled the scream that rose to her lips, and clutched the crucifix against her heart.

Then, in the far black distance, she heard the sounds of chanting; she caught the pungent smell of copal incense burning. Stealthily she crept forward in the damp, engulfing blackness.

Suddenly the voices were beneath her, at her very feet. And a circle of molten light leaped up against the rocky roof where the white stalactites hung in jagged clusters like downward-pointing daggers.

She was standing on a high, rocky ledge, and beneath her was a subterranean bowl illuminated by the flares of torches and a fire on a carved, stone altar. Around it were grouped the priests in their ceremonial garments and masks of turquoise and jade, and the warriors of the Tiger God, of whom Belen Ek was the leader. Their black, fantastic shadows danced across the cavernous walls and wavered grotesquely over the glistening, white ceiling.

How the famous Maternity Center cares for *all* of baby's things

New York's Maternity Center says, "Baby's shirts and bands may irritate his tender skin if washed with harsh soaps."

"The Center uses Lux for everything of baby's—clothes, bottles, toys—Lux has no harmful alkali, is gentle and safe."

"Dainty sweaters and woolens cleansed in cool Lux suds, rinsed thoroughly, dried flat, stay soft, unshrunken."

"Diapers should not chafe if washed in hot Lux suds, boiled daily and rinsed thoroughly 3 times, dried in the sun if possible."

The Maternity Center finds Lux "a truly sanitary form of soap to use with baby's things, for unlike cake soap, the same Lux is never used twice."

The Golden Trail

Beside the altar was the dismembered carcass of a deer. Its heart was even then smoking in the fiery embers on the altar. Trembling, yet resolute, the hidden maiden crept close to the edge to listen.

She heard a priest speaking, his voice muffled by the mask and tossed against the underground walls in weird, resounding echoes.

"The gods are silent on this matter. They say not yea or nay. Nothing have I learned from the burning heart of the sacred deer we have slaughtered."

Belen Ek made a deep obeisance. Then he spread his arms wide as he turned to the listening throng.

"Mouthpiece of the gods," he cried, "let us make a greater offering, and perhaps the Silent Ones will speak. Let us sacrifice this stranger War Lord—let *his* heart smoke on the altar! Then shall we see whether our gods or his are the stronger! Think you, O men of Peten-Itzá, that the ancient gods of Mayab will be put to flight by these pale-faced men from beyond the sea?"

Deep and loud were the assenting voices that pulsed against the cavern's echoing corridors. And the Little Princess of the Moon, with breath almost stifled by the beating of her heart, crept back along the tortuous ways of darkness and regained the cave's open mouth once more.

HEAVY gray clouds were lowering over the narrow lagoon as she pushed the light *cayuca* out into the water. A storm was coming—her father, she knew, would urge the White Lord to remain at Tayasal for the night. But he must not stay. The word of death had been spoken. And not even Ah Canek was as powerful as the priests of the Mayan gods.

She pushed out boldly toward the opposite shore. But without warning there came a blinding flash of lightning. The very arch of the sky seemed to split apart in the terrific peal of thunder. And from the west came a moving veil of greenish gray that blotted out the waning light of day. It struck the frail craft with the diabolical violence of an avalanche, a blinding turmoil of wind and water that foamed the lake into a white-capped, tempestuous sea.

She flung herself, face downward, into the body of the canoe, clutching the carved sides with wet, tenacious fingers. More than that she could not do. The wild wind turned and twisted the slender boat; the rain beat down upon it fiercely. It lurched perilously from side to side, spun about in the frenzy of the gale, leaped like a frightened bird across the waves.

"O gods of my people—" the Little Princess was gasping.

The glitter of the crucifix in her straining fingers suddenly swung into her rain-blinded eyes.

"O god of *his* people," she cried out wildly, "save him from destruction—let me not die before I have warned him!"

She heard a dim shouting through the beating of the rain and the surging hiss of the waves. The *cayuca* was hurtled suddenly in among a miniature forest of reeds. The abrupt stoppage twisted it upon its side, spilling its prostrate burden into the green and slimy tangle of treacherous weeds and grass. She flung out her arms, trying to grasp the canoe again. But her feet sank beneath her. The wild rain beat down upon her upturned, despairing face and the uplifted hands with the little silver crucifix.

Then she felt herself seized and dragged up to the blessed firmness of the shore, where she lay inert and gasping for breath, her rain-drenched hair in a black smother across the pallor of her face and throat.

The tropical storm died down as suddenly as it had sprung into life. The scattering raindrops were iridescent, dancing opals in the last rays of the reappeared sun.

She heard strange voices in a clamor about her—and then—*his* voice; the voice she was to hear in dreams all her life. She opened her eyes and smiled.

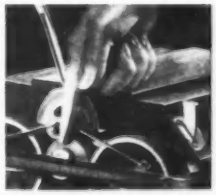
Sweeps easier now!

New "Hi-Lo" Brush Control makes amazing difference

A NEW improvement... the "Hi-Lo" Brush Control... so greatly lessens the required handle pressure that now you just glide this magic sweeper over heavy carpets, and there is no hard bearing down on any surface.

Use the improved Bissell to sweep any floor from bare linoleum to the heaviest tufted rugs. It sweeps them *all* with greater ease. You really must see the new Bissell to appreciate the improvement.

Your leading hardware, furniture or department store will gladly demonstrate the new, improved Bissell. Why not enjoy the inexpensive pleasure of a new sweeper? A Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all Cyco models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50c more in the West and South). Ask your dealer to show you. "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free on request. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan.



The new "Hi-Lo" brush control (Automatic)

The new

BISSELL★

SWEEPER

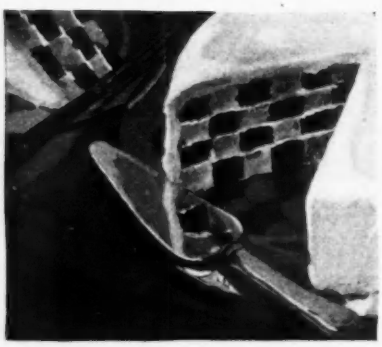
with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

In using advertisements see page 6

ASK THE *Born Cook* SHE KNOWS

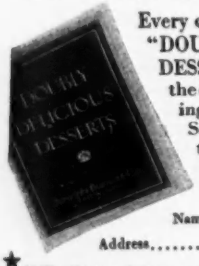
HAVE you ever wished you had a Born Cook for a neighbour so that when your cake crumbled and its flavor baked out, or your ice cream came out granular, or the dessert that was meant to be eaten with forks had to be eaten with spoons—if at all—you might run over and ask her why?

Ask our Born Cook! She is at your service for just such neighbourly help and advice. Bring her your flavoring problems, your questions on how to use color in frostings and frozen desserts, for suggestions on what dessert to serve with a particular menu. Just sit down and write her and she will answer your questions personally.



[The Born Cook's recipe for this delicious Checkerboard Cake with full directions for putting it together you will find in her new book "Doubly Delicious Desserts" just published.]

Pinning the Born Cook down to facts we find that she always uses *two teaspoonfuls* of Burnett's Vanilla in any white cake, or *one and a half teaspoons* in a chocolate cake. When she uses Burnett's Almond to bring out the nut flavor, she says *half a teaspoon* is plenty.



Every one of her recipes in "DOUBLY DELICIOUS DESSERTS" is tested for the exact amount of flavoring to use for best results. Send 10c for your copy to Joseph Burnett Co. 3 D Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Name.....

Address.....

★ BURNETT'S Extracts

The Golden Trail

"Thy god is very great," she murmured, "greater than the gods of Mayab."

"What does she say, Marina? And whence cometh that crucifix clutched so tightly in her hand?"

The dark Tabascan woman bent above her.

"Child—thou hast been saved by a miracle. Had thy boat not swung into shore amid these reeds, and had the White Lord himself not plunged out after thee—"

Hernan Cortez, wrapped in his rain-soaked cloak, exclaimed in surprise. "By all the saints! 'Tis the daughter of the Cacique! How cometh she here, and what mask is this of mean apparel for one of royal birth?"

Swiftly her story was told, translated from the Mayan to the Spanish tongue.

"And remain not now in the city of Tayasal," she finished, "for death awaits thee there—not even my father could save thee if the priests wish thy heart as an offering to the gods."

Hernan Cortez lifted her gallantly to her feet. She saw then that her *cayuca* had been swept into the eastern shore of the lake, not far from the gleaming white walls of her father's city. And that the boats of the Conqueror had been driven there as well, in refuge from the storm.

"We are returning to my encampment even now," he said, "but I had promised thy father to visit him again and bring priests with me so that he should learn more of our holy religion."

The girl bent forward, clasping his hands in terror and supplication. "Nay—nay—oh, I beg of thee, do not come back unless with all thine army. My father is swayed now by this wind, now by that. Today he is friendly to thee, but tomorrow—who can tell? For he is unwilling to accept the god whom thou dost worship. Thou shalt have a guide for thy southward journey, this I pledge thee; one who knows well the trackless wilderness that separates our land from the far-off sea. I shall send thee the man tonight, and I pray thee be on the march before dawn. I shall cause a signal fire to be lighted on yonder hill, and throughout the night thou, seeing it, will know that all is well within my father's city, and there is as yet no hostile movement against thee."

Hernan Cortez knit his brows in thought. "We must not flee before these people," he said half aloud in Spanish, "and but for my steadfast purpose in punishing the traitor Olid, I would level yon heathen city to the ground and erect the Holy Cross where now the pagan gods are honored. They must think that I shall return—soon."

He turned imperiously to Doña Marina.

"Give the maiden my words with as much exactness as thy skill can attain."

Then, with the grave dignity of an hidalgo of Spain, he addressed the Little Princess of the Moon, holding her hands in his, smiling courtier-like into her eyes.

"A thousand thanks to thee, royal maiden, for thine aid and for thy warning. Hernan Cortez will not forget thee. The memory of thy face shall go with him into far lands and distant years . . . Hast thou told her that, Marina?"

The Tabascan woman's eyes were upon his, dark and sorrow-filled. But without bitterness she answered, "I have told her all, my lord."

"In pledge of this, and in pledge that I shall one day return to thy father's kingdom, I leave behind me my favorite steed, Morzillo. Into thy care I commend him, and it is a charge of honor; for there is not his like in thy country or mine."

On her knees the maiden sank down before him.

"I am honored above all women," she murmured rapturously, her lips against his hand.

THUS it was that Morzillo, the horse of Hernan Cortez, came to Peten and to Tayasal. The great roan and black steed who had carried his master through the fire and din of battle was to know no more the trumpet call of the men of Spain; was to see no more the

Specially Prepared, Strained

Ready-to-Serve Vegetables

NEWER knowledge of baby care created the daily problem of preparing baby's vegetable feedings. Quickly and conveniently—Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products now make this problem as simple as A-B-C. Just warm and season! Scientifically prepared—Gerber's Products provide the vital vegetable supplement to the milk diet in a uniform, wholesome way.

Rich in Vitamins—Tested and Approved

Steam pressure cooked and sealed—steam sterilized—Gerber's Strained Vegetables retain vitamin values, and bone and tissue building mineral salts lost in open vessel cooking. All have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping's Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health; the Institutes of The Delineator, Modern Priscilla, Child Life, Junior Home; and leading pediatric authorities. Packed for two full size feedings, the products afford a wholesome variety—rich in vitamins A-B-C. Your doctor can best advise the feeding schedule for your own individual baby.

Examine Them Yourself

You must examine the Gerber Products yourself to appreciate how tempting and wholesome they are. If your grocer can't supply you, send the coupon and $1.00 for our introductory package of 2—10¼ Ounce cans of Soup (25¢ each) and 1—4½ Ounce can of Strained Spinach, Carrots, Prunes and Peas (15¢ each). Postage paid. One product only if you wish.

★ **Gerber's**
STRAINED VEGETABLES

Free samples on request to physicians or hospitals

A WEEK'S SUPPLY — SEND COUPON

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.
Dept. G. H.-4—Enclosed you will find money or stamps for the Gerber Products checked.

$1.00 Complete Assortment	25c Strained Vegetable Soup	15c Strained Spinach	15c Strained Carrots	15c Strained Prunes	15c Strained Peas
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

My grocer is _____

NOW-a note of Modernism in Serving Foods!

Individual Service, Vegetable Salad in Aspic made in the set of Round Bridge Size (3 inch diameter) Mary Ann Shell Pans.

Peach Sponge Cake made in the Square Family size (8 inch) Mary Ann Shell Pan.

Rice Ring with Vegetables, made in the Round Family size (8 inch) Mary Ann Shell Pan.

Square Bridge size, Individual Service set of four (3 inch square) Mary Ann Shell Pans.

Every Mary Ann Shell Pan or set comes in this colorful box. This makes it most desirable for an inexpensive gift or bridge prize.

The Mary Ann Recipe Book consists of a set of twelve 3 x 5 inch cards in colors illustrating effective dishes that apply to everyday menus. A copy is enclosed with each pan or set you buy.

THE same foods you have served before—cakes, entrees, salads, desserts, but baked or molded in new shaped pans that create unusual effects. This is possible because a deep open shell is formed into which may be put delicious fruits, vegetables or cream fillings. The variety of delectable food combinations to be made with Mary Ann Shell Pans seems almost endless. And the same pans serve so many and varied uses! They come round and square in several sizes. With the cooperation of leading domestic science experts, we have worked out appetizing combinations, illustrated and described in our receipt book. Your own ingenuity will develop others that these Mary Ann Shell Pans can produce for you . . . Mary Ann Shell Pans are made of sturdy, durable neoloy, a special rust-resisting metal having unusual heat transmission properties.

Good Housekeeping Institute has set its seal of approval upon the Mary Ann Shell Pans which are made from the metal neoloy.

Department and house-furnishing stores carry Mary Ann Shell Pans in stock. If your local stores have not obtained their stock, fill out the coupon below and you will receive your pans direct from us.

MARY ANN *Shell* PANS

PATENT NO. 1388364

Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Institute

for Cakes · Entrees Salads and Desserts

Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Institute

Manufactured exclusively by

EDWARD KATZINGER COMPANY, 1949 No. Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Address this coupon to EDWARD KATZINGER CO. 1949 No. Cicero Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Check items you wish, send stamps or money order, and we will mail to you prepaid the Mary Ann Shell Pans.

- ☐ **Round Family Size, 8 inches, 75c**
- ☐ **Square Family Size, 8 inches, 75c**
- ☐ **Round Bridge Set, per set of 4, 3" diameter, $1.00**
- ☐ **Square Bridge Set, per set of 4, 3" square, $1.00**
- ☐ **Hostess Size, 10 inches, 90c**
- ☐ **Measuring Cups, ¼, ⅓, ½ and 1 Cup, per set, $1.00**

Name _____

Address _____

G. H. 3

In using advertisements see page 6

"Umm-m! I like this"

SO SAYS this little miss. And is there a child anywhere that doesn't like Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, spread thick on a slice of bread or as a sandwich filler? If so we have yet to find one.

Nourishing, wholesome, energy-giving food—this Peanut Butter. Good for children *between* meals or *at* meals. Plenty of proteins in it for muscle building and tissue repair. And its nutty flavor always appeals to them.

Wherever there's a family with growing youngsters a supply of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter should always be on the pantry shelf. But not alone for the children. The grown folks like it too—in the variety of ways it can be served.

And here's something that will please mother—there's an *easy-to-open top* on the Beech-Nut jar. Not a bit of bother in opening, and it slips right back on again. *An exclusive Beech-Nut feature worth remembering.*

★

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

The Golden Trail

red and yellow banner unfurled like a blazing cloud; was to hear no more his name spoken in the Spanish tongue, familiarly, as one speaks to a well-loved comrade in arms.

Instead, the weary, footsore animal became a god. A great white temple was his stable, with bowls of smoking copal incense. They braided his mane and tail with golden bells, so that a sweet jangling accompanied his every motion. Tassels of red snail shells and beads of jadeite hung from his forehead, and a mantle of finely woven humming-bird feathers hid the half-healed wounds on his back and flanks.

Lonely, dejected, the forsaken steed stood surrounded by empty magnificence. Sometimes he would lift his massive head with pricked ears and distended nostrils, listening for footsteps that never came, for the old war cry of marching men . . .

Then he would whinny, a shrill, high, appealing call, and paw sharply upon the tessellated floor.

The Itzás, hearing him, would cry out with awe: "The god speaks! Tziminchac, the Lord of Lightning, is speaking to the gods of the white War Lord!"

THE Little Princess of the Moon was his priestess and his devotee. Long hours she spent in the great, white temple on the pyramid's top, whence, across the shimmering jade waters of the lake, she could see the now deserted encampment place of the stranger who had come—and gone, taking her heart with him.

At first she feared to touch the lordly beast. For she, too, thought him a god. But the loneliness of the animal and the loneliness of the maiden fused into a companionship strange and rare. Little by little she ventured to approach him, to stroke the plumy thickness of his dark name, to touch with pitying fingers the jagged wounds upon his thigh, and to urge upon his listless attention the smoking-hot dainties of venison and fish. And the deserted steed, dying slowly of sickness and heartbreak and starvation, raised his drooping head only when she came near him. Sometimes he whinnied feebly as she came through the temple door. It was as if each knew the yearning of the other's heart for the one who had taken the deathless love of each—so carelessly—forgetfully. . . .

Daily the altar was heaped high with offerings such as those placed before the gods in the temples—the plumage of brilliant birds, smoking cakes of maiz and ollas of honey, glittering fish from the lake, garlands of fragrant flowers. At first, the horse would nose fretfully at the offerings, stamping and whinnying his impatience, while the little golden bells in his mane and tail jangled angrily. But later the sickness that possessed him made him dull and weak and unheeding. He stood surrounded, embanked with all the colorful, luxurious homage of a rich and fertile land—dust of gold beneath his hoofs, strings of jewels about his neck—worshiped as surely no steed of our world has been worshiped before or since—poor, lonely god-horse, without desire for, or understanding of, his unwelcome divinity!

One morning they found him in a curious kneeling posture, his forelegs bent under him, his head bowed, touching the pavement. The little golden bells were still. They would never jangle again as he tossed his massive head, or stamped in loneliness and longing. The cry went through the city like a wind:

"Tziminchac is dead! The Lord of Lightning is no more! The god of the White Cacique has forsaken us!"

To the Little Princess of the Moon they brought the news, where she lay upon her tapestried couch, staring across the lake where the dawn was reddening the farther shore. She cried out and half rose from her bed.

"I have failed in my trust!"

Then fell back in a death-like swoon.

A pall of gloom descended upon the white, shining city of Tayasal. Even Belen Ek was

Insist on this Package

Vitamized

by Natural Process

Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the important growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the natural Vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) you will find these elements in just the proportions that Nature intended—unaltered by man.

Fireless Cooked— at the Mill—for 12 Hours

Selected whole white oats still in their hulls are *Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours*—in their own moisture, in big, tight cookers that retain and perfectly blend all of the goodness of the grain, and bring out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor found in no other oats. All of the flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass is eliminated, so that 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) looks delightfully light, flaky and appetizing in the dish. This appetizing appearance and delicious flavor combine to make it the favorite of children and adults too.

Cooks Perfectly in Exactly 3 Minutes

This long cooking at the mill, besides bringing out all of the delicious flavor of the grain, dextrinizes the starches to a point where the thorough cooking is completed on your stove in exactly 3 MINUTES—no more—no less.

Regular Package, 10¢ Family Size, 25¢

(*Except in Far West and Canada*)

Ask for a Free Trial Package

You will never know the delicious difference between Genuine 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES, distinguished by the Big Red 3 on the package, and ordinary oats, until you have actually tried it in your own home. Fill out the coupon, mail it now and we will send you a free trial package and our interesting booklet.

Three-Minute Cereals Company, 814 Sixteenth Street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Gentlemen: I want to try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES—please send me a Free Trial Package and your new booklet.

My Name .....

Address .....

My Grocer's Name .....

Address .....

Eight Years Later She Writes: "My Kelvinator is the Best Investment I Have Ever Made!"

In 1920 . . . *My Kelvinator's performance is fine. . . . Foods keep crisp and delicious . . . we use all we buy. . . . A wonderful invention.*

In 1928 again . . . *My Kelvinator is running as smoothly and quietly as the day I bought it . . . It is the best investment I have ever made.*

THERE is no known limit to the years of service of a Kelvinator. The first one ever sold still gives perfect satisfaction. After fifteen years of service!

So the experience of this Kelvinator owner* is not unusual. But it illustrates fully Kelvinator's dependability.

In 1920 she wrote to tell us how satisfactory she found her new purchase. "A wonderful invention" she called it. Apparently her satisfaction has grown with passing years. For in 1928 she wrote again. This time she said: "My Kelvinator is the best investment I have ever made."

Kelvinator brings you security

In buying equipment for the home, dependability is the essential requirement. When you buy a Kelvinator you can feel secure in the knowledge that it will bring years of unfailing, economical service. You know you are getting as fine a refrigerator as can be made. One whose efficiency and quietness have been proved by actual use in the country's finest homes.

Kelvinator protects the health of your family. It holds the full wholesomeness of the foods you entrust to its care. Kelvinators often pay for themselves out of food preservation alone.

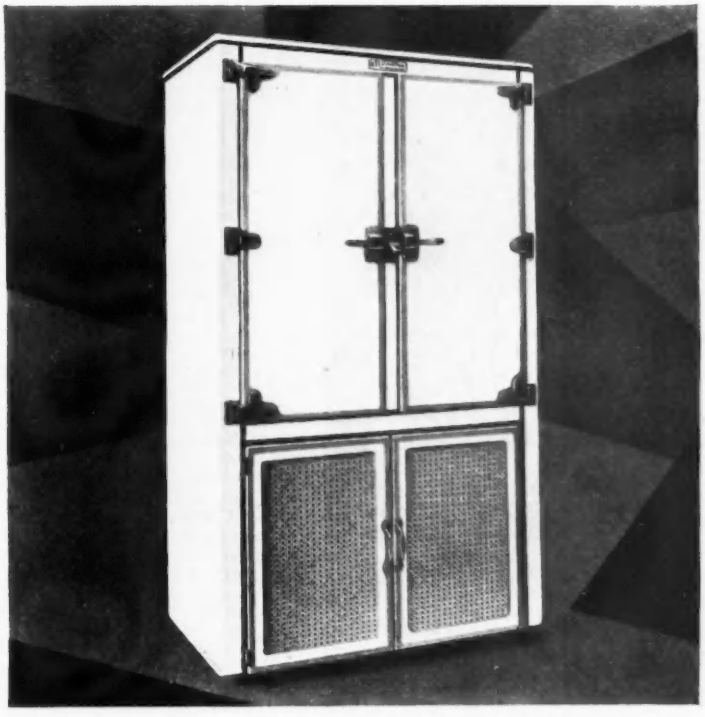
Little details show Kelvinator's superiority. It is quiet and vibrationless. Corners are rounded for easy cleaning. It holds the cold longer. It has generous ice-making facilities.

Ask for a demonstration

You should see the Kelvinator. Particularly to realize its beauty. It is modern in design, reflecting the newer tendencies—constructed to stand the hardest wear—fitted with sturdy, graceful hardware—brilliant in its finish.

Kelvinator dealers will gladly show you the complete line. Let them tell you of the moderate prices and easy terms for which Kelvinators are installed. Let us also send you the free booklet, "The Effects of Refrigeration Temperature on Food and Health." Send your name and address to the Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

**No Kelvinator testimonial has ever been bought—in money, publicity or any other way. The distinguished owners of Kelvinators do not desire notoriety. But their names may be secured from our Detroit office.*



The model above (P-8) is one of the many surprisingly handsome Kelvinators. It typifies high achievement in electric refrigeration. Kelvinator, in addition to using coils, immerses them in a tank filled with brine, which acts as a constant reservoir of cold.

Kelvinator ★ *Electric Refrigerators*

In using advertisements see page 6

ARMSTRONG SHOES
For Women

The Aristocrat of Feminine Footwear

To conform complacently to standards... or to create standards of one's own... Armstrong chooses the latter... and gives new significance to the words... "quality", "modishness", and "ease". Fine materials, animated by lines of youthful verve and subtle grace. Arched naturally, moulded to the foot, glove-fitting, no wrinkles nor creases from wear... All these are assured by the Pride-Mark "A-Q" on every pair... Look for this symbol of excellence.

D. ARMSTRONG & CO. INC.
ROCHESTER
NEW YORK

D. Armstrong & Co., Inc.
155 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me the Armstrong Portfolio of Shoe Styles.
Name _____
Address _____
_____
My favorite dealer is _____
_____

The Golden Trail

afraid. For he had feared the magic of an unknown animal as he had feared no warrior of the unknown race. Again the ancient prophecy of Chilan Balam was called to mind, the coming of the "bearded barbarians" riding upon "plumed deer," bringing with them the sign of a new religion which the Itzás must accept. They had not accepted it. And they were afraid. The Cacique, Ah Canek, made rich offerings to the silent form of the horse; he prayed fervently to all the gods of Mayab for guidance. But no answer came. The gods were mute, as if they, too, trembled before the imminent coming of oblivion.

A new fear smote the hearts of the people of Tayasal. The White Lord had said he would return; he would demand of them the god he had left in their charge. What should they tell the Conqueror when he came riding back in his garments of shining silver? What answer could they make to his question,

"Where is Tziminchac, the Lord of Lightning?"

THE Little Princess of the Moon had never arisen from the couch where they had brought her the news of Morzillo's death. Silent and wan she lay with wide-open, staring eyes, refusing the stimulation of herbs and potions. In despair Ah Canek offered fabulous rewards for the priest or herb doctor who could restore his daughter's health. But naught availed. She, too, lay surrounded by luxury and magnificence more meaningless than the sighing of the breeze across the pallid lake.

But one thing kept the spark of life within her. She awaited the White Lord's return. Even though he came to curse her, to smite her in his godly wrath for having failed in the trust reposed in her, she would see him once again; would hear his voice speaking that strange, unknown tongue; would feel the breathless ecstacy of knowing he was near . . .

Ah Canek took counsel with the priests. And it was decided that a statue of stone should be wrought so cleverly that when the White Lord returned from the far country by the sea, they could say to him:

"Behold, the Lord of Lightning has been honored by our gods! He has been changed into stone so that we of Peten-Itzá may worship him changelessly throughout the ages to come!"

From the far-off Mountain of Alabaster they cut a huge block of the shining white marble and dragged it across the very trail through the tangled jungle where Cortez had ridden with his men. On a great raft they ferried it across the lake Peten to the city of Tayasal. And there a score of the greatest sculptors worked night and day, hewing out a life-sized image of the White Lord's magic steed.

They wrought it as they had last seen the lordly Tziminchac, kneeling, head downward, as though in supplication to other and greater gods. And when it was finished, Ah Canek decreed that it should be placed in a temple on the sacred island that was dedicated to the Thunder God and the God of Storms and Rain.

A more gorgeous procession had never been seen in all the land of Peten-Itzá than when the completed statue was set upon a flower-banked raft to be towed by a hundred bedecked *cavucas* to the sacred island between the mainland and the Caves of Hubitzinah.

The day was bright with the deceptive glitter of sunshine soon to be quenched by rain. And the brilliant apparel of the warriors and priests and temple maidens was reflected in spreading fans of rainbow-faceted color in the undulating waters of the lake.

First came the *cayuca* of Ah Canek, its upright lances tufted with scarlet plumes and fluttering banners. Then the carved canoe of the Little Princess of the Moon, wherein she lay with sunken cheeks and listless eyes upon piles of feathered robes. The ornamented, high-prowed craft of the priests and warriors followed after. And then the mighty raft embanked with gold and purple flowers, upon

SEND now for your free copy of this new complete Style Book showing everything you need for your baby and your children. The same little garments that are sold in our retail stores. Rompers, dresses, underwear, shoes, stockings, sweaters, coats and play togs. Practical, serviceable, yet *exclusive* styles.

Lowest Prices — Style Book Free

Everything your children need. At prices lower than you could make them for. Just imagine—children's coats $1.98 to $9.98. Infants' dresses 49c to $3.98. Send today for your free copy of this Style Book. Garments of exceptional quality at money-saving prices. Every purchase guaranteed. Write today for your own copy of this Style Book—it is yours FREE.

Lane Bryant
Address Dept. 13, 39th Street and
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Retail Stores: New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Baltimore, Philadelphia

Feminine Hygiene

is more important to beauty and to daintiness and to health than most women know.

Physicians are prescribing Stirizol for feminine hygiene because it is so soothing and healing. It gives a dainty, fresh and clean feeling at once and also eliminates body odors quickly.

For more than twenty years Stirizol has proved its value. It soothes and refreshes immediately, is extremely effective and yet not poisonous. The $1.00 jar of Stirizol Powder will make many quarts of solution.

At your Druggist's or order direct from The Stirizol Company, 49 Water Street, Ossining, N. Y.

STIRIZOL
VERY REFRESHING

LOWER PLATES
CAN BE WORN WITH COMFORT

End your lower false teeth worries! PLATEX Aseptic Suction Cushions protect gums, hold plate in place, and let you chew and speak without pain or embarrassment. Made of treated, compressed cotton. Fit right in groove of lower plate. Thousands of users. Sanitary, convenient, economical. 40c or $1 packages at druggists or MAILED DIRECT postpaid. State if plate fits loose or tight. Patented by PLATEX LABORATORIES, Inc., 210 Masonic Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MAKE MONEY

AT HOME or in an easy position. Cake making, candy making and Catering is fascinating and profitable. Send Now for free book G. "How I Made Good" written by a successful student.

The Iridor School, 669 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

Colored fixtures

add *everything* to beauty —almost *nothing* to cost

THE loveliest of bathrooms, nowadays, are being created with Kohler Colorware. And the cost is *very little higher* than for bathrooms with white fixtures.

The colored fixtures themselves do cost more, it is true. But fixtures are only part of a bathroom. The cost of fittings, of walls and floor, of labor—all that remains the same. The extra cost of color, a mere fraction of the total, is *nothing* to pay for the beauty that Kohler Colorware brings.

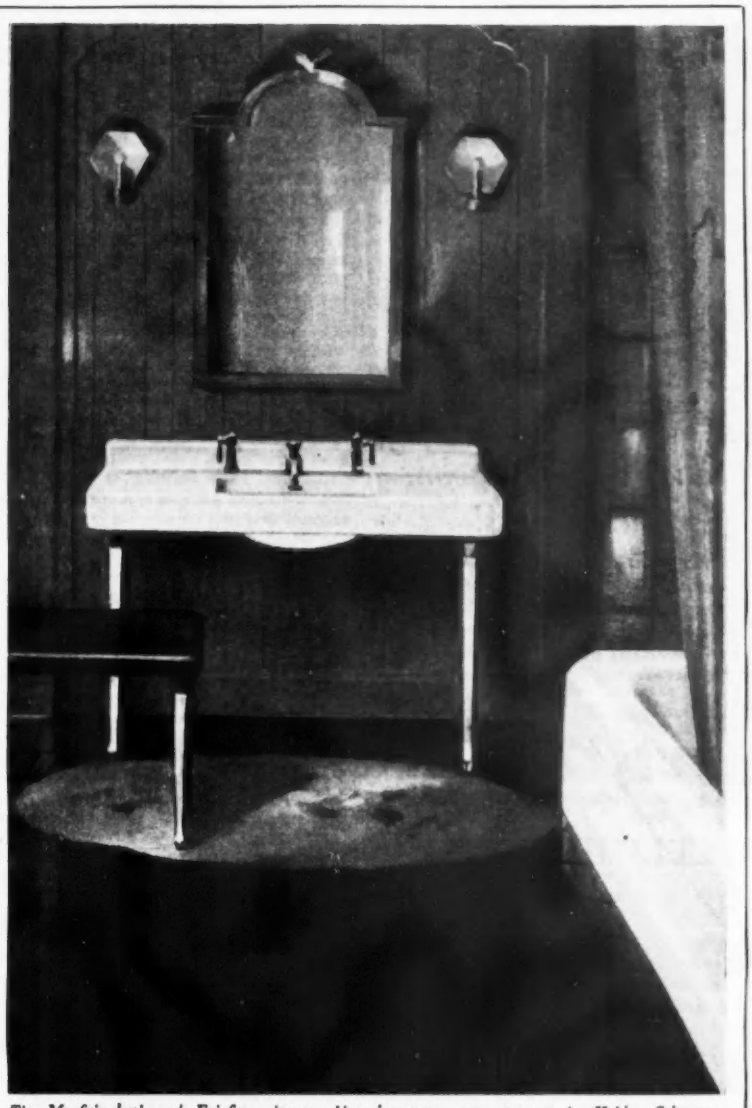
These graceful fixtures in lovely colors, first sponsored and developed to highest artistry by Kohler of Kohler, are the choice of architects and interior decorators not only for their most luxurious bathrooms, but for their simplest designs as well.

See how inexpensive!

When you realize that there are Kohler bath tubs, *in color*, with chromium-plated fittings, all complete and ready to install, for as little as $80; lavatories for $40; toilets for $70—then you will see how *every* bathroom in this day can well afford this new beauty.

The Kohler colors are delicate shades of green, lavender, ivory, blue, brown, and gray. And there is a jet black—most effective in combination with Kohler fittings in gold. If you have several bathrooms, each may be developed in a different color scheme—each expressing your taste with individuality and distinction. . . .

It is superfluous, perhaps, to add that Kohler fixtures are far above the commonplace in quality. Kohler artisans put into their work something of the character of the place where they live—Kohler Village, one of America's most beautiful town-planned communities. In choosing Kohler Ware you choose superior worth—at the price of the ordinary.



The Mayfair bath and Fairfax vitreous china lavatory—new patterns in Kohler Colorware

You should see Kohler Colorware at a Kohler display room, if one is near you. Ask your plumber about it. And send the coupon below for a book of bathrooms—kitchens and laundries, too—in all the Kohler colors.

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873*, KOHLER, WIS. · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.
Branches in Principal Cities

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EACH FIXTURE

KOHLER CO., KOHLER, WIS. Gentlemen: Please send your book of Kohler Colorware. GH 3-29

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

© 1929, Kohler Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

Now—Vivid Contrast and Voguish Colors are Yours!

On *walls, woodwork or furniture* demanding a modernistic treatment and vivid color contrasts KYANIZE Celoid Finish gives just the desired effect and is easily and quickly applied. Washable, cleans like tile.

Kyanize

CELOID FINISH

will make an attractive set of furniture out of shabby old pieces that you now think of as mismates. This finish is an opaque medium gloss enamel, free from offensive odor. It brushes on easily, dries quickly enough to prevent brush marks, and leaves a rich, velvet-like, "hand-rubbed" effect — sturdy, elastic and waterproof.

Fourteen beautiful, fast-color tints —also in Black and Pure White. No mixing. Covers wood, plaster, metal and fiber board equally well.

Send for new booklet, "The Charm of Painted Things," or if your dealer cannot supply you with Kyanize, send $1.00 for a special trial pint can with brush and booklet included.

SPECIAL $1.00 OFFER

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and $1.00. We will forward, prepaid, a full pint can of Kyanize Celoid Finish (solid covering), a good brush to apply it, and new Book, "The Charm of Painted Things"—all for $1.00. State color desired. CELOID TINTS! Sunset Pink, Orange, Havana Brown, Granite Gray, Gulf Blue, Mellow Cream, Niagara Green, Dixie Gray, India Buff, Pure White, Twilight Blue, Chinese Red, Pure Gray, Black, Jade Green, Pale Ivory.

Boston Varnish Co.

171 Everett Station

Boston, Mass. U. S. A.

The Golden Trail

which was enthroned the alabaster statue of the horse who had become a god.

With chanting, and the sound of drums, and tinkling of ceremonial bells the mighty procession started from the shore. But scarce had Ah Canek and his warriors set foot upon the little sacred island, when a fierce gale, unheralded, unforeseen, darkened the western sky and swooped down upon the placid lake with the murderous violence of a demon. The lines that held the *cayucas* to the raft were snapped like cords of cotton. The long, frail craft scattered like water-beetles seeking shelter, and the canoe of the Princess was poled frantically into the safety of the shore. The flowered raft with its godly burden whirled out into the path of the sudden storm. Those who watched with terrored eyes saw it dimly behind the blinding, gray-green curtain of rain. They saw the wild scattering of the yellow and purple blossoms, and the silent, ghostly white figure of the lordly horse riding helpless on the swaying, lurching wooden barge.

A jagged line of lightning clove the sky from zenith to the horizon. A peal of thunder crashed down through the heavens as if rending the world in twain. The terrified watchers flung themselves on their faces. For above the roar of the storm they thought they heard the high, shrill whinny of the horse—the call of the Lord of Lightning to his brother gods of storm and tempest.

Then the raft tipped slowly. And the white, glimmering statue slid downward, with a seeming awful sentience of the fate which awaited it—down—down—the angry waters lashed up around it, seemed to draw it into their tumultuous embrace. A great wail burst from the lips of the people of Itzá. For the god had gone indeed! The statue had disappeared.

The Little Princess of the Moon stood upright, swaying with the violence of the blast. One long cry she gave, the farewell cry of a soul in anguish. "He will never return—never! His god hath punished us indeed!"

Ah Canek caught her in his arms as she fell. But life had gone with the breaking of her heart. The Little Princess of the Moon was dead.

AND SO today they tell the story in Flores of Peten, of how the horse of the Señor Cortez was brought to Tayasal and became an unwilling god. More than two hundred years later came the monks with the message of the Gospel, and found that the legend had persisted as well as the worship of the steed. And still later, when the last vestige of the Mayan glory had disappeared and Tayasal was reduced to ruins, the legend of Morzillo lived on through the long slow years, and is a folk-tale today in the jungle-land of Peten.

They say that sometimes when there is a storm—one of those short, fierce tropical gales —the shrill whinnying of a horse is heard above the clamoring roar of wind and wave. They say, too, that when the lake is low and the water windless and still, the dim white outlines of the statue may be glimpsed far beneath the translucent surface. And they say that when the moon is full and sheds its golden glory across the enchanted, glimmering water, when the cocullos swing like fairy lanterns through the tangled ceiba trees, a misty maiden comes walking along the shore where once stood the city of Tayasal. Black is her hair, pale is her face, and her eyes are young, yet full of sorrow. In her hands she clasps a little silver crucifix, and she stares across the silvered, luminous water to the place where long, long ago the Conquistador made camp with his men.

"Ah—*ah!*" Two long notes rising and falling, the far-away voice of the jungle chant.

But those of Peten say it is *her* voice, the Little Princess of the Moon. And she calls for the lover who never gave her his love, the White Lord whose only gift to her was death—but who gave to Peten a legend of wonder, the story of Morzillo, "Caballo de Flores."

The next legend, "The Pride of Doña Beatriz," will appear in an early issue

Hungry for Fresh Air, too!

THE clamor of eager appetites won't let you forget that growing children need food—and plenty of it. You will not be reminded that they are hungry for fresh air because they are not conscious of it, themselves.

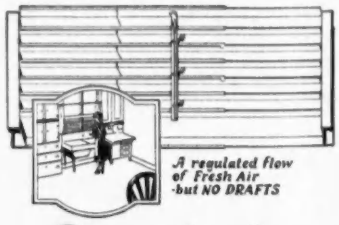
So it's important that you think of this *for* them.

Overheated, stuffy rooms are uncomfortable. Furthermore they make body and mind sluggish and increase susceptibility to coughs, colds and even more serious ills.

With the Prairie Window Ventilator you admit fresh air safely; secure a regulated flow of fresh air in all seasons, and all weathers, day and night, WITHOUT DRAFTS, keeping body and mind alert, happy, healthful.

The Prairie patented construction permits instant regulation of air flow—an exclusive feature. Fits any window, quickly installed, rattleproof. The six colors of baked enamel (beige, brown, ivory, grey, green and robin's egg blue) enable you to match the color scheme of every room.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping. Approved by Modern Priscilla, Delineator, Child Life and New York Tribune Institutes.



A regulated flow of Fresh Air -but NO DRAFTS

Prairie

WINDOW VENTILATOR

The Air Line to Health

If your dealer does not have the Prairie Window Ventilator, sign and mail this coupon, stating width of sash and color desired.

Prairie Window Ventilator Corp., Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

Please tell me where, in my city, I can have a demonstration of the Prairie Window Ventilator.

My name.....

Address.....

My dealer's name.....

at last! a modern plan to make your clothes money go twice as far....

Just imagine this stunning All Wool Tweed Frock at this amazingly low price — an excellent example of the real values Berth Robert offers! This smartly tailored frock comes with all the difficult tailoring entirely finished, leaving only the simple seams to be sewn.

Sizes 14 to 42

All Wool Tweed
in Brown; Blue; Green; or Black and White . . .
Price $5.95

from BERTH ROBERT

FASHIONABLE FROCKS *semi-finished*

NOW you can have them—all those dresses you wished for, but could not afford. Here at last is the perfect way—the Berth Robert Plan. It has solved one of woman's greatest problems—Clothes. Now it is possible to have exactly what you need—to make every dollar you spend for clothes go twice as far.

Two Dresses for the Price of One
Yes! It is Possible

HOW can it be done? We plan, design, cut and do all difficult sewing—you finish. That's the answer. You take but a few simple stitches and save many dollars. Not difficult sewing, all of that *we* do—the pleating, tucking, and tailored touches—all are entirely finished by our expert tailors for you. And we pay the postage on every order.

Now—you can dress as you have never dressed before—for less than ever before.

Our *new* Spring style booklet by Mary Abbott tells the whole story—and the coupon below will bring it to you *free!* Pages and pages of the loveliest Parisian and Fifth Avenue Frocks—pictured so you can choose just the ones you want—all at tremendous savings.

free...

Send for your copy today
It's FREE!

BERTH ROBERT, 1239 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, DEPT. G-3

Please send me *Free* Mary Abbott's new booklet of Spring Styles.

Name.....

Street.....

City & State.....

"We Still Get Robbed"

(Continued from page 35)

arose and solemnly shook hands with each one of us. Then we settled down to talk.

As we did so, the moon swam up over the hill. And two young men came driving the sheep home, the lambs bleating as they came. These sheep settled down beside us there on the hillside, with many stirrings and nuzzlings. And the two men joined us at the fire. One of them brought a bit of turquoise matrix and a homemade drill from a hogan. Squatting, he began busily to drill. He and his grandfather make silver and turquoise jewelry to sell to the traders miles away.

The old silversmith did most of the talking. He told us—the interpreter said—how the Navajos had been robbed and defrauded by the white man for almost three-quarters of a century. He spoke despairingly, but apparently without a trace of venom.

We Build and They Pay

Suddenly the young man with the drill looked up in deep, quiet anger. He had returned from compulsory government boarding school with a tubercular infection.

"We still get robbed!" he said in broken English. "Government build bridge across Colorado River—Lees Ferry Bridge. You hear about that? Just finish! Bridge for white people! No good for us! Our tribe never say, 'Build.' Government go ahead anyhow. Charge half to us. Hundred thousand dollar! They know we going get some oil royalty. Jus' 'bout that much. We never had any oil money before. We plan to dig wells, buy sheep, make reservation better for Navajos. We very poor right now. That money, she would help. But now, we don't can. We got pay for that bridge!"

At that all the Indians around the campfire began to discuss the bridge in quiet anger, even the women joining in. And I learned that other bridges and highways, to a total of $900,000, have been charged against the Navajos.

Little that was said came as a surprise to me. I had been hearing of all this for many months. I had heard particularly of the Lees Ferry Bridge. Friends of the Indians had been denouncing it, in Congress and out, as "infamous," as one more evidence of the mismanagement of Indian property by the Indian Bureau, which for seventy years has been the Indians' "guardian."

As I sat there listening, I recalled how certain Senators and Congressmen had hurled themselves against this bridge project the year before in Washington. One had pronounced it "highway robbery," another "iniquitous," a third "a swindle."

Congressman Frear of Wisconsin, especially, had protested against it, testifying that he had visited Lees Ferry himself; that no Indian lived within 25 miles of the place; and that not one Indian in a thousand would ever use the bridge. It was intended purely for white tourists who visited the Canyon, he had declared. And he had pointed to the poverty of the individual Navajos and their dire needs. Practically 7000 of them were without school facilities, and about one-third were suffering from trachoma. Yet the Interior Department, instead of spending Navajo tribal funds for doctors and schools, had approved $100,000 for a tourist bridge.

As we said good-night to our Navajo hosts, that evening, and drove down the hillside and out across the moonlit reservation—I thought of that other notorious bridge scandal, the Pima Bridge, built four years before, ostensibly for the Pima Indians, but actually for white tourists traveling between Phoenix and Tucson, and for the business interests of those cities. This handsome stone and concrete structure, almost a quarter of a mile long, reaches across the dry bed of the Gila River, where water seldom flows and the river bed can be forded with autos almost every day in the year.

$3,000.00 in 28 Cash Prizes in the *SECOND* WEATHERBEST Home Modernizing *CONTEST*

THE famous 1927 WEATHERBEST Contest awarded similar prizes for the best examples of old homes modernized by recovering sidewalls with edge grain red cedar stained shingles. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford J. Foster, Rives Junction, Mich. won the 1927 first prize of $1000, modernizing their home at a cost of approximately $800. The 1929 Contest which opened Jan. 1st and will close Oct. 31st, is even a more generous offer:

1st Prize, $1000 2nd Prize, $500
3rd Prize, $250 4th Prize, $150
Four Prizes of $75 ea. Ten Prizes of $50 ea.
Ten Prizes of $30 Each

(In event of tie for any prize, full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tied contestant.)

Write for details of this Prize Contest and Booklet, "Making Old Houses into Charming Homes". Ask our Service Dept. for suggestions and free sketch Service.

Thru modernizing, added value, beauty and comfort can easily be given to homes growing old. The 1929 Contest offers an opportunity to win a cash prize, perhaps more than the cost to modernize.

WEATHERBEST Stained Shingles are 100% edge grain red cedar treated by the WEATHERBEST special process of staining and preserving that insures uniform, durable colors and lifelong service.

WEATHERBEST STAINED SHINGLE CO., Inc., 2801 Island St., North Tonawanda, N. Y. Western Plant—St. Paul, Minn. Distributing Warehouses in Leading Centers.

Top: an old home in Manlius, N. Y. Center: sketch furnished by WEATHERBEST to show changes suggested. Bottom: the modernized home. Ask about this free Service and let us tell you how easily WEATHERBEST Stained Shingles can be laid over old wood or stucco sidewalls.

Let us make a modernizing sketch of your home.

Weatherbest STAINED SHINGLES FOR ROOFS AND SIDE-WALLS

WEATHERBEST STAINED SHINGLE CO., Inc.
Contest Dept., 2801 Island St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

☐ Without obligation, please send details of 1929 WEATHERBEST Home Modernizing Contest with Booklet, "Making Old Houses into Charming Homes."

☐ How can your Service Dept. help me see how my home will look with shingled sidewalls.

☐ I intend to build a new home. Send Color Samples and Portfolio of Color Photogravures showing WEATHERBEST Stained Shingles for sidewalls and roofs.

Name.....

Address.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Masters of food flavor... the French. A bit of this, a dash of that, and ... voila!... a dish, gloriously flavored. The secret? It's all in the seasoning. A. 1. Sauce combines, in perfect proportion, the very spices and condiments that season those French dishes so cleverly. And here in America *you* can easily use it, too. Sold by grocers everywhere at not more than 35 cents per bottle ... usually at less. *Send to G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. 13, Hartford, Conn., for a free copy of the novel recipe booklet, "25 WAYS TO A MAN'S HEART."*

© H & BRO 1929

PLAYS

for amateurs or professionals

Mostly new, including farces, comedies and dramas in one, two and three acts, with large or small casts. Easily staged. Many have received prizes in national contests.

Write today for free catalogue. It clearly and accurately describes over 500 plays and renders selection easy.

The Penn Publishing Company
927 Filbert Street Philadelphia

High School Course in 2 Years

you can complete this simplified High School Course at Home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-337, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A. S. 1923 CHICAGO

"We Still Get Robbed"

The Pima Indians did not want this bridge. They did not consent to it. They continue to cross on the old ford they have used for centuries. Their Chief Councilman declares that in the tribal council meetings not one hand was raised in favor of the bridge. Yet it was built—at a cost of a third of a million dollars—and was charged against the tribal funds of the Pimas, who are very poor, living on land so arid that they are barely able to wrest a living from it. After this, when a Pima dies and his estate is settled, his heirs will have to help reimburse the Government for a showy bridge built for the convenience of the whites.

Is it any wonder Charles Lummis, the famous author and student of Indian affairs, exclaimed bitterly to me last summer in Los Angeles,

"The Indians must be taken out from under the Interior Department!" (The Indian Bureau is in the Interior Department.)

When we conquered the Indians a century or more ago, we seized their fertile lands and drove them relentlessly back into desert and mountain fastnesses we considered worthless. There we exiled them on "reservations," practically as prisoners of war. And there 225,000 of their descendants remain, still virtually prisoners of war.

During the past seventy years tremendous changes have overtaken American life. A new and larger civilization has been born. The American negroes have been given their full liberty and have enjoyed it for sixty years. Millions of European immigrants have poured into the United States and been assimilated. Our country is known throughout the world as the refuge of the oppressed. Yet all this time our own cruel, oppressive Indian System has remained unchanged. Except that the Indian Bureau has grown to vast proportions and incredible power! Today its acts are immune from court review!

Does Slavery Still Exist?

Nearly a quarter of a million Indians, pent up on their reservations, are still denied any voice in the management of their property or the education of their children; still denied the right to live where and as they please; still denied virtually all privileges guaranteed under the Constitution; still treated like savages and incompetents and subjected to cruelty and injustice probably unequaled in any civilized land.

In defrauding the Indian, we have been fairly shrewd on the whole. And yet there has been a certain grim humor in the situation.

Try as we would to select utterly worthless wastes to banish the Indians to, the joke has frequently turned on us. Good farm lands we did deny them. Yes. The descendants of those whom we exiled to the barren lava beds, for example, are today existing in miserable shelters made of sticks and rags, and are dying of starvation and despair. Even the resourceful Indian could do nothing with lava! And there are many groups, in the various states, as pitifully situated. The majority of the Indians today are desperately poor!

On the whole we accomplished our purpose. Many tribes have been obliterated. Others are threatened with extinction.

In some cases, however, our judgment erred. We drove a number of tribes up into the timbered mountains. Timber! Later it proved worth a fortune! And we did not foresee coal. Nor did it occur to us that deserts might possibly spout oil. Or that the Indians, with their ancient knowledge of irrigation, could make even a wilderness blossom—and show us what valuable water-power we had thrown away.

As it gradually became evident that the Great Spirit had not permitted all his red children to be left destitute, as the value of their timber soared, as their water-power became precious, as oil began to bubble from the sand of their desert wastes, the cupidity of unscrupulous white men became inflamed. And there commenced in this country a ruthless, prolonged raid on the Indian estate, which ap-

COMPLETE— a Russell Kitchen-Kraft Set

COMPLETE .... in the dainty gift box .... with every utensil of gleaming stainless steel .... handles of lacquered wood in handsome grain .... and a charming little color spot on each handle. It retails for only five dollars.

If you prefer, at the same cost you may have a box of five in delft blue Russite .... the new wonder-material of true delft blue that runs all the way through.

Send without cost for the delightful booklet entitled "How to Tell Good Cutlery".

RUSSELL
GREEN RIVER CUTLERY
TURNERS FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

How to choose a good blend of tea

IF the map of India is on the package you buy, you can be sure the blend contains more than 50% of the world-famed India Tea. Look for the map of India before you buy.

Issued by the Growers of India Tea

Big Profits in Home Cooking

Alice Bradley, famous expert, shows just how to *make* and *sell* foods in big demand. *How to* cater, run profitable TEAROOMS, Motor Inns, Cafeterias, etc.—over 51 Ways to Make Money. Quick profits assured. Write today for illus. booklet, "Cooking for Profit." It's FREE.
American School of Home Economics, 822 E. 58th St., Chicago

Earn money AT HOME

Men or women earn substantial income at home. All or part time. Fascinating work. Nothing to sell. We teach you at home, Furnish all tools and materials. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. 34, 427 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.

TREES, FLOWERS and FRUITS

OF GLASS and BEADS. Models for you to copy. Jewel, Pearl and Rhinestone Chokers, Glass Rings. Beads of every sort, for bags, portieres, etc., frames. Send 10c for 56 page book.
JOE MICHEL, Dept. L, 48 West 48th Street, New York City.

WITT CANS

DISPOSE of GARBAGE this Sanitary Way!

Odor tight, fly and vermin proof WITT CANS, are made of extra heavy gauge steel, banded top and bottom. Riveted (not spot welded). Locked seams. Hot-dip galvanized with heavy rust-resisting zinc coating. Tight fitting lids that keep their shape.

Guaranteed to Outlast from 3 to 5 Ordinary Cans

Made by the largest exclusive can manufacturer and originator of the corrugated can. The Witt yellow label identifies genuine Witt cans. Sold by hardware and department stores. Booklet mailed upon request.

The Witt Cornice Co.
Can Specialists Since 1899
2113 Patterson St.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Priscilla Proving Plant.

Send for this special garbage can brush. Shaped to fit the can. Solves the can cleaning problem. 50c in coin or stamps.

RAISES $5.00 FOR CHURCH *in 6 minutes*

Mrs. Seawell of Missouri found DUSTAWAY—the amazing mop innovation—the greatest money raiser ever heard of. A West Virginia auxiliary raised $276 with it—and one Sunday school class made $60 in one week.

DUSTAWAY sells everywhere like wild-fire. Has 13 novel features. Makes broom into a mop in one minute. Washes out in a jiffy. Gets into hard places, under radiators, between banisters, etc. Holds dust without oil. No metal to scratch. Exactly what women have always wanted. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute!

Test Sample Sent FREE

Test sample of this clever work-saver now sent for free inspection, on request, to officer of any recognized church, society, club or other organization. A two minute test will show you tremendous money-raising possibilities. Our special plan increases church funds quickly without investing one penny. Write for sample and details today! Generous proposition to spare-time workers, too.

CLERCO PRODUCTS CO., Dept. C-662, Quincy, Ill.

Make PERFECT COFFEE

in glass. No metallic taste. Second cup as good as the first. Takes 3 minutes. Coffee savings, too.

Find out all about the

SILEX

Method at leading stores.

Silex Co., 2 Laurel St., Hartford, Conn.

Tell me how you make coffee the Silex way, using ELECTRICITY ☐ GAS ☐ ALCOHOL ☐

Name .....

Address .....

pears to be at its climax today. Forty-one million dollars of reimbursable debts have been saddled on the Indians for roads, bridges, irrigation systems, and other projects of benefit chiefly to whites.

Of this sum the patient Indians have paid already some eleven millions. The remainder hangs over them.

The Indian estate, meantime, has been shrinking steadily. The diminution, in four years, through 1926, was 4 percent a year, totaling $1 22,000,000. (This statement takes no account of the estimated oil and mineral values, but covers all tangible, measurable, known property, both tribal and individual—that is, lands, houses, timber, cattle, and money.) It is unnecessary to point out that the dwindling of any estate at 4 percent a year means complete annihilation in twenty-five years. Such has been our record as "guardian" of the Indian people!

In every section of the country the Indian problem today is different from that in every other. There are Indians who are in desperate want, having been denuded by the white race of all they owned. These need our immediate care. There are other tribes who, though heavily robbed, still possess assets. These should be rescued before their residue is gone. There are still others whose potential wealth in oil or water-power is just being guessed at—just attracting the attention of the predatory interests. These Indians should be given the utmost protection our civilization can afford.

The Women's Clubs to the Rescue

One hopeful sign on the horizon is the awakening of the public interest. Especially the growing indignation of American women! It was women—the Federated Women's Clubs—who, in 1921, first launched an attack on the maladministration of Indian affairs. They fought a gorgeous battle. They made history. It was partly due to their unremitting warfare, under the leadership of Mrs. Stella M. Atwood, that the Bursum and Lenroot bills were defeated. These bills would have deprived the Pueblo Indians of the land necessary to maintain their continued existence and have handed it over without compensation to white settlers. The Indian Bureau sponsored and promoted these bills.

The women helped, too, to defeat the scandalous "Indian Oil Bill" of 1926, which would have destroyed the Indian ownership of 22,000,000 acres of reservation land. This bill, indorsed by the Indian Bureau, would have made a gift of 37½ percent of the Indian oil royalties from this entire area to the states where the reservations are located. The white oil lessors would have escaped without any taxation.

Other public-spirited women are working today through the League of Women Voters. In several states this organization is doing a wonderful job. Leagues have been organized on some reservations; and the Indian women members are being helped to battle for better conditions for their race.

"All the Wisconsin Indians are 'plucked clean,' save the Menominees," is the sad, yet indignant statement of Mrs. O. J. Little of Stone Lake, Wisconsin. (Mrs. Little is Chairman of the Department of Indian Welfare of the Wisconsin League of Women Voters.) "And now the Menominees are making the fight of their lives to keep their valuable timber lands from being denuded," she continued, "and to protect their water-power sites. But in spite of their fight, in spite of the assistance given them by the clubwomen of the state and nation, the Indian system goes right on crushing down opposition and carrying out its own plans.

"The work of that archaic, wasteful system costs the taxpayers of this country more for the mismanagement of the Indians than the expense of the entire Federal judicial system. When we as taxpayers realize just how much that statement means, we shall not be considering how to enlarge the Indian Bureau or to increase its power over the unhappy people

S.O.S *the* Modern Way *to clean* ALUMINUM

Just wet the pad and rub! That's the *modern* way, the easier, quicker way to clean aluminum. No *extra* soap or powder to bother with. S. O. S. contains its own grease-cutting and scouring materials.

As easily as you wipe off a pan with a cloth, ordinary stains disappear. Even stubborn burned spots are quickly removed.

Equally fine for enamelware, tin, baking glass, nickeled stoves and linoleum. S. O. S. polishes as it cleans. Economical, too, for you can use it again and again.

We recommend a full-size package of S. O. S. for a good trial. Your store can supply you. If you prefer, we will send a ***Free Trial Package*** on request. S. O. S. MFG. CO., 3500 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill., or S. O. S. MFG. CO. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.

S.O.S

Pat. Jan. 15, 1918—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Magic Scouring Pads

In 3-pad and 6-pad packages. Sold by leading grocery, hardware, department, and variety stores.

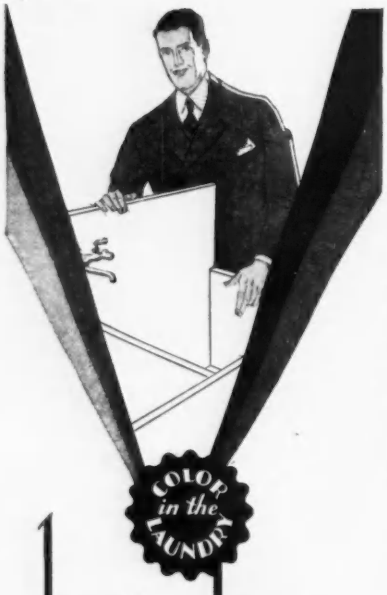
25¢

MICE IN YOUR HOME?

Mouse Seed will banish them all! Little natural seeds treated chemically. If your Drug, Hardware or Dept. Store hasn't it, send name of store and $1 for 4 boxes prepaid. W. G. Reardon Laboratories, Inc., 18 Mill St., Port Chester, New York.

MOUSE SEED
Kills Mice!
NO BAITS—NO TRAPS—NO MUSS

In using advertisements see page 6



do you know

that over one million homes have been equipped with Alberene Soapstone Laundry Tubs?

THERE are certain definite reasons for a record such as this that you cannot afford to overlook when *you* buy a tub.

The Alberene Stone Company has prepared a very interesting booklet that tells just why so many new homes are being equipped with Alberene Tubs *in color.*

The booklet also contains a variety of helpful hints on washing and the removal of stains.

This booklet will prove extremely valuable to you. Write for your free copy today.

ALBERENE STONE COMPANY
153 West 23rd Street New York, N. Y.

ALBERENE
SOAPSTONE LAUNDRY TRAYS

K stands for KANSAS
THE NATIONAL CLEANSING POWDER
Does all the household cleaning as only Kansas Cleanser can.
10¢ At your Grocer's

"We Still Get Robbed"

who have struggled in vain to free themselves from its bondage. We shall be considering how to relegate it to the same place that the Freedmen's Bureau was relegated to when it was abolished!"

All over the United States today greedy, covetous hands are reaching out to clutch at Indian property—at timber, oil, water-power, grazing lands, cattle ranges, irrigation systems, and what not.

The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, as this article goes to press, are facing a desperate crisis. Because of a contract made between the Interior Department and the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy District, these six tribes have just been loaded down with a charge of $825,938. for flood control works needed by the city of Albuquerque and other towns on the Rio Grande, but of no advantage to the Pueblos—the payments to begin immediately upon completion of the project.

This raid is regarded as so outrageous by Louis Marshall, the eminent constitutional lawyer of New York, that he has thrown himself into the fight against it, contributing his services.

"It will become my duty to see that this matter shall not be railroaded through," he has recently written the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, "even if it becomes necessary to seek the protection that the Indians are entitled to . . . through arousing the conscience of the American people."

Government Investigation at Last

Last summer, as a representative of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, the writer of this article visited Indian jurisdictions in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, and Wisconsin. In these states and in California she heard, from the lips of Indians and prominent white men and women, more accounts of maladministration and fraud than several articles the length of this one would contain.

Besides, she obtained information from the unpublished field notes of the Institute for Government Research investigators, and from the hearings of the Senate Investigating Committee, comprised of Senators Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota, W. B. Pine of Oklahoma, Robert M. La Follette, Jr., of Wisconsin, Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma; and of Louis R. Glavis, Chief Investigator. This committee has just returned from the West with a mass of startling testimony given on oath regarding the looting of the Indian estate. The report of these hearings, the writer is convinced, will horrify the American public and shock it into action

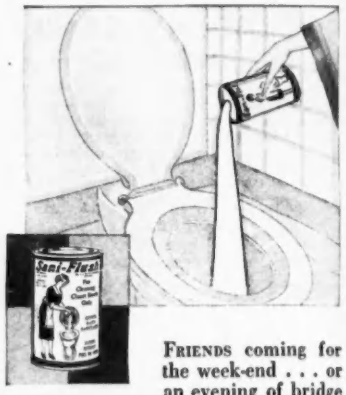
From Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, a distinguished Sioux Indian, the writer learned of tragic conditions among the Middle-Western tribes.

On the larger Sioux Reservations in North and South Dakota, she said, over 40,000 head of cattle belonging to individual Indians were rounded up and shipped by officials of the Government without the consent of the Indians. For these cattle the Indians have not been paid.

On the Omaha and Winnebago Reservation in Nebraska, she declared, Indian lands, held in trust by the Government, with restrictions against alienation by the Indian owners, are nevertheless taxed and are rapidly being sold for nonpayment of taxes. The Indians are helpless, as their land is leased through the Government office for less than the taxes. The land is absolutely under the control of the United States Government, but it permits the lands to be sold for taxes.

On the Uintah and Ouray Reservations in Utah—she stated next—the Indians owned a beautiful valley. Five streams had their headwaters within the reservation, so they owned this water. In 1902 Congress allotted some of the land to the Indians, throwing open the balance to settlement by white people at $1.25 an acre. Automatically the state got control of the water. In 1906 Congress passed an act providing for the construction of an

The toilet, too, can *sparkle*



FRIENDS coming for the week-end . . . or an evening of bridge . . . clean towels in the bathroom . . . fresh soap. . . . Oh! If that toilet were not so stained and discolored. Sani-Flush can clean it . . . almost in a moment make it sparkle!

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush, stains and incrustations disappear. Foul odors are banished, for Sani-Flush reaches the hidden, unhealthful trap.

Sani-Flush leaves the toilet sparkling. It is harmless to plumbing connections. Use it frequently. Keep a can handy all the time.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. *In Canada,* 35c.

Sani-Flush
Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener

New! Amazing Ware* in 5 Colors Pays you Big Income

Quick! Rush name for details of a most amazing opportunity for agents. Modern Kitchenware in five colors rakes in big profits every day! Pots, Pans, Percolators—over 18 items, all in sparkling new colors: Blue, Green, Orange, Red, Ivory. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Show samples. Write orders. First time offered direct. No competition. No experience needed. Spare time workers accepted. Write for territory and amazing selling equipment—FREE.

Modern Kitchenware Co., Dept. Y-13
176 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME
Operating ORIGINAL "Specialty Candy Factory." Big profits; begin spare time. We instruct, furnish Tools and Supplies for turning out HUNDREDS of kinds PURE and DELICIOUS Candies and show how to sell. Profits 100 to 300 per cent—unlimited demand. Men or women. FREE Book explains.
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE
Drawer 6G East Orange N. J.

BERTHE MAY'S MATERNITY
CORSETS, DRESSES, LAYETTES
A trying period rendered safe, comfortable and unnoticed. Write for free illustrated catalogue No. 9. BERTHE MAY, 10 E. 46, New York.
Complete line of VANTA Baby Knit Underwear

WEDDINGS
100 Engraved Wedding Announcements $10.50. 100 Imitation Engraved $5.00. Correct styles. Engraved Calling Cards. Write for samples.
Adelphia Eng. Co., 826 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

elaborate irrigation system at a cost of over a million dollars. When built, this destroyed the Indians' old canal systems, which had adequately met their needs, and THE WHOLE HUGE COST OF THE NEW SYSTEM WAS SADDLED AS A DEBT ON THESE INDIANS AS A TRIBE. Later it became a lien against their individual allotments of land.

Today these Indians have to get permission each time they want water from these ditches, and the maintenance charges are constantly accumulating against their land. The Indians' land will thus be consumed in time, and they will become homeless.

One Instance of Injustice

Mrs. Stella M. Atwood, whom the Indians lovingly call "Mother" in gratitude for all she has done for them through twelve years of consecrated effort, told me, in California last summer, of the following occurrences:

"One day the Navajos wired me to come. Come on the next train! They needed help. Vast tracts of land belonging to them had been leased to a white cattle man without their consent, and the Indians' cattle were to be put off at once. When I got there I found that the captain at Fort Wingate had leased eleven thousand acres of the Navajo grazing land to this white cattleman for a dollar a year! This part of the reservation had been taken over by the War Department during the War. It was still a military reservation, the officer claimed.

"He had had no right to take such a step, in any case, without competitive bids! A court-martial was possible. I kept the wires to Washington hot. The white cattleman had himself made deputy sheriff and was planning to put the Indians' cattle off in twenty-four hours. The Indians' distress was terrible! This land had been the grazing ground of the Navajos for generations. There was no place for them to go. Some of them were old Scouts, on pension from the Government.

"They came streaming down Sunday morning to confer with me; and we were just ready to open council meeting, when an Indian came galloping across the plain, waving a telegram. It was from the War Department. A reprieve! 'Suspend all operations until investigation.' It was the result of my wires, as Chairman of the Indian Welfare Division of the Federated Women's Clubs. The white cattleman swung up on his horse and rode away. He was never heard from again."

On another occasion, in 1924, just after the Indians had been made citizens, Mrs. Atwood was summoned in desperate haste to the Crow Reservation in Montana. The Indians informed her, in their wires, that the county authorities had come in without their approval and arranged to corral all the horses on the reservation, and kill them and skin them, and sell the hides for sixty-five cents apiece to pay the Indians' taxes.

"I happened to know," said Mrs. Atwood, "that neither a trust fund, nor anything bought with trust money, is taxable; and I also knew that the burden of proof would lie with the county. So I wired to the Indians to get an attorney, promising I would come at once.

"When I got to the Crow Reservation I was met by an Indian who was then Republican nominee for sheriff of Big Horn County. With him was Robert Yellowtail—a brilliant, educated Indian who had just been defeated, by a very few votes, in the primaries for Congress. These were highly intelligent men, educated men, able to fill public office. They took me up to their attorney. He said he had not a doubt in the world but that an injunction would be granted. The legal action was pressed, and the Indians' horses were saved.

"The Indians there told me of the awful tyranny and oppression under which they were living. They described how they had tried to get a petition to Washington, asking the removal of the Superintendent. The petition had, of course, to go through his hands. So during a political meeting on the Agency grounds the Indians called the Superintendent out and presented the petition to him in the

Soft~
strong-pure
absorbent

A cloth-like tissue—sterilized in process of manufacture—each roll dust-proof wrapped to keep the tissue spotless white. In every Texlin roll a thousand full-size sheets that strip off quickly and easily. Try it in your home.

Sold at most
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO
5 and 10c Stores

Texlin
REGAL PAPER CO., Inc., Pulaski, N. Y.

No More Waxing of Floors by Hand

30 DAY Trial Offer *With Pound of Wax FREE*

You can get a Durham Waxer, with pound of wax free, on 30-day trial. No need to keep it unless you want to. Write for details.

Donald Durham Co.
838—24th Street
Des Moines, Iowa.

Wanted—representatives for sales service work.

Use this new, easier way to keep floors and linoleum in perfect condition. No more waxing on hands and knees. The Durham Waxer Spreads the wax, then polishes. Always ready for use. Does a better job in half the time, with half the wax. Test the Durham Method in your home. Send for free booklet, "Making Floors Live Longer" and for our 30-day trial offer.

Send for this helpful book

RATS Mice and Cockroaches
EASILY KILLED WITH
Stearns' Electric Paste
All Druggists 2 oz.—35c 15 oz.—$1.50
MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

Interior Decoration
Study at Home
Period and Modern Styles, Draperies, Color Harmony. All fundamentals. Faculty of leading N. Y. decorators. Send for Catalog 3M.
New York School of Interior Decoration
578 Madison Avenue, New York City

Like Magic

A few drops of PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA added to soap and water make *any* kind of cleaning magically easy.

PARSONS' loosens dirt and grime, cuts grease, and saves time and labor in cleansing all fabrics . . . all utensils . . . all surfaces. For over 30 years critical housewives have used it—and recommended it to their neighbors.

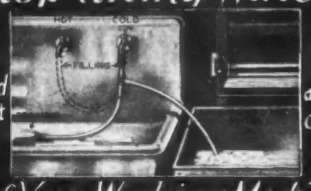
Just try PARSONS' *once* and you will see the vast difference between it and ordinary ammonia. Then you will find what a quick and easy aid it is to *all* your household cleaning. Use just a little in the water with which you clean . . .

floors windows woodwork painted walls dishes laundry blankets rugs

At all grocers and department stores 4 sizes—from 15c up

Use it wherever you use soap and water

Stop lifting Water in and out



in and out of Your Washing Machine

★ Scott Drainer and Filler

Carries, lifts, pours and empties all the wash-day water mechanically. Saves your back and time and banishes the hardest work left in washing.

To fill simply connect to both faucets and put end of 5 ft. hose in washer.

To empty connect to cold water faucet only, and let hot water connection lie in sink.

Made of special white tubing that will withstand scalding water for years. Sold for $3.00 including Plain Faucet Adapter (Extra Adapter 50 cents) wherever washing machines are handled, or sent post paid if your dealer cannot supply you.

SCOTT PUMP COMPANY
647 Atlantic Ave. Rochester, N. Y.

3 Times Faster than Syphon

Every Housewife

will be interested in the Silver Polish of 101 uses. Comes in creamy paste form—no dust—no waste. Ideal for silver, bath fixtures, cut glass, mirrors, windows, auto, etc. Ask your dealer for *Metalglas* or send 10c to cover postage and packing trial tin.

Metalglas Mfg. Co., Box K G, Marengo, Ill.

In using advertisements see page 6

Kunderd Gladioli
Stand Supreme

New Gladiolus Book—FREE

THE world looks to A. E. Kunderd for the newest and best in Gladioli. He is the man who originated the famous Ruffled Gladiolus, the Laciniated, and many other new Gladioli. This year his stock is larger and more varied than ever. He has thousands of varieties, but his catalog lists only a few hundreds of his very finest. 63 new Gladioli are offered for the first time this year. To know about them—and how to order—send for the FREE Kunderd Gladiolus book. It pictures 43 in full colors and gives Mr. Kunderd's own growing instructions. Kunderd Gladioli again took most of the important prizes at last year's Gladioli show. Use coupon.

A. E. KUNDERD
Originator of the Ruffled and the Laciniated Gladioli
162 Lincoln Way West, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

A. E. KUNDERD
162 Lincoln Way West Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Dear Sir: Please send me your FREE Gladiolus book.

Name_____

Street or R. F. D._____

City_____ State_____

$1 AMERICA'S SUPERB GLADIOLUS
Prize Winning Collection

"Extristrong" young bulbs offered direct to the public. Contains Scarlet Princeps, Alice Tiplady (orange) Albania (White) E. J. Shaylor (rose) Early Sunrise (Salmon) and other choice varieties.

3 ONE-DOLLAR OFFERS
60 Medium Bulbs $1.00
40 Large Bulbs $1.00
25 Very Large Bulbs.. $1.00
Mail your order now! Orders Postpaid Anywhere in U. S. A.

WATERLOO BULB FARMS
Dept. G Waterloo, Iowa

FREE
Peerless plant marker with each order.

Burpee's Seeds Grow

The Vegetables and Flowers you would like to see growing in your garden—read all about them in

Burpee's Annual

It describes Burpee Quality Seeds, Bulbs and Plants. A million people use it as their garden guide. Write for Burpee's Annual today. It's free.

W. Atlee Burpee Co.
Burpee Bldgs., Box 265, Philadelphia

"New Guide to Rose Culture"

JUST issued. Exquisitely illustrated in natural colors. Gold mine of information for the beginner in rose growing. Gives simple instructions on how to grow *Famous Dingee Roses* and other desirable plants, shrubs, bulbs and seeds. This beautiful book *free* on request. Send for *your copy* today. Don't miss it. A post-card will do. Founded 1850.
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 351, West Grove, Pa.

"We Still Get Robbed"

presence of the whole meeting. He was so enraged that he tore it up, then and there, and trampled it under foot.

"At which the Attorney General of the state arose, in deep indignation, protesting sternly against this outrage.

" 'I could scarcely believe my eyes,' he said, 'when I saw the Superintendent of the reservation insult this gathering as he has done this day . . . As Attorney General, one of the chief law officers of Montana, I have never before witnessed such conduct. It is cases of this kind—utter defiance of the rights of people—which cultivate violence. In tearing up that piece of paper, that petition representing your wishes, he ignores you. The right of petition by dependent people has always been recognized! It was used by our forefathers to present their grievances! The Government teaches the right of petition! He should have taken your petition, as he is your representative, and sent it, without comment, to Washington!' "

On the Bad River Reservation at Odanah, Wisconsin, Rev. E. P. Wheeler, a white missionary who grew up on that reservation among the Chippewas, told me briefly how the Indians there had been stripped of their timber.

"The lumber companies, through connivance of the government Indian authorities, got the privilege of cutting this Indian timber as fast as their big plants could cut it, and giving the Indians a dole which did them no good and great harm, crippling their initiative and defeating the purpose of the reservation—the industrial education of the Indian. I have seen his reservation decline from wealth to pitiful poverty. The adult Indians have lost all of their lumber. Their money for it is about gone. Soon they will be left stranded. Next winter some of these Indians here will go hungry."

A Fraud Contemplated

"One of the most outrageous examples of official robbery of the Indian estate," exclaimed John Collier, of the American Indian Defense Association, when the writer interviewed him in the Southwest several months ago, "was shoved across early in 1925! It was an act of Congress, supported by the Bureau, which stripped the Flathead Indians of Montana of a power site worth at least fifty million dollars: a 500,000-horsepower site. The Indian Bureau, I will repeat, SUPPORTED THIS ACT! No royalties were to be granted to the Indians: no compensation was to be made them. Afterward, however, this was changed to read that thirty percent of the royalties were to go to the Indians. The rest was to be utilized to supply water and power to white settlers! Eventually, in 1928, Congress rescinded its confiscatory action, which it had taken under the misleading of the Indian Bureau."

At Yakima, in the state of Washington, the writer of this article heard, from a spirited, flashing-eyed, young white woman, now the wife of a prosperous rancher but formerly lease-clerk at the Yakima Indian Agency, a clear, detailed account of oppression and fraud in the leasing of Indian lands to whites, in large quantities, and at a low figure, certain Indians being compelled to acquiesce even when they wished to farm the land themselves. In one case irrigating water was denied an Indian to force his consent. Other methods were used.

This young woman's frank dismay at the conditions around her was reported to the Indian Bureau. And she showed me a letter of stern rebuke which accused her of putting her superiors in an "embarrassing position." At the same time she was ordered transferred to a reservation in North Dakota. Instead, she resigned from the service. This young woman is Mrs. Dollie F. Woodhouse. As soon as they are printed, obtain the Senate Hearings and read her account in full.

At Yakima, too, I heard a pitiful story of the "civilizing" of one Yakima Indian. This account was given to me by Lucullus V. McWhor-

HIS FAVORITE DISH

Rin-Tin-Tin realizes that all movie stars must keep physically fit. That is why his favorite dish is Ken-L-Ration, the dog food supreme.

It is a scientifically balanced ration of meat, cereals and cod liver oil which provides the bone and body building food dogs require.

For sale everywhere in cans ready to serve. Write us for a free sample.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

CHAPPEL BROS., INC.
53 Peoples Ave. Rockford, Ill.

KEN-L-RATION
THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

LAWNS BEAUTIFUL
If you plant
GOLDEN HARVEST
Mixed
Lawn Grass Seed

Most good dealers have it—Grocers—Hardware—Druggists or mailed direct in U.S.A.
50c for 1 pound package, $2.00 for 5 pound bag, postpaid
BROOKMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

GENUINE HARTZ MOUNTAIN
Canaries
GUARANTEED TO SING

Order *your* Canary today. Keep him 3 weeks; if not satisfied in every way return him and your money will be refunded IN FULL! Marvelous singers.

Your Canary will be selected especially for you from thousands imported directly from our aviary in the famous Hartz Mts. of Germany. Your bird will have been bred from famous singing ancestors. Send M.O., bank draft or personal check.

Descriptive, Illustrated Price List of other Singing, Talking & Decorative Birds FREE

$8 for genuine Hartz Mountain healthy young, first quality Male Roller. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

HENRY O. BARTELS
America's Leading Canary Importers
206-208 Fulton St. New York City

30 ft. of BARBERRY HEDGE FREE

SEND 25c TO COVER packing and postage and we will send you FREE our Get-Acquainted Special—20 JAPANESE BARBERRY PLANTS to make a 30 ft. hedge.

FERRIS 60th Anniversary Specials

Trees—Shrubs—Fruits—Plants—Evergreens—The finest ever grown sold direct to you at our Special 60th Anniversary Prices, that save you 50% and enable you to Beautify your Home Grounds at lowest cost.

25-CENT ANNIVERSARY SPECIALS
To show what we mean by bargain prices, Ferris Quality we offer 6 Shasta Daisies for 25c or 25 mixed Gladiolus, 25c; or 3 choice Perennials, (1 Pink Phlox, 1 Yucca, 1 White Achillea) for 25c. Also 47 Famous Bargains in catalog. KARL FERRIS NURSERY, 825 Bridge St., Hamilton, Iowa

COLORED CATALOG FREE

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S
GARDEN CALENDAR

What to do every month to make your garden grow. Planning and planting for growing things the year 'round. Practical, expert advice. Price, 50c. Send stamps, check or money order to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City.

WEDDINGS

Genuine Engraved Invitations, Announcements, Visiting Cards, etc., fashionable and correct in form, perfect in craftsmanship. Direct from the nation's social center. Exclusive, yet inexpensive. Write for loan of sample portfolio.
Hausler & Co., 314 Eye St., N. E., Washington, D.C.

ter, lifelong student of the Indian problem. He has written extensively on the Yakimas and, although a white man, enjoys their confidence.

"Louis Mann, a Yakima now deceased," he said, "had a 30-acre field of wheat, a truck patch, and an old orchard to water. The orchard was drying up; some of the trees actually dying. He took me to his lateral head-gate, and I found it as he had represented it to me: under bolts, and padlocked, with a very meager flow of water under an extremely low pressure. Not enough for ten acres of his wheat, let alone his truck patch and orchard. Yet I noticed that Louis had somehow succeeded in maturing a good crop! After dark that night he demonstrated to me how this feat was accomplished.

"Proceeding to the head-gate in question, with a wrench he loosened the bolts, lifted the board permitting the water free ingress from the main canal, and then banked the canal with an extra board, which filled his own lateral to capacity. Next morning, before daylight, I went with him and saw him restore the gates to their former state.

"When I protested, Louis declared to me with great bitterness:

"'The Indian Bureau wants me to become as a white man. You see—they are succeeding! My children must not starve. I am supposed to provide for my family. How else am I to do it but turn thief, as I find most white men do in dealing with us Indians? They compel me to steal my own water, and I must do it in darkness, while the white men below me, as you see, are given all the water they want, free from any lock. I am becoming civilized like——!'

"When I called the Reservation Reclamation Engineer's attention to Louis' plight, he said that there was not enough water to furnish him with more. I asked why a lock had been placed on his head-gate, and the white men below him were having free access to the canal. 'We do not have locks enough for all,' was his stupid and heartless reply."

We Must Protect Our Wards

In the state of Oregon, located between a chain of broad lakes on the one hand, and on the other timber-clad peaks that hold Crater Lake, like a deep blue jewel, up to the sky, lies one of the most beautifully situated Indian jurisdictions in the country. This is the Klamath Reservation, harboring some 1200 Klamath Indians.

The Klamaths are one of the richest groups of Indians in the United States today. They have been plundered, but the tribe is still worth some forty millions in property, most of which is timber.

I visited the Klamath Reservation late last summer. And, as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wade Crawford, highly educated, cultivated Klamath Indians, heard, unofficially, accounts of oppression, injustice, and mismanagement of a big estate, which no American could listen to without deep indignation.

Shortly after my brief stay at Klamath Reservation, the Senate Investigating Committee visited that jurisdiction. And all that had been said to me unofficially, and vastly more, was stated under oath by various Klamath Indians during the Senate hearings. A copy of those hearings lies on my desk as I write this.

This Senate investigation, by the way, is an event of tremendous significance to the American Indian. He is following it eagerly, hopefully. Indian council fires are burning all over the United States today. And petitions are rising to the Great Spirit.

But to return to Klamath. Briefly, the conditions are these: First, the Klamaths, who have always been great cattle breeders, can no longer raise cattle. For there is no range! The range has been ruined. In spite of the protest of the entire tribe, the range was LEASED TO WHITE SHEEP MEN FOR THREE YEARS. And it has been "eaten out by sheep, clean up to the fences."

The Klamaths declare that protests, whether to the local Agency or to the Indian Bureau, re-

Blue Water Fern
Rose Scented An Unexplained Mystery of the Plant Kingdom

AMAZING—
Colored Fern—*Rose of the Virgin.* Greatest of all novelty plants and a real mystery. Rose scented. Nothing else like it. First found in Arabia. No soil required. Just put plant in bowl with water and it unfolds its leaves instantly. Never dies.

Lasts a Lifetime
Outer leaves remain blue—and center of plant retains its rich glossy green color. Gives off the dreamy fragrance of roses. Scent and color of this astounding plant comes from a special chemical treatment which produces these miraculous results. Get one (or more) of these choice and large size handsome decorative beauties for stand or table. We named this plant—The Water Fern. A pleasant surprise for your friends. Be first in your neighborhood. Supply limited. Order today—quick. Send only 25c.

Large Size Plant only 25c
Money back if not satisfied

Large Size Plant—Only
25c
Money Back if Not Satisfied
Mail Coupon Now!

Oriental Plant Co., Dept. 5303, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Enclosed find 25c (stamps or coin). Please send me Post Paid, one (1) large size Rose scented Blue Water Fern.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____
☐ Check here and enclose 50c if you prefer special combination offer: 3 Water Ferns—Blue, Red and Purple. All for 50c (coin or stamps). Money back if not satisfied.

20 Gorgeous Giant Zinnias 10c

GIANT ZINNIA

Send for this **Gorgeous Collection** of **Giant Zinnias**, 20 named varieties, all beautiful colors, as listed below:

Bright Rose	Ruby Red	Cream	Shrimp Pink
Burnt Orange	Orange	White	Cardinal
Deep Flesh	Sulphur Yellow	Crimson	Canary Yellow
Lavender	Buttercup	Deep Rose	Blush Pink
Buff	Salmon Rose	Purple	Violet

This great collection of 20 named Giant Varieties is made up in one packet of over 200 seeds evenly mixed. It will make one of the most gorgeous shows of Zinnias ever grown and add color to any surroundings. Zinnias thrive everywhere—North, East, South and West. They grow from seeds planted anywhere—in the open ground, in the garden, on the lawn or as a border along walks, drives and buildings. They bloom early and continuously until killed by frost.

Order this Collection today: 1 pkt 10c, 3 pkts 20c, 6 pkts 30c, 12 pkts 50c

1929 Seed Book Sent with Every Order or Free on Request. Big List of Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. 150 Varieties Vegetables, Flowers, Shrubs, Shown in Colors.

F. B. MILLS, SEED-GROWER, BOX 508, ROSE HILL, N.Y.

Roses of New Castle
Is the title of a beautiful book on the culture of roses and other plants; gives expert experience of a lifetime. Exquisitely illustrated in natural colors; offers and tells *how to grow* our famous plants. Write for your copy today. *It's free.*
HELLER BROS. CO., Box 315, New Castle, Indiana

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR
and Power Lawnmower
A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers.
American Farm Machine Co.
1117 3rd Av. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Catalog Free

Luther Burbank's NEW Marvels In FLOWERS!

LUTHER BURBANK
Master Plant Breeder
Seed discovered by us, in Burbank's famous "TREASURE CHEST," his legacy to Stark Bro's, the one organization he selected to **exclusively** carry on and perpetuate his life work. NEW DISCOVERED flowers of exquisite colors and unique forms. Will make your garden delightfully different this year! Learn about the new BURBANK CREATIONS—Send now for **FREE** 1929 Catalog—all the New Burbank Flowers, Vegetables, etc. **Address GH4000**
STARK BRO'S at LOUISIANA, MO. 113 YEARS

Dreer's Garden Book

MAKE your garden the pride of your neighborhood. This 1929 book of ours will help you by suggesting the best Flowers and Vegetables and telling you how to plant and grow them so they will look like the beautiful pictures it shows.

A copy free if you mention Good Housekeeping

HENRY A. DREER
1306 Spring Garden St. Philadelphia, Pa.

In using advertisements see page 6

A well balanced ONE-DISH Meal

PERHAPS no other foods so artfully combine the pleasing qualities of the familiar with the allurements of the new, as do Chow Mein, Chop Suey and other Chinese viands. With La Choy products and La Choy approved recipes, the delicate blending is not at all difficult, and the identity of the several ingredients is always preserved. Being well balanced in vital elements, health authorities and dietitians join in praise of such cookery.

It is easy to make Chop Suey. Simply buy La Choy Sauce and La Choy Sprouts (large size for four to eight people, smaller size for two) and combine with domestic vegetables and fresh or leftover meat. For crisp Chow Mein, just add those golden brown, nut-like, ready-to-eat La Choy Chow Mein Noodles. You will find directions on the labels; but the coupon below will bring you forty La Choy recipes.

The La Choy assortment package contains a free book of Chinese Recipes and ingredients for making real Chow Mein, Chop Suey, and many other dishes. At your grocers or sent you direct.

La Choy

Chinese Food Products

Imported Soy Sauce—Chow Mein Noodles — Sprouts — Bamboo Shoots—Sub Kum—Water Chestnuts—Brown Sauce—Kumquats

Sold by All Good Grocers

La Choy Food Products Inc., Detroit, Mich.
Please send me, as checked, the following:
☐ Free Book of Genuine Chinese Recipes.
☐ I enclose $1 ($1.25 west of the Rockies and in Canada) for the La Choy Assortment Package, containing four of our Eight Products.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ G. H. 3

"We Still Get Robbed"

garding mismanagement of their property, invariably prove futile. Several years ago a courteous wire was sent by three of them to the Indian Commissioner, protesting against their timber being sold at about three dollars a thousand. (The timber price was then rising, and is now eight dollars.) The reply came to the Superintendent's office. He summoned the Indians and read it aloud as follows:

"You people have no voice in your timber. I will sell the timber to whom I please at any price."

One Injustice After Another

J. S. Ball, a Klamath rancher, told the investigating Senators of many injustices. One was the permitted destruction of much timber by a beetle pest. "This was discovered as far back as 1918, and there has never been any effort to subdue this pest. It has resulted in the loss of 450,920,000 feet in five years," he said.

Several Indians described a vast irrigation project, foisted on the Indians despite their protest, which was supposed to irrigate 6,000 acres of land but is irrigating less than 400. The system is defective; it lacks drainage canals; hence the water stands on the land and turns it alkaline. Another irrigation project, built wholly out of Indian tribal money, serves lands owned entirely by whites. The white people are to repay the Klamath Indians at 85 cents an acre over a period of twenty years. Good business for the whites! But for the Indians it means the lending of the money —$25,000—without interest for twenty years!

Thomas Lang described, next, how he had repeatedly examined trains of logs being removed from the reservation to the sawmills, and found in every bunch of logs four or five big logs that had not been scaled. Meaning that the Indians would get nothing for that timber. Lang hurried with his information to the Superintendent, urging him to investigate.

"Those are reliable companies, and they would not do anything like that," was the evasive reply.

Finally, Wade Crawford, a college-trained man and Chairman of the Business Committee of the Council, stated, on the witness stand, some of the injustices he and his wife had told me of in their home a few months before. He told of the building of an unwanted, unnecessary hospital from tribal funds, against the protest of the tribe. He cited the building of unnecessary roads at Indian expense. He complained of the total lack of any law enforcement on the reservation, although the Klamath Indians are annually paying $4500 for law enforcement.

At last he pointed to the extravagant, steadily increasing amount taken from their estate every year merely to ADMINISTER THEIR AGENCY. To administer the affairs of a little group of some twelve hundred Indians! He declared it was impossible to obtain, from the local Superintendent or from the Indian Bureau at Washington, two estimates that agreed, showing how the enormous sum appropriated from their tribal funds, for Agency expenses, was used.

"In 1922," said Crawford, "they took $75,000 of our tribal funds to administer the Agency; in 1923, they took $75,000; in 1924, $100,000; in 1925, $110,000; in 1926, $149,000; in 1927, $164,000; for 1928 they took $164,000; and for 1929 the appropriation was $185,000. In addition, eight percent of all our timber sales is deducted each year, for timber operations and maintenance of forests. In 1928 this was about eighty thousand dollars. So last year we were charged two hundred and sixty thousand dollars for running our reservation!"

Crawford pleaded against the continued existence of the Indian Bureau. "The Indians realize today the condition their estate is in. They have no voice in the management of their money; and it is being eaten up in overhead expenses that are coming right out of our principal. The Indian Bureau is taking advantage

DEMAND Fresh Fish IN THIS WRAPPER

Fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish

ALWAYS FRESH

FROM SEA TO YOUR DEALER

NEVER FROZEN

40-FATHOM* fish is fresh from the ocean. Heads, tails, backbones and all waste are removed, leaving only the sweet, white TENDERLOIN OF THE FISH. This is wrapped in parchment paper as illustrated above, packed in ice and rushed by fast express to your dealer. As easy to cook as bacon.

Every home in every town of any size, even a thousand miles from the ocean, can now revel in fresh 40-FATHOM fish, with all the tang and savor of the sea.

40-FATHOM fish is the "cream of the catch." Always fresh, never frozen; never preserved nor out of cold storage. Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-FATHOM fish by name. Get this tasty FISH TENDERLOIN in the above wrapper which is your protection. For fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish.

Theodore Szarvas, maitre d'hotel of the Ritz-Carlton, New York, and Louis Diat, chef de cuisine of that famous hotel, have written a booklet. It gives you their wonderful fish recipes—the ones they use in preparing 40-FATHOM fish for the guests at the Ritz-Carlton. Send coupon below for your free copy today.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BAY STATE FISHING CO.
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass. G. H.-3

Please send me free Book of Recipes for cooking 40-FATHOM fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

An Aid at Any Age

A world of people have learned to rely on Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Many physicians have pronounced it the perfect antidote for acidosis and a quick corrective of acid stomach, and attendant ailments. And parents should realize that this medical endorsement applies as well to children. Specialists advise its use in infants' milk.

There is no more certain and prompt relief in many cases of sourness, indigestion, biliousness or nausea. Most digestive disurbances succumb to this perfect anti-acid. So if you suffer pain after eating, or if rich foods "disagree" don't worry and don't diet. Talk to your doctor and you may find that this creamy, milk-white, pleasant-tasting, harmless aid is all your stomach needs. Phillips Milk of Magnesia has convinced many men and women that they didn't have "indigestion."

Important: Get the genuine article. Phillips Milk of Magnesia *in perfect suspension.* The same efficiency cannot be expected of any less perfect preparation. The doctors have said this for fifty years; many druggists will not even stock the imitations.

PHILLIPS
Milk of Magnesia

"We Still Get Robbed"

of its wards. A thing no Government should permit! There are employees in the service of the Bureau who have been there for a lifetime. They intend to perpetuate the Bureau and stay in it. They don't intend to let the Indians have any freedom. They don't want to educate them, or put responsibility on them, or teach them conservation and business methods.

"Our money is being scattered. I think the Congressmen and Senators do not realize that this thing is going on. The Indian Bureau has taken advantage of the situation. Taken advantage of these helpless people, the restricted Indians and their children, who are not able to protect themselves."

His final words were: "I want to thank this Committee. I don't know how to thank them too much, for giving me so much time and consideration here. I will try to repay it in some way, at some time. And I wish to thank you in the name of the tribe."

Gratitude—gratitude from the heart, for even the smallest kindness! For any indication that the all-powerful, absorbed, indifferent white race CARES even a little about the Indians' plight! This is typical of Indian character, as I know. It is the thing that has touched my heart most, in the past months, while hearing Indians' recitals of wrongs. It is the thing that would touch yours.

I have found them the gentlest of people. And they are ardent patriots. They love their flag. Thousands of them volunteered during the World War. After all, this was their country before it was ours. Yet they have seen it stolen from them ruthlessly, inch by inch.

I marvel at their sweetness of spirit.

Indian Patriotism Persists

One moving spectacle I shall never forget. It was a roomful of thin, peaked, half-clad, undernourished little Indian children at a compulsory government boarding school—a school which has recently been severely criticized for its atrocious treatment of the pupils—engaged in a flag drill! I chanced to step in just as they broke into "The Star Spangled Banner," waving their flags as they sang. Such eager warmth, in thin little voices! Such a glow on small, pinched faces! I ran from the place.

Restraint. Patience. Uncomplaining endurance. Meekness. If the "meek shall inherit the earth," surely the Indian people are laying up a great heritage for themselves.

Here is a picture I would leave with you:

One blazing hot day last summer, on the New Mexico desert, I accompanied a grave young Indian to the spot where the Government had dug an artesian well for the tribe. This had been paid for out of a small fund these Indians had just received for lands lost to them in the past through gross government negligence.

The water was acutely, desperately needed. But so was the careful expenditure of every dollar of that precious little hoard. These were very poor Indians.

When we reached the well, the Indian fell silent. And we stood looking down at a large pipe with a tiny trickle of water issuing from it futilely: a driblet so small and useless, as irrigating water for a farming region, that it amounted to a sardonic joke.

I turned to my companion, almost expecting invective. Something harsh, at least! Had he been a white man, he would have cursed.

Instead he stood there in quiet despair, his young shoulders drooping, his face care-lined.

"Much promise. Nothing done," he said huskily.

Then, as though he feared he might lose his Indian composure, he turned quickly and led the way back.

THE third of these striking articles by Vera L. Connolly will appear in the April *Good Housekeeping*. Every reader can share in righting the wrong we have done these people now helpless and at our mercy. Let us end their slavery for all time to come!

when winter POLISHES *your face!*

THERE is malice in a cold winter wind. Though it brings a glow to your cheek and a sparkle to your eye, it robs your complexion of loveliness. Sets a gloss upon your nose. *Polishes* your face to an unbecoming shine. Leaves it puckered, harsh, glistening.

Thank goodness, there's *Frostilla* . . . This famed and fragrant lotion quickly soothes a wind-fretted face. It helps to avoid "face-shine" and winter redness. It protects against all exposure.

To see how *Frostilla* softens and beautifies, just massage a small quantity over your face after cleansing. Note how it lubricates without a trace of after-stickiness. It converts that tightly drawn, ruffled feeling to one of contented comfort. It banishes the resentful gloss of a dry skin—and acts as a perfect base for powder.

Have *Frostilla* handy these wintry days. Use it night and morning. Never, *never,* be without it.

In modern, new blue-labelled bottles, Frostilla is 50c and $1, at drug and department stores in the U. S. and Canada. *Or write for an attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request.* Department 339, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York.)

FROSTILLA *for* exposed and irritated skin

In using advertisements see page 6

If you are not slender

This Style Book is yours FREE

LANE BRYANT'S New Spring Style Book is yours free! It is your best guide to Fifth Avenue's newest spring styles.

Lane Bryant garments are not merely larger sizes, they are smart slenderizing styles, correctly proportioned for every type of stout woman, with ample room at arms, bust and hips.

Every stout woman and miss should see for herself the new beauty that comes with Lane Bryant Styles.

You can save money on coats, dresses, hats and shoes. Send for this new Style Book. One copy is yours FREE.

Lane Bryant

Address Dept. 12. 39th Street at
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

New! The MANDARIN BRIDGE SET

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS
1347 Wall St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

BRIDES-TO-BE! - FREE
I guarantee to save you money on the highest quality Wedding Announcements. Choose most satisfactorily in your own home! Write for FREE BOOK on Wedding Etiquette and valuable samples. Address Anne Kieran. THE CATHEDRAL OF ENGRAVING, Inc. 6 Longeneberg Bldg. St. Louis, Missouri.

Bird Girl

(Continued from page 20)

tugging on her tight little helmet and hiding from sight all her black elfin locks. "You can try it out tomorrow."

"Narcissa—you've known her a long time, haven't you, Vandy?"

"We were little girls together, Brian." But to herself she cried out, "Oh—why will he make me talk about her!"

"Isn't she—isn't she beautiful!" he burst out. "Enough to take your breath away?"

"Awfully beautiful, Brian." Vandy swallowed the lump in her throat and thought, "It's true—he loves her!"

"You know, Vandy, first time I met her, I thought she wasn't real. Oh, gorgeous to look at! I simply sat and stared at her. But—funny thing, how you get the wrong impression of people—I thought she was, well—cold. The perfect coquette, I'd have called her. But d'you know what she said?"

Vandy shook her head. "That she wanted to fly with you?"

"That's just it! She didn't! I—you know, I guess I'm a fool to feel that way, but I've met so many girls that wanted that—just to fly with me—until I feel like a performing monkey on a stick every time one says so. But Narcissa—she said, 'I want to know you, Brian Scott, but I don't want to fly with you.'"

"Oh—how clever of her!" thought Vandy fiercely. "Of course she would say—just that!"

"And then she said," went on Brian eagerly, "that she was afraid to fly. She's a funny little thing—afraid of so many things. She told me afterward she hated to confess it because she thought I'd be so disgusted I'd never look at her again. But she just had to say it—it was the only way not to sail under false colors. Can you imagine that?"

Vandy couldn't—not of Narcissa—but she didn't say so. It was curious, the feeling that kept Vandy's lips closed. It wasn't that she wanted to be loyal to Narcissa, but she just couldn't betray her. It wasn't "cricket"—and being "cricket" was a thing you didn't reason out. It was something you just were.

"Narcissa always was afraid of things," said Vandy gently. "I guess—she was born that way."

"And you were born loving danger."

A new expression came into Brian's eyes. The dreaming look was gone—that was for Narcissa—but a glow lit his face.

"Vandy—you're the only real pal I've ever had. D'you know that? With most girls—why, I'm as dumb as an oyster with Narcissa. She makes me tongue-tied. But I rattle like a bell-clapper when I'm with you. Lord, I'd be lost without you!"

"Lost? With Narcissa here?" The words came in spite of Vandy.

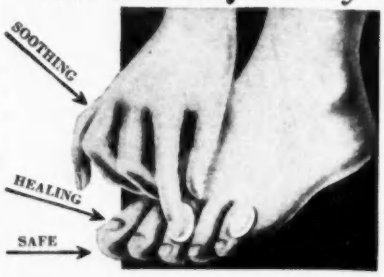
"But that's entirely different." Brian's look had no reticence in it. "Narcissa—she is the girl you dream of having. But you—you are something I have, Vandy. Always here—that I can count on. Dependable, like the motor of a plane."

"A motor!" cried Vandy's heart. "And Narcissa is the dream in his heart!" But she only said ruefully: "You'll probably be the one to go away, Brian. I—belong here."

BUT Brian didn't go away from Vandy, either in spirit or in body. Gone were the long evenings they once had shared together; gone the jolly dinners when they had bumped their heads over head winds and tri-motor planes and wing improvements. The evenings were Narcissa's now, and the dinners Brian attended were a procession of triumphant social occasions. But the mornings and the bright, clear afternoons—the camaraderie of the flying field and the highways across the heavens—these were still Vandy's. To give them up was something Brian had never thought of doing. Nor to give up Vandy and what her comradeship meant to him.

It was Narcissa who sensed this first, and

Corns
new scientific way



Stops pain quick!

Imagine—in one minute you won't feel the slightest corn pain when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! You never experienced anything like it before. It's the only *natural* way to treat corns known to science—*removing the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes. No risk of acid burn to the toes as with harsh liquids or plasters, or danger of blood poisoning which cutting your corns invites.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, dainty, cushioning, soothing, healing, safe, sure. Can't harm the tenderest skin.

Callouses and Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are also made in sizes for Callouses and Bunions. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35¢ box.

For free sample (mention size wanted), and booklet, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago.

★ **Dr Scholl's Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

BOOTT MILLS
LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.
DISH TOWELS
RED OR BLUE BORDERS

Liquid Silmerine
Makes Hair Beautiful
Applied to finger waves, the permanent or marcel, makes natural, perfectly formed waves that remain so for days. Helps remove dandruff and oiliness. Keeps straight hair smooth, sleek, orderly. Good for men, women and children. All drug & dept. stores.
PARKER BELMONT & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SHORT STORY WRITING
Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 67 Springfield, Mass.

ALWAYS Ask For DENISON'S—53 Years of Hits
Comedy-Dramas, Farces, Musical Comedies, Revues, **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts, Monologs, Dialogs, Entertainments, Musical Readings, Comedy Songs, Chalk Talk Books, Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Make-up Goods. Catalog FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 23, CHICAGO

Women who possess that priceless air. . . .

. . . which the French call *chic*, are finding in the new Arch Preserver Shoes the *combination* of qualities they have long desired . . .

Styling that forecasts authentic Paris and New York modes . . . *inbuilt health features* that keep the feet exquisitely high-arched and youthfully vigorous . . . *custom-tailored appearance* achieved by the Arch Preserver individual method of heel-to-ball fitting.

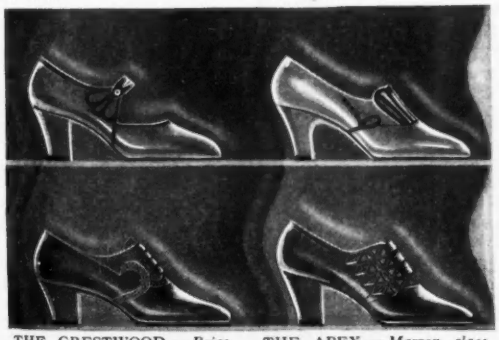
In no other smart shoes can they find the famous Arch Preserver hidden arch bridge that takes all strain off the arch; the flat inner sole that prevents pinching; the metatarsal support that puts verve and foot-free grace into every step.

In no other comfortable shoe can they find the new Arch Preserver styles. For these are the creations of Selby's own New York studio in collaboration with the most gifted designers of fashionable footwear abroad.

Yet, most Arch Preserver Shoe models are only $10 to $15, everywhere!

THE RAMADA — *French beige kid with tasteful marron glace kid trim.*

THE ALPHA — *Beige kid gored tongue pump. Almora kid trim and tongue.*



THE CRESTWOOD — *Beige calf vamp and quarter; mocha bisque lizard calf trim and tongue.*

THE APEX — *Marron glace kid with brown genuine lizard underlays.*

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed — bends where the foot bends

Let us send our new booklet telling the complete Arch Preserver story of smartness and comfort in footwear; also pictures of the advance spring modes that have just come out of the Selby studios in Paris and New York. The coupon is for your convenience.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. None genuine without it. Sold by 2000 dealers. All sizes. All widths. AAAA to E. Made for women, juniors and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

© 1929 The Selby Shoe Co.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
130 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio

Please send booklet, No. G-30 "Style and Comfort in Every Step," and pictures of Arch Preserver Shoes for Spring.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

In using advertisements see page 6

Where did your bathtub get this sticky ring?—first, you bathed in it. And used lots of soap. The water was hard. The soap combined with the hardness and made scum. That scum collected dirt. Then stuck.

But soften the water with Melo and the scum won't form. Water delightfully soft. Plenty of suds. No tub to scrub.

Water softened with Melo has wonderful cleaning effects, with or without soap. Melo in hard water makes soap much more effective. Put two or more tablespoonfuls in the washtubs. The clothes are whiter too. And easier to wash. Put one or more tablespoonfuls in the dishpan.

Melo saves time, labor, hands. It saves from ⅓ to ½ the amount of soap ordinarily used. It gives you wonderfully soft water. Melo only costs 10 cents a can. Buy 3. Keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 *cents*

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water from your faucets delightfully soft and pleasant to use.

K

KANSAS
THE NATIONAL CLEANSING POWDER

SCOURS

. . . Saves plumber's bills—won't clog pipes.

10C at your Grocer's

POLISHES

WILL NOT SCRATCH

Wedding INVITATIONS—ANNOUNCEMENTS
100 hand-engraved $13.50
Including two sets of envelopes
100 Imitation Engraved $5.00
100 Visiting Cards - - - $1.00
Write for Samples
G. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1072 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Bird Girl

she made up her mind to eliminate Vandy. It maddened her that, as the weeks slipped by, Brian did not propose to her. The Galahad in men had never been enough for Narcissa, and that Brian was still dreaming over her she did not know. Because she couldn't understand a man's friendship for a girl she reasoned that somehow—in some way—Vandy stood between her and the thing she wanted. She set herself to discount Vandy as a result; not openly, Narcissa was too clever for that, but in her own way.

She took to including Vandy in plans for herself and Brian, making such a point of her acceptance that Vandy had but two choices open to her—to decline and show herself up as a sullen girl refusing Narcissa's generous impulses, or to accept, though Vandy knew, as well as Narcissa, that no girl could register when Narcissa was near by; that Brian wouldn't even see her with Narcissa's beauty to fill his eyes. She knew it more than ever on the night of Narcissa's dancing party when Brian, with the evening half over, hadn't come near her for a single dance.

And then, suddenly, there he was before her, saying so naïvely and never thinking he was showing up Narcissa's hand:

"Vandy—you've got a dance for me, haven't you? Narcissa had a list a mile long—wallflowers and what-nots—for me to whirl. She said you were so popular you didn't need me, but I got fed up at last. How about this one? May I have it?"

He could—and Vandy, in his arms, thanked the little Gods of Chance that, whether her hair was golden or not, she *could* dance. They hadn't circled half the floor before she knew that Brian knew it, too, and she wouldn't have been human if the knowledge hadn't warmed her blood like a draught of wine. And then the dance was over, and into her dreaming crashed Brian's voice.

"Why, Vandy, you're a marvelous dancer!"

The surprise in his tone! Oh—did Brian think Narcissa was the only girl who knew how to dance? Something flamed up in Vandy Cameron, something that made her tremble with rage as she said fiercely:

"What if I am? Did you think I wasn't like other girls? Did you think I was just a machine that sat in a cockpit and flew a ship?"

SHE whirled about and rushed out onto the dark terrace, where she could cry if she wanted to without any one to see. But she couldn't, it seemed. For Brian, bewilderment written all over his face—what on earth had come over Vandy?—was at her side the moment she sank down on a garden bench.

"Good Lord, Vandy, what did I say? I didn't mean to make you angry!"

She couldn't harden herself against him; it wasn't in her to do that. She said wearily:

"Never mind Brian. It wasn't anything. I'm just tired I guess, and cranky."

The dress she wore was like a warm, glowing marigold, and the quirky, black curls on her head were more like an elf's cap than usual. In the shadows her scarlet mouth was sweet and arresting, and Brian, suddenly aware of her as a person apart from airplanes and disguising helmets, felt as if he were seeing her for the first time.

He said curiously, "Vandy—how strange you look—tonight!"

She wished he'd go away, and she wondered how she'd stand it if he did.

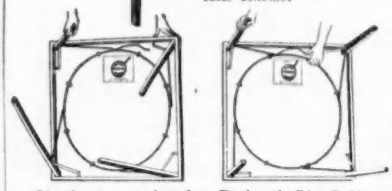
But she only said, fiercely flippant, "Me and matches—we show off better in the dark."

He put a hand out, following an impulse he couldn't define, and traced a finger across her soft, flushed cheek. At his touch the flippancy flowed out of Vandy like water from an upturned goblet. She looked at Brian because she could not help it, looked as the first woman might have looked at the first man. And Brian, curiously stirred by that deepening, shadowy glance, whispered huskily,

"Vandy—your eyes—"

At Last! A REAL improvement in a card table which you will surely appreciate.

The RING TABLE *comes in attractive combinations of black, red, or green, with gold. Beautifully lacquered. Fits any color scheme.*



Simply open one leg of the Ring Table and all four legs automatically open and lock in place.

To close the Ring Table, press down latch, close one leg and all four legs automatically fold.

The RING TABLE opens and closes automatically, simply by moving one leg of the table. Legs automatically lock in open position, making Ring Tables unusually strong and rigid. Beautifully finished in colored lacquers—guaranteed non-warping top, covered with handsome moire-finish liquid-proof material. Over 40,000 Ring Tables now in use. The hit of the party wherever played on. At your dealer's, or shipped express prepaid on receipt of regular retail price, $5.00 ($6.00 west of the Rockies, $7.50 in Canada).

Also useful as a utility table for sewing, serving, study, writing, etc.

FREE! **Write today for beautifully illustrated folder describing the exclusive features of automatic Ring Tables. We will send you, free, an indestructible, automatic bridge scorer—a handsome, useful gift. Simply write your name on the margin of this page, and mail to:**

WILLETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
300 Davis Avenue, Dayton, Ohio

"Please Pass the Cake!"

New gold-plated handle, adjustable, makes any service or dinner plate into cake, fruit or sandwich plate, easily passed. Good-looking. Off or on in a jiffy. $1.10 prepaid—order No. 8878.

Beautiful, decorated Bavarian china plate, 10¾ in., heavy gold encrusted, etched design, only $5.50 prepaid—order No. 8879. . . . Handle and plate together, only $6.00 prepaid—order No. 8880.

Bargain Catalog just out, 32 pages, illustrated, shows prices reduced 25% to 50%, and offers many novelties not before listed. Catalog is *free*. Send today.

THAYER & CHANDLER
Dept. C-29 913 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

FISH

of endless variety await you—fried, grilled, baked or boiled they taste better, digest easier and are more satisfying when seasoned with

★ **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**

Write for free recipe booklet.
Lea & Perrins, 204 West St., N.Y.

Here
by your bedside, warm and glowing, is the Sun itself

Ask your physician

SNAP the switch and you have wrought a miracle. Out of winter's darkness springs summer sunshine, glowing with all the warmth and vitality of June.

Only a lamp, you may say, but a lamp that is one of the triumphs of modern science, because it is in reality a miniature sun duplicating the essential rays which have made sunlight the source of life and energy for all mankind.

Turn on this light and expose your body to it. What is the result? First of all it will develop a healthy summer tan. But the real benefits are far deeper. The tide of health rises with the sun in summer, and the light of this Eveready Sunshine Lamp exercises a similar vitalizing influence that brings renewed strength and builds up resistance against illness. It is soothing to the nerves. It induces sound and restful sleep. It does for you what clear summer sunshine will do because it is exactly the same in all essentials. Reporting on tests of carbon arc light such as this, the U. S. Bureau of Standards said: "Of all the artificial illuminants tested, it is the nearest approach to sunlight."

Not only does this light have all the vital rays of the sun (ultra-violet, infra-red and visible light rays), but it has them in the same proportion as natural sunlight, which scientists agree is a most important requirement.

Because it is simply sunlight, the Eveready Sunshine Lamp burning Eveready Sunshine Carbons may be used with beneficial results by anyone who is not actually ill. It is particularly valuable to growing children and to adults who wish to avoid physical depression. In case of illness your physician should be consulted before using any light treatment.

A very interesting booklet, "Making the Summer Sun Stand Still," will be mailed free to anyone who is interested.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., Cleveland, Ohio

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

The new Eveready Sunshine Lamp plugs into any convenience outlet, and comes complete with two pairs of special goggles and ten Eveready Sunshine Carbons, ready to operate. Price, $137.50. Sold by electric light companies, electrical merchandise shops, department stores, and physicians' supply houses.

EVEREADY Sunshine Carbons **Eveready Sunshine Carbons** EVEREADY Sunshine Lamp

In using advertisements see page 6

EASTER... riotous red tulips... yellow daffodils... Easter bunnies and eggs... downy yellow ducks and chicks... don't you wish... well, don't we always wish... we were kiddies again and could "color things and draw, mother, it's such fun!"

But the best we can do is to help the children enjoy "coloring things and drawing". A box of CRAYOLA Wax Crayons... a tablet of white paper, and the world of color and joy is theirs. Cunning bunnies ...downy yellow chicks... flowers in gala reds, and yellows and purples... CRAYOLA colors all of them, made up in sticks just the right size for little hands to hold, and paper wrapped so they are clean and easy to handle.

Are you planning an Easter Party for Mistress Lina or Master Paul? We have a Party Booklet of suggestions for Easter and other Seasonable Parties... send us the attached coupon with 20¢ in stamps. And here's a tiny bunny for Mistress Lina to color and send in for a picture-booklet FREE.

Binney & Smith Co., 41E. 42nd St., New York
Send me FREE picture booklet ☐
Enclosed find 20c for Children's Party Book ☐

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
GH3

"My Clothes Don't Look Home-Made Any More"

"I've been sewing for years," writes Mrs. Mary C. Adams, "but I can see now that I never really knew how to make a dress until the Woman's Institute showed me the correct way to design, cut, fit and finish. I learned just the things I needed to know to overcome that troublesome *home-made* look and put real style into all my clothes."

Write for Free Dressmaking Magazine

Mail coupon for "Making Beautiful Clothes" and FREE copy of "Fashion Service," the dressmaking magazine of the Woman's Institute. Prove how easily you can make stylish clothes for half usual cost and earn money at home.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 8-Q, Scranton, Pa.
Without cost or obligation, please send me your booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and a free copy of "Fashion Service." I am most interested in—
☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name _____
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address _____

Bird Girl

It was Narcissa's swift laughter—laughter that held a touch of panic, for Narcissa knew that she had made a mistake ever to have given Brian the chance to see this new, breathless Vandy—that broke in upon them. It was Narcissa who was beside Vandy with a little rush, tilting her glittering head against Vandy's dark curls, who cried out:

"Isn't Vandy the dearest girl, Brian? Say she is, for me! Tell her she's pretty—and that she ought to give less time to flying and more to dancing."

And all the time Vandy, standing there so quietly, feeling Narcissa's beauty as keenly as if it had been a hurt, thinking hotly, "Oh—she's clever—she knows men never look at the girls they're told to look at!" watched Brian's eyes turn to Narcissa's flower face and rest there like a pledge.

Brian, being only a man, slept like a baby that night; and if any thought at all crossed his mind, it was of Narcissa's last words:

"Tomorrow, Brian, we'll run away—into the lovely sunshine. I want to play gipsy, Brian. We'll take a picnic dinner into the hills."

And Vandy, being the girl who loved Brian, sank into the depths of despair, saying fiercely:

"There's nothing for me to do but cut and run. How beautiful she is! Her beauty isn't the least bit like her, but Brian will never find that out. How can he? She'll never let him get a peek of the real her—she'll only show him the outside. And that—" cried Vandy despairingly—"is like a song, or a symphony—"

But Narcissa, lying on her own white bed, narrowed her blue eyes and said to herself: "I shan't do that again! Vandy is too clever! As for Brian—I could choke him for being so slow! But if he's going to be such a saint, I'll make him ask me—tomorrow—"

AND so the morrow came, almost too dazzlingly blue to be endured, and Brian and Narcissa drove off into its enchantment in Narcissa's canary-colored car that matched her bright head in color, while Vandy, trying to wear herself out, spent the long hours of the afternoon doing mechanic's work on a double-seater Waco that had been giving trouble of late.

It was late when she finished, the long shadows already tracing their pattern across the field, when Vandy decided to take the Waco up to test her work. She slid into the harness of her parachute, because Vandy was too good a pilot not to take the necessary precautions, noted casually that the extra parachute lay on the second seat, climbed into the cockpit, and started her engine. The motor roared, the plane hurtled unsteadily forward, gained speed, and in another moment lifted from the ground.

Once well up, Vandy took her hands from the control sticks, stretching into an easier position. But though she seemed to sit there oblivious to the plane, her eyes kept sweeping back to the indicators, and now and then her hand went back to correct her course.

The plane drove blindly ahead, now steadily, now lurching at an air pocket, and Vandy, her thoughts on Brian and Narcissa, scanned the countryside below her, though she herself was unconscious of seeking them. The world below, etched in the faint shadows of late afternoon, held the delicacy of a watercolor, but Vandy was blind to its beauty. She flew on and on, as if escaping from her own thoughts, and the open country beneath her gave place to the fir-covered slopes of the forest altitude.

She was flying low—not over two thousand feet—idly watching the flashes of water as she sped over a string of mountain lakes—when suddenly her eyes were caught by it, a flash of yellow. It was tiny; eyes less keen than Vandy's would never have seen it. Or perhaps it was that Vandy's eyes had been, all unknowing, seeking that same small dot of color. The thought flashed to her, "Narcissa's car," but with it came denial. Narcissa's car would never be parked in that lonely spot. This was some fifty miles from town. Narcissa and

Beautify with Bartons Bias Trimmings

AT THE first sign of spring, the lady-who-loves-her-home crisps up her curtains... makes new draperies... a gay *new* frock for her little daughter... a trim suit for His Young Highness... a saucy apron for herself.

If she has used Bartons Double-fold Trimmings, she knows that her draperies and frocks and suits will be smarter if she selects one of Bartons charming "Everfast" trimmings to finish them off. And she will be interested to see the delightful *new* styles and *new* colors... samples of which we will gladly send her. If she has never used Bartons Trimmings, and doesn't know how lovely they are... in what assortments of beautiful colors they come... how easily and quickly she may apply them, she, too, will want to see our samples.

Write for free samples now.

Bartons Double-fold Trimmings are made of genuine "Everfast" fabrics, *guaranteed* never to run nor fade, but to wash and wash again without losing their freshness and color... they are folded double, and pressed, so that one sewing does the work more quickly and neatly than you ever could do it with *ordinary* single fold bias.

Try Bartons Trimmings this springtime... you'll love them and want to use them again and again when you see how easy it is to beautify with Bartons Bias Trimmings.

BARTONS BIAS CO.
75 G Madison Ave. New York, N. Y.

BARTONS BIAS
GUARANTEED "EVERFAST"
AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

PARKE'S GOLD CAMEL INDIVIDUAL SERVICE TEA BALLS

"Every Cup a Treat"

The most delightful Tea you have ever tasted. Easy to use—always uniform in flavor and most economical.

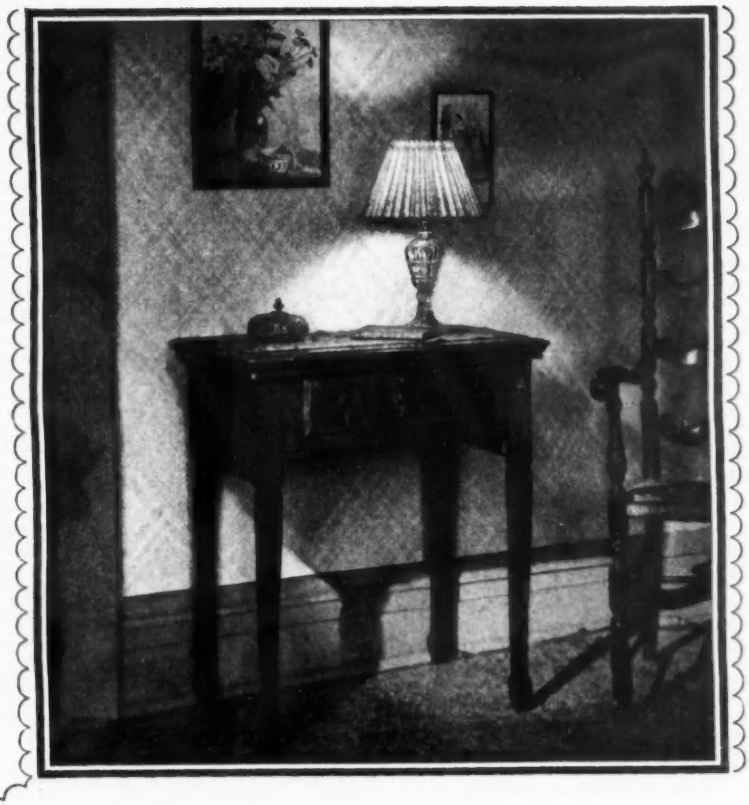
GOLD CAMEL COVER-HOLDER with DROP-CATCHER

is an indispensable article of daily use for teapots. It protects the cover and cups against breaking as well as the table-cloth from spots.

Special prices given on Gold Camel Cover-holder with Drop-catcher in quantities of 25 and upwards upon request.

L. H. PARKE CO., 1132 No. Front St.
Philadelphia, Pa.
For the enclosed 25c send me prepaid a Cover-holder with Drop-catcher for Teapot (see illustration) and a box of ten Parke's Gold Camel Individual Service Tea Balls.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
This coupon expires March 31, 1929.



A Thing of Beauty

..that makes sewing a joy forever!

ONCE a sewing machine was just a machine—something to get out of its corner when sewing time arrived—something to hide away again when sewing time was done. Then Singer created the modern DeLuxe Electric—as charmingly graceful as the frocks that flower to loveliness through its use. In its idle hours this Library Table Model is a piece of fine furniture appropriate in any room of the house.

But outward beauty is only the symbol of hidden delights to come. Open this new Singer, draw up your chair and sit down with your materials. Then and only then can you realize how completely has the old given away to the new. You are sitting at ease. Both hands, both feet are free. Against the knee a lever rests conveniently. Press it ever so gently and watch how quietly, leisurely, stitches are forming before you. Press firmly and more firmly until with effortless ease you are sewing three times faster than you ever sewed before. Now slower again—until you can count the perfect stitches one by one. Add an attachment and watch dainty binding finish an edge, or tiny tucks fall into rows, or ruffles form like gathering foam. And all the while no noise, no vibration.

Suddenly it comes to you that a wonderful thing has happened. Sewing is no longer a task. Sewing is really fun! Somewhere a tiny hidden motor is doing all the work. You have only to plan and to watch your dress grow swiftly to completion.

There is a simple way in which you may have this surprising experience yourself. A modern Singer Electric will be sent to you to try in your own home, on your own sewing, without the slightest obligation. When the Singer man calls let him give you this revealing demonstration. Or simply telephone or call at the Singer Shop in your neighborhood and ask for a machine on the Self Demonstration Plan.

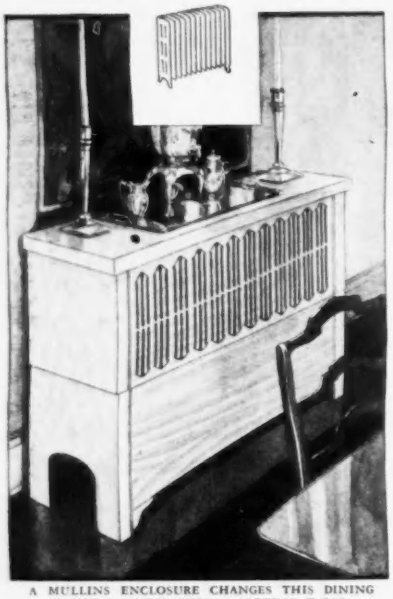
THE NEW SINGER ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINES

Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy payments. Liberal allowance on your present machine.

Copyright, U. S. A. 1927, 1928 and 1929 by The Singer Manufacturing Co. All Rights Reserved for All Countries.

In using advertisements see page 6

for every radiator a *MULLINS ENCLOSURE*



A MULLINS ENCLOSURE CHANGES THIS DINING ROOM RADIATOR INTO A SERVING TABLE

NO one ever admired the appearance of a radiator—now no one fails to admire the beauty of a Mullins Enclosure. It improves the appearance of any room. It makes every home smarter, more attractive, more comfortable . . . changing *radiators* into *furniture*.

And the change is so simple! A Mullins Enclosure fits right over your radiator, without moving or altering a thing!

But it must be a Mullins Enclosure!

In Mullins Enclosures you will not only find stately design and superb finish but also the convenience of immediate installation. Mullins Enclosures are built of heavy gauge furniture steel that can't sag, warp or buckle. They are made in 270 standard sizes, carried always in stock. Due to tremendous production, prices have been materially reduced! Write for booklet and names of local dealers.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP.
SALEM, OHIO

Manufacturers of Mullins Automobile Body Stampings and Mullins Metal Boats

MULLINS
RADIATOR ENCLOSURES

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP., Salem, Ohio
I'd like to have your new catalog of Mullins Radiator Enclosures and the names of local dealers.

Name.....

Address.....

G 39

Bird Girl

Brian, wherever they were, would be speeding back by this time.

And yet—

Unconvinced, Vandy circled back, and as she dipped lower and lower toward the earth, the roar of her motor reached the two tiny figures beside the yellow car. One of them—a midget speck—ran out into an open space beyond, waving his arms.

Again Vandy circled, dipping nearer to the earth, and as she did so something, she didn't know what, told her that her first instinctive thought was right. That was Narcissa's car down below her, and those two tiny figures—surely they were Brian and Narcissa. She could only guess what might have happened—engine trouble that had stranded them in this lonely place. For a moment she thought of flying back to the field; of sending help out to them. But with that thought came others. It would be midnight before a car from town could reach them. Midnight—and perhaps later. And Brian, the idealist—what would his reaction be?

Something primitive flamed up in Vandy again. "Narcissa—she's managed this somehow! If she knows Brian—and Narcissa knows men—she knows he'll ask her to marry him tomorrow, after this sort of mess. Brian would!"

She knew instantly what she would do. Land, no matter how mad the experiment. She circled again, scanning that open spot. Not so mad, after all, she decided. It was like a small plateau down there, narrow, not any too long, but long enough, she calculated swiftly, for her to make a forced landing. As for taking off again—well, she could do that, too. Vandy knew her own ability.

She circled once more, heading into the wind. Then, shutting off her motor, she throttled it down to a glide. Like a swallow the heavy two-seater swept earthward, and when Vandy was within some sixty feet of it she kicked her rudder, side-slipped her plane, and fan-tailed into a landing. The earth loomed up beneath her. She felt the wheels strike, bounce off and strike again, then race over the uneven ground until, with the farthest line of trees not fifty yards away from her, her pace slacked, and with a few last lurches the plane stood still.

BEFORE Vandy was out of her chute harness, Brian was beside the plane, Narcissa at his heels.

"By all that's miraculous!" cried Brian gratefully. "A rescuer from the skies! Vandy, you were a little idiot to land—but Lord, how glad we are to see you!"

Vandy, catching a glimpse of Narcissa's face, doubted if she was as glad, but she heard that clear, flute-like treble lifted. Narcissa, evidently, was adjusting herself to this sudden change in events, no matter what her private thought of them.

"Oh, Vandy!" wailed Narcissa, clinging to her with a pretty show of gratitude and plainly determined to do all the talking. "It was all my fault! You know I always was a rattle-brain! They told me at Daddy's garage that my gas tank needed looking at, but I was so eager to go gipsying today—I just forgot! And while we sat here—having such fun—eating our silly little picnic supper—the gas just leaked out! If you hadn't come, I don't know what would have happened!"

Beyond that frantic gabbling Vandy felt Narcissa's nervousness. As if any girl would swallow that story, even though a man blinded by Narcissa's beauty might!

"She's afraid I'll say something to make Brian doubt her," thought Vandy.

But Narcissa's hands, soft and warm, were cuddling into her own, and Narcissa's voice, pleadingly caressing, was caroling in her ear.

"And it was so wonderful to see you coming down to us, Vandy! I was frantic—thinking we would have to stay out here all night! Thinking of what people would say! And did you look down from your clouds, Vandy, darling, and see my gaudy little car and say to yourself,

WRIGHT'S SILVER CREAM

Put Distinction on your table,
for lustrous silverware...
The dining table. A scene that calls for loveliness . . . and for beauty.
Nothing furnishes it so completely as the charm of brightly polished silver.
Indeed, the very reason for Wright's Silver Cream . . . a polish that whisks away all trace of dullness from any silver . . . so easily.
POLISH

IS YOUR DINNER TABLE "IN STYLE"

Free — This Booklet of Polishing Hints
J. A. WRIGHT & CO., INC.,
38 Emerald St., Keene, N. H.
Please send, without obligation, the new illustrated booklet on polishing helps, 'Fair Weather'.

Name _____

Address _____

9-12-939

Before starting any housework-

PROTECT YOUR HANDS WITH THIS INVISIBLE GLOVE

BEFORE starting any of the numerous household tasks that are so trying on your hands, apply a few drops of Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. This new lotion protects the pores "like an invisible glove," keeping out the dirt and preventing the harmful effects of hot, soapy solutions.

Chamberlain's Hand Lotion used a few times daily, both before and after doing housework, makes it delightfully easy to help your hands survive the ravages of everyday tasks. It's a different lotion, quite unlike any other. A clear liquid, *it dries quickly and is not the least bit sticky.*

You'll enjoy this new lotion because it makes it so easy for you to keep your hands smooth, white and soft. It's only fifty cents, at druggists. If you wish, send the coupon for free trial bottle. Chamberlain Laboratories, 239 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

A—See how this "invisible glove" protects pores.
B—No protection. Pore inflamed by dirt and cold.

Chamberlain's HAND LOTION
"The Invisible Glove"

Sign the coupon and try the "invisible glove" at our expense

CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES
239 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa

Please send your one week trial bottle, free.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Bird Girl

'Stranded again, the little idiot, I've a good mind to leave her there and teach her a lesson!' But of course you wouldn't. You never deserted anybody in your whole life. And to desert me—why—" the blue eyes sought Brian's face—"Vandy and I have been the dearest friends since we were tiny girls!"

Vandy stood there, slim and straight and gallant-looking in her trim flying clothes; lovely-looking, though she didn't know that. And she, too, looked at Brian, and weariness fell upon her heart. For Brian's eyes were all for Narcissa—his quiet, steady glance. Vandy, watching, thought quietly:

"Well—she wins. You believe every word she says. You always will."

With a curious tightness on her scarlet mouth, she smiled at Narcissa.

"It's all right, Narcissa. I didn't do anything wonderful. It was a lark for me—always did want to try my luck at this sort of landing. The question is—what good do I do now that I'm here?"

THEY talked it over; Narcissa rattling on in relief, now that she was sure Vandy believed her, and Brian, though it seemed to Vandy that he was quieter than usual, summed up their problem.

"If you think we can take off again, Vandy, we'll all fly back. Simplest thing. Send back tomorrow for the car."

"Fly? Oh, I couldn't! I'd be afraid," whimpered Narcissa.

Did a shade of irritation cross Brian's face? Vandy couldn't tell, but his voice, when he turned to Narcissa, was considerate.

"I guess it's a question of necessity, Narcissa, unless you want all three of us to spend the night out here."

"But—you will pilot, won't you! I know Vandy is marvelous, but I'd feel safer with you, Brian! I know you'd take care of me."

Vandy flicked an expressive hand. "Of course, Brian will fly us. Why not?"

Why not anything? Vandy didn't care, now. Nothing was left worth caring for, in the world.

Narcissa turned to Brian.

"And I can sit beside you, can't I? I couldn't stand to be alone in that teeny back seat!"

Brian smiled at her, but his eyes sought Vandy's.

"And I wouldn't put you there, Narcissa. I don't want to worry about the passenger behind me."

"You think I'm silly," Narcissa pouted, "but you can't expect me to be like Vandy—not afraid of anything."

"I don't expect any girl to be like Vandy," returned Brian quietly, "but there's nothing to be afraid of. Now—slip into this and let's get going—" and he held out to her the harness of the second parachute.

"That?" Narcissa drew back. "What is it?"

"Parachute," explained Brian patiently.

"But I'm not going to jump in one!"

"Of course, not. But if anything should go wrong—"

"How can it, Brian, with you flying? Oh, I'd much rather trust myself to you, Brian, than to that ugly thing."

Brian, all airman now, shot a helpless look at Vandy—the look of a man embarrassed by too much flattery. And Vandy, shrugging her shoulders, turned to Narcissa.

"The better the flyer, Narcissa, the more he insists upon precautions. That's all a parachute is. Brian is giving you his—put it on and let's hurry."

At the thought of Brian giving up something for her, Narcissa yielded. Allegiance, even in the form of anything so unromantic as a parachute, was food and drink to her.

"And I'll be very brave," she promised Brian, her small hand on his arm. "I'll make you proud of me, Brian."

Vandy, busy with her own harness, smiled grimly to herself. Narcissa was spreading it on pretty thick! That stuff about being brave!

Velvetta SUEDE Does *not* crock

OUR beautifully colored shoe style booklet is ready. It describes costumes and accessories to match the popular Velvetta shades. Many fashionable models are shown. There is no charge for this helpful booklet. Please write for your copy.

Cables Say Black

AND THEY SAY suede for daytime. You should say *BLACK VELVETTA*, for this beautiful, non-crocking suede keeps its lustrous and delicate appearance despite bad weather. Here or abroad you will find just the motif you desire; and you'll be assured of exquisite grooming because this luxuriant leather is fast color. It will not smudge your hosiery.

HUNT-RANKIN LEATHER COMPANY
108 Beach Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Velvetta Suede Does Not Crock

In using advertisements see page 6

A SPRING TONIC
for the whole family!
DETECTO
WATCHES YOUR WEIGHT

SPRING is the time to check up on the family's health. Daily weighing is necessary for safe and scientific weight control. Detecto helps everyone get fit and keep fit! Obtainable at department and hardware stores in the U. S. A. and Canada or direct from the makers—

THE JACOBS BROS. CO., INC.
Dept. 10—318 Greenwich Street
New York, N. Y.

Makers also of Detecto-Lette, the lowest priced *springless* baby scale! Guaranteed for 5 years. Four models weighing up to 24 or 36 lbs. by the ¼ oz. Pink, blue, green, ivory or white—$10.95 up.

Detecto Jr. $11.85
250-lb. capacity

Detecto Ace $15.00
(Illustrated)
300-lb. capacity

Detecto Royal $18.75
300 lb. capacity
Five Colors
Guaranteed for five years
Prices East of the Mississippi

THE JACOBS BROS. CO., Inc.
Dept. 10, 318 Greenwich St., New York

Gentlemen:
Please send me free advice on scientific weight control. ☐
Also "Baby Book" attractively illustrated in colors. ☐

FREE

Name
Address

Bird Girl

Bravery, to people like Brian and Vandy, meant something so much bigger than putting on a parachute and riding in a plane. And that transparent twaddle about a leaky gas tank! As if the man who cared for the Elliot cars would have told Narcissa about it! He'd have fixed it—or sent her out in another car. But perhaps Narcissa knew that any man who looked at her would believe anything she told him.

Vandy's thoughts were interrupted by the roar of the motor. The next instant, as she started to climb into the rear cockpit, she felt Brian's touch on her arm. He looked down at her, straight into her clear, lovely eyes, and he smiled. Vandy, who didn't know he'd had his world knocked out from under him during the last few hours, wondered at that smile. Then he lifted her over the rim, looked at her again, and said quietly,

"Thanks, Vandy."

With that he was gone.

Vandy looked, wondering, at the lean figure swinging up over the fore cockpit. What was Brian thanking her for? Surely not that matter of a forced landing. That was the sort of thing each would have done unquestioningly for the other. She found no answer to her own question.

BRIAN'S take-off was a thing of joy, but Vandy hardly noticed it. The plane took the air, fought for a moment, then lifted triumphantly, but there was no soaring in Vandy's heart. She had saved Brian from Narcissa's trick of the moment, but his eyes were still blind to everything except her beauty; would always be, thought Vandy hopelessly. And that, she told herself, was that.

So sunk in her own despair was Vandy that she was only mechanically aware of that first sputtering of the engine that came before the plane had been in the air for fifteen minutes. It was Brian, in the cockpit ahead, who whipped into instant action. He saw, in a flash, that the needle of the indicator was dropping. As swiftly he turned to the hand pump. Not until then did Vandy, her brain as well as her eyes snapping out of their lethargy, realize what had happened. Her eyes, too, flew to the indicator; saw the needle pause for an instant, then go dropping down again. In the same instant she felt the plane swerve as Brian turned it about and knew that he was trying to get back to the clearing they had just left.

She knew what had happened—their gas line had broken—and she knew, as truly, that they'd never make the landing. As she watched, the linen around the fuselage began to burn, and she realized, as she knew Brian must, that with fire around the motor it would be a question of minutes before the plane burst into flames.

She thought swiftly: "We'll have to jump for it! It's not bad country—but Brian!"

Brian had no parachute. Her mind caught instantly at a substitute.

She saw that Brian was bending over Narcissa's now genuinely terrified face. He was shouting to her—probably giving her the formula:

"Count one—two—three—four—then pull the string! No danger—keep your head—don't straddle anything when you land!"

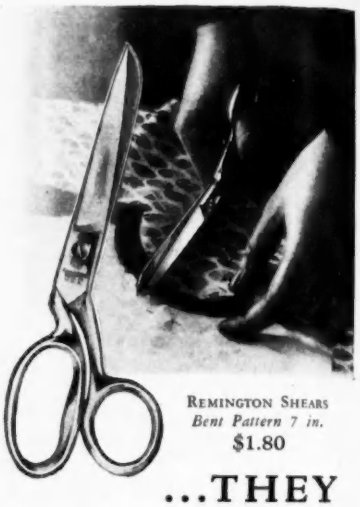
Lifting her own voice, she screamed, "Brian! Brian!"

He turned—read the pantomime of he hands—knew that she was telling him to drop Narcissa overboard, then climb back and jump with her. It could be done. Both of them knew that. If Brian crooked his arm through the harness of her parachute, it could take them both down. They were high enough—a little over two thousand feet—to make the attempt reasonably sure.

She caught Brian's eye—saw him nod his head. Then he was lifting Narcissa over the edge, shouting,

"One—two—three—four—pull!"

Narcissa, now that her life depended on it,



REMINGTON SHEARS
Bent Pattern 7 in.
$1.80

...THEY CUT BETTER!

SHEARS made by Remington cut better because they are hollow ground like a fine razor. That's why they cut as cleanly and easily at the points as at the joints.

It pays to buy good shears made of fine steel that will stay sharp; that will cut both light and heavy fabrics evenly. You can buy Remington Shears at most stores that sell good cutlery. If your dealer hasn't them in stock, send his name with $1.80 for a pair of bent-trimmers, as illustrated, 7-inch size, or for the straight pattern 7½-inch size. They will be forwarded promptly. Write for descriptive circular.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Established 1816
25 Broadway -.- New York City

Remington

1929 R. A. Co. 2505

Women Who Want Money
Mrs. Kesselman of Illinois makes $52 up every week
Many women earn good money daily showing others this dainty new creation. Banishes forever that annoyance of slipping shoulder straps! Real comfort for women at last. FREE OFFER. A dainty creation that women adore and buy eagerly. No experience needed. Write for particulars and Free Offer. Hurry. No obligation.
LINGERIE "Y" COMPANY, 2 Elk St., No. Windham, Conn.
Retail price $1.35 With Pearl Chain $2.25

HOME KNIT FOR BABY

Ask for free illustrated booklet about Pine Tree Baby Togs. Jaunty tasselled caps; bootees to show dimpled knees, or long to keep them warm; fluffy sacques in white with dainty colors. Soft, warm, of pure Australian wool. Crocheted at home by New England needlewomen. Sold direct if unobtainable locally. Extra good value.
LAWRENCE W. SMITH, Box E-1, Brunswick, Maine

KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG
Tedious treatments unnecessary if the soap used for daily cleansing is
Resinol*

Big Profits in Candy Making!
Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to *make* and *sell* her "APPROVED" Home-Made Candies. Work sheet formulas, equipment boxes, adv. cards, full selling plans—*everything* provided. Make money after 1st Lesson. Quick Profits Assured. Write today for free "work sheet" on *FUDGE*.
American School of Home Economics, 822 E. 58th St., Chicago

RIGHT
Butterick Pattern 2426.

LEFT
©Vogue Pattern 9613.

ABOVE
Pictorial Review Pattern 4680.

RIGHT
McCall Pattern 5532.

She buys the best looking coat in town . . . *and makes her dresses herself*

OF course she's well-dressed! Her gowns are in styles that suit her, in colors that become her, in silks of the best quality.

Figure it out for yourself. What would you pay ready-made for the new frocks on this page? Could you get the style you want in the colors you like to wear? Would the silk clean without shrinking?

The smartest dresses today are the simple ones. You will be delighted to find how easy they are to make. And you can have just the shade that brings out the color in your eyes, and the style that suits your personality—in a guaranteed pure-dye silk!

Ask to see Belding's silks at your dealer's. In Crepe Cashmere, Crepe Iris, georgette and taffeta you will find all the smartest shades of the new colors. Belding's silks stay fresh-looking and new after a dozen cleanings.

—And you will have money left to complete your ensemble—a hat and stockings and gloves, or the smart new coat you know you can wear so well.

BELDINGS SILKS

BELDING-HEMINWAY CO.
180 Madison Avenue
New York City

In using advertisements see page 6

Frankness need not be indelicate . . . *read "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"*

THERE are certain subjects so intimate that the woman of refinement often finds difficulty in discussing them with anybody. Sensitive and discriminating, she is the very type that values absolute physical daintiness. And it is for her "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" has been written.

Zonite removes objections

Physicians most assuredly recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. However, they *do* object to the caustic and poisonous antiseptics so many women use. They know the dangers of these poisons—dangers to the woman and all her family.

Zonite absolutely removes these objections. There is no skull-and-crossbones on this bottle. Safe with little children in the home. Safe to use for oral hygiene. Yet Zonite is a *powerful germ-killing antiseptic.* Actually far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

Authoritative book—free

Send coupon for frank scientific booklet. Covers the whole matter of feminine hygiene. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin infections or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 43-J
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

(*Please print name*)

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Bird Girl

had thrown away all pretence of helplessness. She held the release ring desperately, and something in her face told both Brian and Vandy that she would keep her head and do as she was told. The next moment she had dropped into nothingness.

The two who watched her waited tensely as they counted. Then they saw Narcissa's hand flash out, saw the parachute burst into blossom, and almost instantly the sprawling figure was floating down toward earth, hidden from their eyes by the wide, silk umbrella top.

They forgot her immediately. The fire was nearer the gas tank now—and if the tank exploded—

Vandy stood, clinging to the edge. Her eyes were strained as she watched Brian climb back to her. Then he was beside her, steadying her, shouting encouragingly in her ear, thrusting his arm through her harness. Somehow, Vandy never knew how, they climbed to the rim of the cockpit. Minutes were like seconds racing by.

Vandy caught the flash of a mountain lake far below—shouted, "Ready?" heard Brian's, "O.K." and the two of them were over the edge, falling into space in a welter of arms and legs. The plane, above them, lurched heavily on its way.

Vandy shut her eyes, counted slowly to four, and pulled the release ring. The jerk with which the chute opened, bearing that double weight, seemed as if it would tear her out of the harness. Her feet dropped beneath her, the parachute careened wildly, and she looked up and saw what had happened; the extra weight on the ropes had torn loose several of the points, and the chute, taking the air unevenly, was swaying like a drunken thing.

Almost simultaneously she felt Brian's body sag, saw his face, so close to hers, turn suddenly gray.

Even as she clutched the arm caught in her harness, crying out, "Brian! I'll hold you!" she knew what had happened. His arm, in that unexpected jerk, had been pulled from its socket. Brian, helpless and in agony, hung half unconscious at her side.

THEY fell—all too swiftly. Vandy's mind was a tumult of confusion. Death, so unexpected and suddenly so near, stamped her own face with pallor, but still she tried to cry to Brian, reassuring him,

"I'll hold—Brian—you're—all right!"

He opened his eyes; his gray lips moved. "Vandy! Too—late—"

She clutched him to her convulsively, trying to think, trying to forget the earth below, rising so incredibly and so swiftly to meet them. She couldn't control the chute—it fell crazily, swaying drunkenly from its broken points. Trees—to crash into! That meant death. And the earth—they were falling so fast—that meant death, too!

"Vandy!" Brian, fighting back his agony, was trying to beat death and tell her something.

But Vandy wasn't listening. Her eyes were strained upon a flash of water below—that little mountain lake hemmed in by trees. If they hit the water—together—they would surely drown. Brian, helpless, and she strapped into her heavy harness, would be smothered and trapped beneath the folds of the collapsed chute. In another minute—

But Vandy needed no other moment. Her mind worked like lightning. Of the three of them, two had a chance to live. Narcissa and—Brian. She could save Brian if she acted instantly. The lake was less than fifty feet below. Brian—if he hit the water clear of her—would get himself out. The shock of the cold water and the instinct of self-preservation would save him, in spite of his helpless arm. And she? Vandy gave one wild sob. Who was she—the third corner of that triangle—to want to live!

Brian's free hand was clutching the ropes above his head. She knocked it suddenly loose. She tore at his useless arm, thrusting

A Unique Model by Marthe Collot

An Unusual Offer from An Exceptional Fashion Magazine

8 Months of Harper's Bazar for $2.00

THIS offer brings you a distinguished magazine containing unusual fashions and brilliant fiction at a saving of one-half.

Bought singly at 50 cents a copy, these eight issues would cost you $4.00—if you use the coupon below you can get them for $2.00. Here are the eight issues which this special offer includes.

March **Advance Spring Styles**	***July*** **Midsummer Mode**
April **Paris Spring Openings**	***August*** **Out-of-Doors Number**
May **Travel and Trousseaux**	***September*** **Furs and Fabrics**
June **Summer Fashions**	***October*** **Paris Winter Openings**

THESE eight issues touch all four seasons of the coming year, presenting the most distinctive costumes from the greatest houses of Paris,—Poiret, Lelong, Patou, Lanvin, etc. Silhouettes, details and accessories are concisely shown.

And besides the smartest fashions, Harper's Bazar gives you so much more:

Notable fiction and features by such writers as Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, Sir Philip Gibbs, Robert Hichens, Ring Lardner, Hugh Walpole, Irvin S. Cobb and many others.

Reports of society, what smart people are doing and actually wearing in Paris, New York, Palm Beach, the Riviera. Their interests, their traditions, their background.

Baron de Meyer's famous photographs, exquisite portraits by foremost artists, the stage, interior decorating, travel features, books, reminiscences by well known society women.

Invaluable aid through its Travel and School Bureaus.

Why Not Save Two Dollars?

[Mail this coupon today]

Harper's Bazar
572 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send me Harper's Bazar for 8 months at $2.00. I enclose my check or you may charge this to me.

Name.....
Street.....
City & State.....

Regular subscription price $4.00 a year. G.H. 3-29.
(Canadian postage 65 cents extra; Foreign postage $1.30 extra)

Delicious!

STUFFED CELERY . . . *with*

Underwood Deviled Ham

STUFF crisp stalks of celery with Underwood Deviled Ham moistened with mayonnaise. A little finely chopped green pepper gives an added touch.

Try this delicious and simple recipe for Sunday night supper, or as an hors d'oeuvre before dinner when you have guests.

Underwood Deviled Ham is an ingredient to conjure with . . . it gives new zest to ham-and-egg dishes, and a million-dollar flavor to the simplest sandwich.

Let us send you a copy of all the Underwood Recipes. *They're fine!*

UNDERWOOD
Deviled Ham

★

Wm. Underwood Co.
21 Walnut Street
Watertown, Mass.

CHECK THE ARTICLE WANTED:

One copy of the Underwood Recipes FREE.

One 10c can of Underwood Deviled Ham, 10c enclosed.

Six 10c cans of Underwood Deviled Ham, 50c enclosed.

Name_____

Address_____

Bird Girl

it back through the harness, letting the weight of his body pull it through.

Brian, rousing from his half-stupor, realized too late what she was doing. Even as he cried frantically, "No—together, Vandy!" she had him free—felt his body sliding clear of hers—saw him fall like a plummet to the lake below. Then she shut her eyes and waited.

Brian, stunned for a moment by the impact of the water, was snapped back to consciousness by its icy touch. He fought to the surface, struggling madly. He had faced death with the ripping of those parachute points, but he'd faced worse than death when Vandy had cut him loose—saving his life even as she went to her own death. He looked wildly about—saw the wilted flower of her chute floating on the water some twenty feet beyond him, and knew that Vandy—the only person in the world who mattered—was beneath it!

How he reached her, he never knew. A strength not his own—the strength that comes to men when the women they love are in danger—kept him going. But reach her he did. And somehow, incredibly, he tore away the silken folds and freed her from her harness. As he reached the water's edge and felt firm ground under his feet, he sprawled forward into blackness that reached up for him. But he didn't care now. Vandy was safe. That was his last conscious thought before the blackness engulfed him.

He woke to a sharp stab of agony as Vandy, white-faced and desperate, braced her knee against his shoulder and jerked his dislocated arm back into place. For a moment pain swept through his body like a wave, then slowly it receded. He looked up into the face of the girl who held him in her arms.

"Vandy!" he whispered. "Oh, Vandy!"

Her eyes were wet. She said shakily, "Did I hurt you—very much, Brian?"

He thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as Vandy with the tears upon her lashes.

"I thought," he said simply, "I had lost you. I thought—I'd never have the chance—to tell you—I love you."

A little cry broke from her lips. "Oh—don't say it, Brian—just because I—"

"Because you saved my life?" He turned his head, kissed her arm where it lay against his cheek. "When death was—just around the corner, Vandy, I knew it was you—only you. Is that enough—to make you believe me?"

She met his eyes steadily. "And—Narcissa?"

He said, once and for all time: "She was just a dream—but never a real one. I knew that, today. You see, there was never anything wrong with her gas tank. I looked. I suppose she drained it when I wasn't looking—the ground beneath was soaked. I—I had two hours, Vandy, before you came—to face the fact that, because of her, I might lose you. I knew then—"

And Vandy? Vandy, the Bird Girl? She looked into his eyes and read the truth there, and into her heart rushed the flight of wings. Night was coming on—Brian's arm was useless—Narcissa, wailing and terrified, was somewhere to be found—they were lost, and Death had had its finger-tips upon them! But what did it matter! What did anything matter now, save Brian's lips on hers!

Smart Millinery

(*Continued from page 65*)

be worn this coming season. There is nothing so becoming for the wide, soft, garden type of hat, and nothing that falls into prettier lines.

In color, the hat must continue to be a part of the costume, but it no longer needs to match exactly either the coat or the dress with which it is worn. But if it does not match, it should contrast vividly, as a red hat does with a black coat.

Its Flavor—Its Delightful Consistency Is So Different

You'll relish this new breed of corn

DEL MAIZ
The New Sweet Corn

THE evolution of this new breed of corn is a story that excites the imagination. Years of effort to produce a finer quality of canned corn. Then the realization that Nature alone could solve the problem—12 long years of patient, expert seed breeding—and at last the evolution of a new and distinct variety of corn.

So different is this new breed from any you have ever known in the matter of flavor, texture and consistency, that it is hard to describe it. There are no standards by which to compare.

It has a delectable fresh corn taste all its own—big bodied, tender kernels, so tall, that in full cutting you get no cob chunks or other undesirable particles. And that rich, creamy consistency—how you will enjoy it!

We alone own the seed from which this new breed of corn is grown. It can not be duplicated anywhere. Every stalk is grown under the direct supervision of our own experts, each ear individually inspected, washed in clear running water, then cut, prepared by our own improved process and packed in sanitary enamel-lined tins. This insures a quality and uniformity that is unique in canned corn. You will readily appreciate all this as soon as you taste DEL MAIZ.

Serve it plain, or try it in this delicious recipe. **DEL MAIZ Oysters**

1 cup drained Del Maiz — 1 egg
¾ cup flour — Seasoning to taste

Beat egg until light, then add corn and flour. Add salt and pepper to taste. Fry in hot fat in a skillet until nicely browned on both sides. Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Should your grocer not yet have DEL MAIZ, send us 25c to defray shipping charges, and we'll send you prepaid two 11-oz. cans and a dozen delicious DEL MAIZ recipes.

MINNESOTA VALLEY CANNING CO.
Le Sueur, Minnesota

Minnesota Valley Canning Co.
Le Sueur, Minnesota

Enclosed find 25c for which send me prepaid, two 11-oz. cans DEL MAIZ and doz. delicious Del Maiz recipes.

Grocer's name .....
Grocer's address .....
My name .....
My address .....

In using advertisements see page 6

They need help *now*

in building their bones and teeth!

Do you know that the kind of bones and teeth your baby builds during the first year or two of life has much to do with his health and appearance in later years?

Whether he will have a well-shaped head, well-formed jaws and chin, a deep, full chest and straight legs; whether he will have sound, even, uncrowded teeth that will not decay easily—these all depend on the kind of bones and teeth he builds now.

He needs your help, even though he is breast-fed. Even though he looks strong and healthy, he needs an unfailing supply of one essential factor—Vitamin D—in order to build strong bones and sound teeth.

This factor can be supplied in two ways. From sunshine and *good* cod-liver oil.

If you could be sure that your baby had *enough* sunshine on his bare skin, you could protect him in that way.

But under modern living conditions this is almost impossible. Clouds, fog, smoke, and clothing shut out the protecting ultra-violet rays of sunshine.

The simplest way to supply this needed factor is to give your baby good cod-liver oil regularly. Bottled Sunshine!

In pointing out this need to mothers many physicians advise the use of Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil.

They recommend Squibb's because they know that the quality of oil makes a difference in the results obtained. And they know that Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is very rich in *two* vitamins.

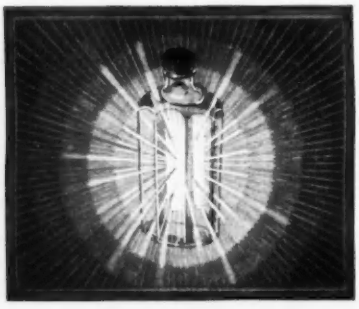
It is very rich in Vitamin D which helps to build good bones and teeth, and in Vitamin A which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

"Expectant mothers need it, too," say physicians

Bottled Sunshine, taken during pregnancy, will also help protect the mother's teeth.

For expectant and nursing mothers, older children and grown-ups, Squibb has prepared a new mint-flavored oil. It's easy to take, even by those of most sensitive taste!

You can get both kinds at all drug stores—Squibb's Plain and the new Mint-flavored Cod-Liver Oil.



In Bottled Sunshine — good cod-liver oil — is the element of sunshine that helps to build good bones and teeth

★ SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession Since 1858

Every mother should have the *Bottled Sunshine* booklet. It's FREE!

E. R. Squibb & Sons,
Dept. Y, 80 Beekman St., New York City
Please send me a copy of the *Bottled Sunshine* booklet—*free.*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

©E. R. S. & S. 1929

Smart Millinery

And a word about wearing the new hats: they are eased on the head, and they *fit* the head. This is the secret of the smartness of the Parisienne. All French milliners make the hat to order—it is fitted to the wearer's head before it is made, just as the finest dresses are fitted in Paris.

The forecast of spring fashions shows few fundamental changes. The line remains basically slender, but the whole effect is one of motion and animation, produced by flares, flounces, godets, and the like. One definite new point which may be unhesitatingly accepted, is that the waistline is decidedly higher, and decidedly more pulled in at the normal place. This is especially true for evening. The loose waistline, with a belt indicated somewhere near the hipbone, will look woefully out of date, and if you are slim enough, you should certainly see that the material of your evening gown is pulled or draped tightly at the natural waist, and also that the belt on your jumper is worn two inches higher than last season. There is even a greater reason than before for keeping thin, for certainly a tight waistline demands a graceful silhouette above and below it. A one-piece corselet will soften the curves below the waist of both the medium-slender and the stout—a precaution the new style makes advisable.

Skirt lengths remain uneven for evening, but for daytime and sports, although a shade longer this season, usually remain straight.

One of the most important and popular fashions for spring will be the elaborate silk ensemble. And cape-coats will be smart, especially when made without fur. The capes may be just to the hips for formal city wear, and just below the hips for sports wear on tweed coats, with here the cape separated down the back to keep the slim line. Small cape scarves of lamé, tulle, ermine, velvet, or chiffon are excellent for evening wear and graceful. These are newer in Paris than the jacket, although jackets will remain exceedingly smart for spring. They are worn with everything, three charming examples being shown on pages 66 and 67.

Blue, green, red, and black are the colors that will continue, with brown, of course, for sports and country wear. But yellow and pink are the *new* colors. The new pink is a pale, dull shade, and such a becoming color, especially for evening, that much popularity is prophesied for it. All shades of yellowish greens, all the yellows and burnt biscuit colors, will be good for day wear as well. One of the smartest colors worn on the street in Paris this winter was bright blue—often combined on a coat with blue fox. It has been a close second to black.

Making a Spring Hat

(*Continued from page 77*)

and across the diagonal end, leaving the lower edge free.

Next take a piece of grosgrain ribbon an inch wide and sew it invisibly in the front of your hat on the inside, from the point where the right-hand section turns up to the point where the left-hand one turns back. This is most important, as this ribbon will keep your hat from stretching and losing its shape.

Next, buy a thin silk lining and sew it in the hat. Or make your own lining as follows: Cut *on the bias* a strip of thin silk 7 inches wide and one inch longer than your head size. Make a half-inch diagonal seam in this, joining the two ends, and run a gathering thread ½ inch from one edge. From the same silk cut an oval section 6 inches long and 5 inches wide. Pin the gathered edge of the bias section to this oval section, pull up the gathers, and sew together. Turn under half an inch of the lower edge and pin this lining in your hat. Try on, adjust for depth, and sew in place.

A National Institute of Health

(*Continued from page 96*)

death-rate from tuberculosis has been so greatly reduced as to displace that disease from the head of mortality lists has led to the introduction, in the incipient stages of that disease, of out-door habits of life, nourishing food materials, and desired rest from violent exercise, which do so much toward lowering the death-rate of this once dreaded disease. From the budget point of view this justifies the desirability of necessary expenditures to bring into proper activity these immunizing methods. A dollar spent in immunizing a patient from tuberculosis, or removing the first incipient stages therein, grows to five or ten dollars of expenditure if the disease should be left to full development.

It is not at all out of the realm of probability to look forward in a few years in our own country to a time when the Public Health Service may claim still higher dignity. Numerous attempts have been made to secure both for education and public health the status of an executive character. As agriculture, after a long service as a mere independent bureau, became in 1888 an executive department, the change in dignity of the position worked wonders. At the time the Department of Agriculture became an executive department in the government, with a seat in the President's Cabinet, the total money voted by Congress for its maintenance was only a few million dollars. The influence of the Department grew rapidly after this elevation. What the Secretary of Agriculture said ought to be done carried much greater authority, and received much more serious consideration at the hands of Congress, than a similar recommendation made by a mere bureau chief. The Secretary of Agriculture has not only the ear of the President, but also the ears of his fellow members of the Cabinet. Even to a greater degree he has the ears of members of Congress. The total appropriations of the Department of Agriculture today are well on the way to $200,000,000 a year.

It is is not too much to expect that a Department of Health, once established, would equal if not surpass the record made by the Department of Agriculture, as its supreme importance became more generally appreciated by the public.

Men Who Approve the Bill

In the hearings which were held on this bill introduced by Senator Ransdell there was a unanimous approval of this purpose by all who appeared before the Committee. Among these were such important men as Dr. Charles H. Herty of the Chemical Foundation; Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York; Dr. Reid Hunt of Harvard University Medical School, and President of the Pharmacopœial Convention of the United States; Dr. A. H. Ebeling, President of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research; Professor Treat B. Johnson of Yale University; Dr. C. Willard Camalier, Member of the American Dental Association; Surgeon J. W. Kerr of the United States Public Health Service; Dr. A. M. Stimson, Assistant Surgeon, United States Public Health Service; Dr. Arthur T. McCormack, State Health Officer of Kentucky; and Dr. E. F. Kelly, Secretary of the American Pharmaceutical Association. No one appeared in opposition.

Eminent medical men who were not able to appear personally before the committee wrote letters in approval of the plan. Among these were Dr. W. J. Mayo, Dr. W. W. Keen, Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, Dr. George E. Vincent, Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Dr. Roy Lyman Wilber, and many others.

If you would do your part in protecting the health of your own children and the children of the future, place your approval of this bill before your Congressman and your Senators, so that when it comes up there will be no question of its passing.

COME ON, MOTHER— BE A SPORT

EYES SPARKLING with fearless happiness in the adventure of living—living that's all tomorrows with no yesterdays—all eagerness and no regrets; the infectious charm of outdoor health, skillful at everything, confident, enthusiastic, sane of outlook, wholesome—this is the modern daughter who is coaxing mother to be young again.

The world is having a hard time to keep up with this daughter of today. She wants the best, usually gets it and then wants something better. She will not tolerate the traditions and drudgeries which held her mother in bondage.

That is why young women everywhere have accepted Modess. Simply because it is better. The old way was senseless. Substitutes for the old way were lacking in pliancy.

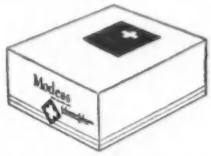
Modess is amazingly soft, yielding, conforming, non-irritating. It is safe. Disposable, of course. It was developed by Johnson & Johnson, world's leading maker of surgical dressings and adhesive tape. A remarkable new filler was invented—soft as down, highly absorbent. A way was found to soften the gauze and then to cushion it with a film of cotton for greater comfort. Sides are smoothly rounded.

Modess is deodorizing. Laboratory tests prove it to be far more efficient in this respect. Try Modess. Its gracious ease will delight you. You will appreciate its safety and deodorizing quality. It costs no more than you usually pay.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Two*

Modess
SO INFINITELY FINER



In using advertisements see page 6

NEW CHARM FOR YOUR HOME

Decorating is less a problem when you have the advice of experts. These illustrated folios by Good Housekeeping Studio will give you dozens of practicable and easily followed ideas. Check the list carefully for those you need.

- ☐ Garden Calendar (NEW) 50c
- ☐ Dining Rooms of Various Types for House and Apartment 25c
- ☐ Color in Your Home—with Charts in Full Color. $1.00
- ☐ Decorating Bedrooms for Every Member of the Family 25c
- ☐ Decorating Details and Terms You Ought to Know 25c
- ☐ Hand-Made Rugs, Hooked, Braided and Woven (revised) 25c
- ☐ A Typical Colonial House—Dr. Shippen's 25c
- ☐ How to Equip the Clothes Closet 25c
- ☐ How to Paint Furniture—How to Refinish Natural Wood Furniture 25c
- ☐ Carpets, Rugs and Floor Finishes 25c
- ☐ Furnishing and Decorating a Five-Room Home for Two Thousand Dollars 25c
- ☐ Decorative and Practical Treatments for Woodwork and Walls 25c
- ☐ Arranging Comfortable, Charming Living Rooms. 25c
- ☐ The Etiquette of Serving Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner 50c
- ☐ Dressing Tables, Bedspreads and Sofa Cushions (New) 25c
- ☐ Porches, Terraces, and Sun Rooms 25c
- ☐ A Spanish-Italian Living Room 25c
- ☐ An English Renaissance Living Room 25c
- ☐ Stenciling Furniture and Fabrics at Home 25c
- ☐ Lamp Shades and How to Make Them 25c
- ☐ Drapery Fabrics and Fashions for Windows and Doors 25c
- ☐ Smart New Slip Covers and How to Make Them. 25c
- ☐ The Ideal Living-Dining Room 25c
- ☐ The Principal Periods of Furniture Design Since the 12th Century 25c
- ☐ Early American Living-Dining Rooms and Bedrooms 25c

☐ **Artificial Leather Binder For Folios You Already Have $1.00**

Check those you want. Send stamps, check or money order (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City.

IRON GLUE

MENDS BOOKS

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, books, leather, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores, or 15c size by mail. Tubes and bottles. McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Now! **HANDY SERVE WAGONS *IN COLOR!***

Send for Free Circular

Beautiful new-style serve wagons. Chinese red, apple green, mahogany and walnut. Also unpainted. More uses than a tea wagon. Rubber wheels; sanitary moulding with open corners for cleaning. Sturdy construction; graceful lines; yet amazingly low in cost, only $11 to $13. Write today for free illustrated circular.

HANDY CHAIR & TABLE CO.,
80 Heywood St.
Springfield, Mass.

"Handy-Craft"

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Many Openings in Fashionable Hotels, Clubs, Apartments, Everywhere

YOU can be a hotel hostess. Opportunities everywhere in fashionable hotels, clubs, apartment houses, for women of all ages. Splendid salaries, fine living, luxurious surroundings in this fascinating profession. Previous experience unnecessary. Our easy method of special instruction will equip you for a splendid position and good salary. Nation-wide Employment Service Free of extra cost. Lewis students everywhere are winning success in this new profession for women. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment house in a fashionable section—salary $1,600 a year, with beautiful apartment for my girls and self." *Write today for Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY."*

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Sta. BJ-2413 Washington, D. C.
Charter Member of National Home-Study Council

"Viyella"

(Reg'd)

The Original Washable and Unshrinkable Flannel

"Viyella" comes in a charming selection of fast solid colors, stripes and plaids. It does not pull or stretch in sewing. It drapes beautifully to the mode and makes up smartly in whatever pattern you may select. It washes like a linen handkerchief and positively will not shrink.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Send for "Viyella" fashion sheet.

WM. HOLLINS & COMPANY, Inc.
386 Fourth Avenue
New York City

The Vice-President's Lady

(Continued from page 59)

Later I myself came to Washington to live, and one of the very first persons I met here was that same Aunt Dolly. Like her well-known brother, who is "Charlie" to all the old-timers on "The Hill," she is not one to be picked up by a handle with the people whom she likes. As Perm's friend I was lucky enough to have my name added to her list of friendly interests. Nor is there such difference in age between us as one might expect from a school companion of her niece, for Dolly is several years younger than her distinguished brother, and the daughter of another mother. Unlike the Senator and his two strikingly handsome brunette daughters, Dolly has light-brown hair and clear blue eyes. If it were not that, time and time again, guests of my own pick up her portrait from its resting place on my dressing-table and say, "What a splendid picture of *you!*" I'd be telling you that Dolly is a rather handsome woman, herself! But with that in mind, how can I?

The father of both Charles and Dolly was Oran Curtis of Topeka, whose first wife had been a young girl of the Kaw tribe, Hélène Pappan, three-quarters French and one-quarter Indian. She died when "little Lib" (now Mrs. Jerome Colvin of Topeka) was only a baby, and Charles himself was only three years old. When their father rode away to that War between the States then making bloody battleground of the debatable frontier, these two small motherless children were cared for by their grandparents Curtis, New England settlers on the dark and distracted soil of Kansas. In later years "Cap'n Oran" married again, a descendant of the illustrious John Jay and New York's best Livingston lineage, and Dolly Curtis is their only living child. Since babyhood, I believe, she has worshiped that flashing-eyed, dark, handsome half-brother, who started as a mere lad to blaze a trail of his own, which has now reached to within one step of the very White House door.

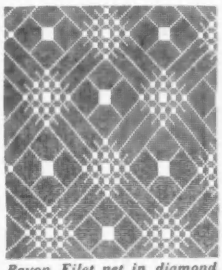
She Is a Good Neighbor

Many people who have once lived where "neighbor" is a real word become citified when they go to live in a great city. The necessary formalities of city life, the weakened human contacts, the endless distraction, the whole confusing pattern of multiform activity—all tend to weaken a once-rich sense of the closeness and interdependence of human life. Dolly Curtis, for all her thirty years in this distractingly busy city, has never for one moment forgotten the meaning and the flavor of true neighborliness. She continues still to neighbor the whole Sunflower State, I believe, for no one from that state seems to come to Washington who does not here meet and greet her. One who is "just an old friend" has not the last and slightest place, but first and most unslighted place, in any list of claims upon her time. Her enthusiasms and her loyalties are as fresh and as firm as of old, her faith in the essential decency of humankind apparently as unbroken.

With the Washington friends she loves best, she will run in, neighbor fashion, of a morning (breezing from "taking Billy to his office" or "dropping Brother for a conference at the White House") to swap a newly-learned tapestry stitch for a trick in Italian cut-work, to discuss with equally vivid zest the joys of a recently acquired electric ice-box or the tangled intricacies of some snarled situation in national politics. There is no bluff about this eminently sane and wholesome Lady from Kansas; there is no "high-hatting." Her mental vistas are uncramped as a prairie sky-line. Life histories of real men and women she has known, seen through their own eyes, are her more than five-foot shelf of favorite reading. To her Senator brother she is and always will be "Girl";

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

Filet net in modern design. 27 inches wide by the yard. Ivory and natural color.

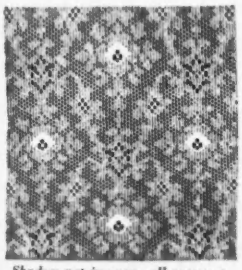


Rayon Filet net in diamond pattern. 23½ inches wide by the yard. Maize or peach color.

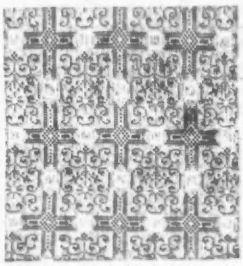
For women critical of their own curtains

SPRING . . . . . new curtains, surely. They are so much needed now. No better values in any Woolworth department than at the drapery counter. Buy nets by the yard. Make the curtains yourself. They cost so little and they wear so well. You can get the needed materials at nearly all Woolworth stores, and you have a wide choice of designs—filets and shadow patterns in ivory and natural colors. Try Woolworth's first this Spring.

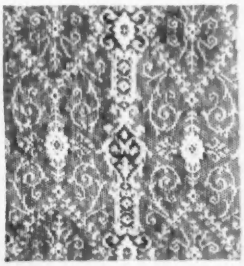
The panel net, shown here with fringe, is one of a number of such Woolworth designs. Also a wide choice of bullion fringe.



Shadow net in open, all-over pattern. 24 inches wide by the yard. Natural color.



Shadow net in block design. 23 inches wide by the yard. Ivory and natural color.



Shadow net in linear design. 23 inches wide by the yard. Ivory and natural color.

In using advertisements see page 6

FAMOUS FEET

© B. & B., 1929

how they're kept free from corns

NAOMI JOHNSON'S
Famous Feet

"Every one has to work 'under pressure' now and then. But why work under the pressure of a corn... with Blue-jay so handy?" ... asks Naomi Johnson, lovely "Vanities" girl.

• • •

Ending a corn with Blue-jay is gentle and sure. No danger of infection, as with self-paring. No guessing how much to use. Each Blue-jay has just the right amount of the soothing medicant to remove the corn. Relief is instant... for the cushiony pad stops shoe-pressure and pain at once. And shortly, the corn makes its adieu. Standard for 29 years; improved and finer than ever today. At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

The Vice-President's Lady

and though a woman mature, she is girlishly absolute in the loyal manner of her unselfish devotion both to his interests and to those of her capable, clever, Kentucky-bred husband.

Dolly Curtis married Edward Everett Gann, one-time Special Assistant to the Attorney General, while I was still living in Alaska. When I returned to Washington, I knew that I must expect to find many changes, but there was no change which interested me half so much in anticipation as to learn just what her marriage meant to this friend of mine, and what manner of man it was that she had married. Nor was I left long in doubt, for the first words Dolly said were,

"Mary Lee, I have married the finest man in the world!"

When I asked in some perplexity, "But why do you call him 'Billy' when his name is Edward Everett?" she replied with unanswerable feminine logic,

"Because I like to!"

Yet what she had said of the man was literally true, for it is a happily adjusted pair of humans who live at 3508 Macomb Street. In that part of Washington called Cleveland Park, on a hill overlooking the entire city and just across the street from Grover Cleveland's old home of "Red Top," Dolly has set up her household gods in a roomy, comfortable, essentially livable home. The garden in the rear looks out upon the high-spun Gothic lines and towering presence of the cathedral newly rising upon Mount Saint Albans. It is the topmost point of land about all Washington.

A Good Wife and a Good Sister

I believe that the second greatest pleasure Dolly Gann has known must be that fine friendship which has grown up between her husband and her brother—a friendship so sincere and so real that it is never necessary for her to divide or weigh or split in two her own loyalty to either or both. This friendship of two who (aside from a mutual and deep instinct for fine horseflesh) pick up both fact and fancy from such opposite angles, and yet so effectively complement and supplement one another, has been further and durably cemented by Dolly's generous act in throwing her new home open to her brother as his own, when the Senator's wife died. Capably and wholeheartedly, she transferred her brother's best-loved household treasures to rooms prepared under her own roof. There she has continued to create for him, as she had so long done before, that atmosphere of comfort and of freedom which the busy and often harried public man most needs. If there is any one today jealous of Dolly Gann's good fortune (though I know of no such jealousy) let that one consider well the long and unspectacular years of selfless planning and doing, rather than the apparent glitter of a present-day position.

But Dolly would be the last person in the world to admit or even to see that she had ever been either unselfish or kind, or done anything at all out of the ordinary; and if she were to read this, I can just hear her exclaim:

"Why, Mary Lee, how could you say that! I have had a perfectly glorious time all my life. Everybody has been wonderfully good to me, I have a world of the finest friends, and there are Billy and Brother and the youngsters (her brother's grandchildren). Why, I have everything a woman could ask!"

That would be just like Dolly.

It has been my good fortune to know a little of Mrs. Hoover, meeting her first with Mrs. Work on that memorable Alaska trip and later here in Washington. Though I have not known her intimately or well, or over a long period as I have known Dolly Curtis, I believe that I can justly say that both these fine American women, so dissimilar in many ways, are yet in certain aspects very alike. For they have both looked

Protect your babies against chills

Don't take chances with tricky March weather—protect your babies' health by dressing them in Duofold Health Underwear. The fabric of this unique garment is made of two thin *separate* layers. The outside layer contains wool combined with silk, rayon or cotton, for warmth and protection; the inside layer is made of soft cotton for comfort—no wool can touch or irritate the skin.

Duofold provides warmth without weight—greater health protection and wearing comfort than heavier, thicker underwear. Exquisitely made—they wear well, wash well and cost no more than other good garments. The Duofold line is complete—shirts, bands, binders, sleepers, union suits, etc. Ask for Duofold at your dealer's. If he hasn't it use the coupon below for descriptions of garments, prices, etc.

Duofold
***Health* Underwear**
Bands, Binders, Shirts, Union Suits, etc.

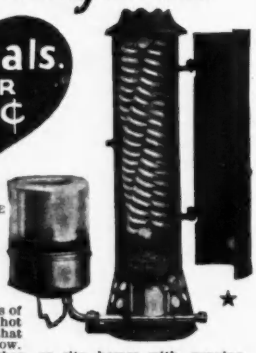
DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO. (G.H.M.)
Mohawk, N. Y.

Send descriptions, prices, Duofold for Infants and Children and free Booklet.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....State.....

Running Hot Water *For Every Home*

20 Gals. FOR 3¢



Approved by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, THE TRIBUNE INSTITUTE, PRISCILLA PROVING PLANT

The "Holyoke" Heater furnishes thousands of homes with hot water at a cost that is surprisingly low. Country, suburban or city homes with running water can benefit by this convenient method of having constant hot water at the turn of the faucet. Plumbers throughout the country are prepared to install it at a reasonable price.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Name.....
Address.....
G.H.M.
City.....*State*.....

HOLYOKE HEATER CO.
HOLYOKE, MASS.

The Vice-President's Lady

out on life steady-eyed, they have sanely and wisely sifted false values from true, and they have unshakenly held to what to them seemed real and quite as unshakenly discarded and put utterly out of mind all else beside. This inner sense of tested value creates in each of these two women a real poise because the personality is solidly built on bedrock. Both women buy and market with discernment; they are both notably successful home-makers, and both have contributed much more than mere background to the men whose fortunes they have valiantly furthered; both women look you straight in the eye as they speak, and both can talk straight talk without any bush-beating. Finally and what is more, both of them have widely flung and thoroughly tested groups of loyal personal friends.

A Notable Housekeeper

Dolly Curtis not only dresses smartly and well, but she takes a notable delight in the minutiæ of fine household appointments and conveniences, as intent in her way on smoothly functioned gear-shift and power transmission in the home on Macomb Street as her brother in the work of the United States Senate. I have been on many a marketing and shopping expedition with her and know first-hand that she buys intelligently and with an unspoiled sense of values. She is so skilled in thorough knowledge of Washington's best shops that her friends are constantly calling up to ask where one can best buy this or that. It is a trick of observation and of an orderly and ready-referenced mental filing of detail, comparable to her brother's long and unbroken Kansas record of infallibility in remembering name and face, recalling personal data. Either in social or political life, this trait is surely a treasure above rubies!

Though she loves fine things, and all the accessories of fine things, she has far too sound a realization of real values ever to be extravagant, and I am sure that the only "spending spree" she indulges in is when little Anne, Permelia's blonde and fairy-like small daughter, is staying with Aunt Dolly (as she often does, for she is their god-child and a great favorite with both Aunt Dolly and Uncle Billy) and the tall, blue-eyed woman and the small, blue-eyed child go a-shopping for dainty Anne's clothes. Oh dear, oh dear!—then they simply don't know when to stop, and small Anne comes back home star-eyed, newly accoutered from hair-bow to slipper toe.

Because Dolly Gann's main interest always has been people, real people, you would find her equally at home in any American setting, East or West. Since girlhood she has known and follows with her brother's fortunes that stiff game, politics, and to her a Republican Convention is as thrilling as the sport of kings. Win or lose, it is the game that counts, and Dolly enters into that great arena of mass-organized thought as sincerely as she enjoys the quiet and unroped square of the bridge table—and she plays a corking bridge game!

And now she is to be the Vice-President's Lady—not that being all of that will make a speck of difference with Dolly. She has lived too long in Washington and has seen too many revolutions of the political wheel, to get hot and buttered over anything like that! She'll be running in of a morning much as usual, I suspect—perhaps a little busier now, perhaps forced to delegate some of those conscientious but fascinating visits to Washington's Center Market. Perhaps she may be forced to take on a chauffeur for her big blue car—though not, I'm sure, unless it should be absolutely necessary, for she enjoys too well handling of the car herself. She is my own despairing admiration in Washington's tight down-town traffic jams when, at four-thirty, the United States Government starts for home. Every day she takes that husband of hers to his office

FOOT PAINS GONE QUICKLY
OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says many foot pains result from weakened muscles that permit the foot bones to become displaced and press against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Now a way is discovered to assist and support these muscles while holding the bones in position. Pains stop almost at once when this amazing band, the Jung Arch Brace, is used. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. An exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift is provided and urgently advised for severe cases. Worn with any style footwear. There is nothing stiff to further weaken muscles or cause discomfort.

Results delight you beyond belief. Usually band may soon be discarded. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists find results so satisfactory that they urge its use.

Wear it 10 days; if not delighted, your money returned.

1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and supports weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops quickly.

Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. **Write for free book on foot troubles.**

FREE if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co., 693 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send one pair of braces marked below:
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR *SEVERE* CASES —with cushion lift	FOR *MILD* CASES —without cushion lift
☐ BANNER (*medium*) $2	☐ WONDER (*medium*) $1
☐ VICTOR (*long*) $2.50	☐ MIRACLE (*long*) $1.50

☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Canada: 185 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices.

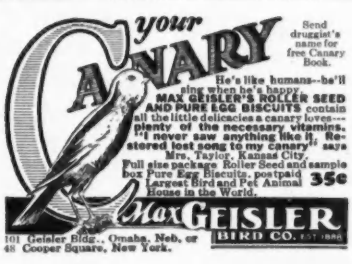
JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

Adv't

Stop that toilet leak!

A Starkey Rim Tank Stopper, the new sure-seal Doughboy type tank ball, will do it. Guaranteed to stop annoyance and expense of leaking toilets caused by tank ball trouble for at least 3 years. One size fits all low-down tanks; easily installed; no extra equipment needed. If not at your dealer's send $1 to **Star B. Mfg. Co., 1054 Wagner Ave., Phila., Pa.**



Send druggist's name for free Canary Book.

He's like humans—he'll sing when he's happy. **MAX GEISLER'S ROLLER SEED AND PURE EGG BISCUITS** contain all the little delicacies a canary loves—plenty of the necessary vitamins. "I never saw anything like it. Restored lost song to my canary" says Mrs. Taylor, Kansas City.

Full size package Roller Seed and sample box Pure Egg Biscuits, postpaid. Largest Bird and Pet Animal House in the World.

35¢

Max GEISLER BIRD CO. EST. 1896

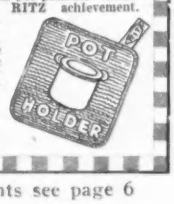
101 Geisler Bldg., Omaha, Neb. or 48 Cooper Square, New York.

Cleaning **RITZ** Aids

POT HOLDERS IN COLOR

The most useful kitchen aid for handling hot pots, dishes and as iron holders, etc. And now we make them ornamental, too. Come in Gold, Green, Blue and Red. Made of Terry Fabric—thick, soft, heat-resisting and yet pliable. Washable, of course. Another RITZ achievement. The gift or prize that pleases.

Ask your department store, housefurnishing or hardware shop for them—or send 75c with name of dealer for set of four in above colors. Descriptive booklet on request.



"SOLD WHERE HOUSEKEEPERS ARE PARTICULAR"

JOHN RITZENTHALER
73 Franklin Street, New York, N. Y.

In using advertisements see page 6

Keep the Health Squad on duty . . . through the *Danger Months*

By giving this food-combination make sure that these four policemen guard your child's health

You can visualize the four vitamins as four policemen. They stand guard against disease. They promote health. Yet even when you plan your meals for vitamin-content you cannot always be sure of getting enough vitamins.

But now you no longer have to guess about vitamins. Some months ago, a biological chemist of recognized standing (name and copies of his report furnished on request) reported that a simple food-combination prepared by adding Maltine With Cod Liver Oil to orange juice, contained the four vitamins—A, B, C and D in adequate quantity for health. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil added to orange juice will furnish your child simple and *effective* protection against the diseases that follow vitamin deficiency. Keep a bottle in the kitchen cabinet and see that your children take it regularly.

Write for
"The Doctor Talks about Vitamins"

Medical men have acclaimed this brilliantly-written booklet one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of vitamins. Its every-day language is interesting as well as authoritative. May we send you a free copy? The Maltine Company, Brooklyn, N.Y. Established 1875.

The A B C's of vitamins

A "Officer A" *is essential to normal growth and helps protect against certain infections, especially those that attack the respiratory system. Cod liver oil is the recognized richest available source of Vitamin A.*

B "Officer B" *is also necessary for growth and health. Lack of Vitamin B results in loss of appetite, a cessation of growth, and the appearance of certain nervous disorders. Vitamin B is found in whole wheat grains.*

C "Officer C" *prevents scurvy. Orange juice is everywhere recognized as very rich in Vitamin C. That's why we recommend this policeman.*

D "Officer D" *enables the body to use the minerals contained in food. A deficiency of Vitamin D causes rickets, that weakener of child bones. This factor is meager or lacking in all our ordinary foods. Cod liver oil is nature's gift of rich Vitamin D.*

Maltine★

WITH COD LIVER OIL

Accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association

The Vice-President's Lady

(he is a lawyer of large affairs here) and stops for him every evening. I'm hoping that being the Vice-President's Lady won't utterly break into that generous habit. It is a far too fine expression of devotion in this day of loosely-woven marriages.

Loyal to Her Servants

Loyalty without stint has its own good way of coming home to roost, as loyalty returned in kind; and Dolly Curtis has been well and loyally served in that portion of the home where so many of us today find loyalty a vanished rarity—the kitchen. While there is nothing about the house, to my certain knowledge, which this capable woman can not do herself, if necessary—and do it surpassingly well, for her standards of a well-kept house are high—this very knowledge and these very standards have bred in her two house-servants of long service and old tradition a respect which the years seem to intensify. She has played fair with them, and they unceasingly play fair with her.

Minna and Johnson, cook and butler-handyman, are a pair who have repaid consideration with consideration, again and again. I have known Dolly to change the date of a dinner to be given for important cabinet members when that date was found to conflict with a church supper in which Minna was interested.

"She is a leader, you know, in their church, and it would not be fair to keep her from it. Of course, I could get a caterer in, but Minna takes such pride in doing things just right, and it would break her heart to have some one else come into her kitchen."

The other side of the coin turned up when Dolly was in the hospital three years ago, recovering from an operation. When she returned home, she found that Minna and Johnson, absolutely "on their own hook," had spring-house-cleaned the entire place from attic to basement, and so thoroughly that even Dolly's orderly eye could find no single flaw. There was a tangible something, indeed, far removed from perfunctory service.

Yet no woman I have known in all my own rambling enjoys more than she the fine technique of the formal and elaborate dinner, the appointments of a perfect luncheon, and that incalculable tangent of richly varied personality impinging on the curve of a truly festive board. Now the "vice" of the vice-presidential term comes, as you will remember, from a Latin word meaning "in place of," "instead of." Aside from presiding regularly over the United States Senate and knowing the lines as understudy to the President (standing ready in the wings should some swift stroke of mishap remove the great Star Actor from the stage), the third chief function of our vice-president is to entertain and be entertained by official and diplomatic Washington as Presidential proxy and contact man for the administration. This last phase of official life falls most heavily upon the Vice-President's Lady, and for it Dolly Curtis is singularly apt, equipped in both temperament and training.

You may say, and with strict justice, that I am speaking with friendly bias and appreciation, but without cool and critical impartiality of analysis. That is true, for as a friend this woman is in fact above criticism. If I were to attempt the other method I could not succeed, however, because her own words would stop me short. Haven't I her own reproof for the over-salt of hypercriticism yet ringing in my ears?

The other day, on one of her morning runins, I mentioned a mutual acquaintance whose recent actions had seemed to me most reprehensible. As I went on, rather caustic in cut and probe, I noticed that Dolly looked uncomfortable, uneasy, and at last downright unhappy. I brought up short.

"I am trying to analyze this thing, Dolly,

The Vice-President's Lady

and to find out *why* she did it, for what she did seems inexcusable. Don't you feel so?"

"No," she said slowly, looking down and plucking at the chair arm thoughtfully, "no, I don't feel that way—about any one. You remember what happened when little Curtis got hold of his great-uncle's watch last summer? Well, it seems to me that so often when we take a friend to pieces to see how things work inside of them, we just don't know enough to put them back together right, and then there's nothing left for all our pains but useless scrap metal. I'm not clever enough to do it right, you see, so I just don't try."

There was an analysis, searching enough in its scope and yet with a great-hearted human kindliness behind it that I for one shall not soon forget. I thought to myself, "Dolly, my friend, you are a far more clever woman than I, in spite of your denial."

Her long and successful alliance with her successful brother has shown her as quite capable of the involved, detailed, and exhaustive analysis of individuals, of groups, or of motives. But this has been an inner process, more than half intuitive, I imagine, not any matter for the raw work of syllogism — a process, too, not often projected into speech, and then for no less intimate discussion than with those two wise and close-counseled men she most cares for. Her deep-bedded interest in people is a constructive interest, and is likely to remain so.

"Panning" Her Character

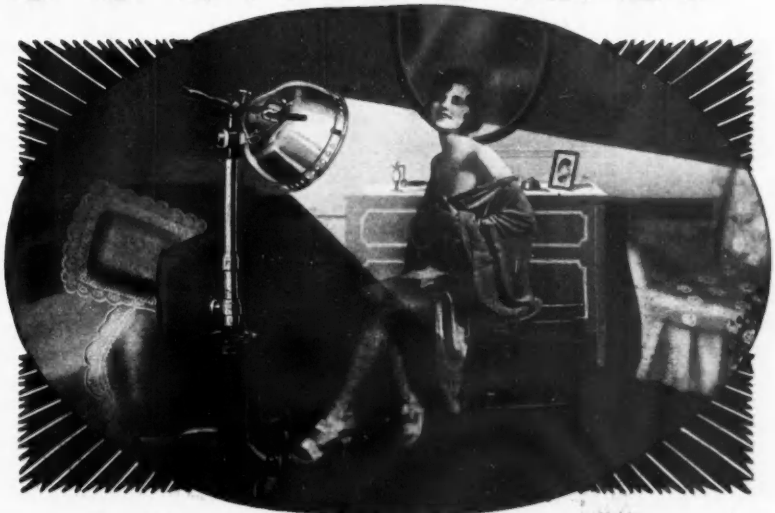
In the North, when a group of prospectors gather around a winter's fire to talk of this and that—including their fellow miners—they say afterward, "We took him to a panning," meaning that they have figuratively put the raw material of a man's character in a prospector's wide-lipped metal pan and shifted it back and forth and back and forth, until the pure and virgin gold is separated from the gravel and the sand and the red-black dust of garnet, and can be evaluated and assayed with almost absolute accuracy.

So I have taken this friend of mine "to a panning"—not in criticism, but in due appreciation of the karat value in true character gold. For I realize that now she belongs no longer simply to her group of personal friends, wide though that group is, but as the Vice-President's Lady she belongs to all the women of the nation, a symbol of American womankind. It is my wish that you, too, may appraise that true gold, as do those who know and love her.

Here is a woman tested, not only in the hard primary grades of political a-b-c, but a post-graduate of that school; a woman who has also won and received advanced degrees in the stiff regimen of Washington's official social life, and played that rôle, too, with sportsmanship and honor; a woman tried as well in the broad, basic, human qualities and found decidedly *not* wanting there in ever-rich values of loyalty, friendship, and efficient service—gifts that have richly grown with frequent use; a woman reared in America's own geographic heart, the tenor of whose life has kept steadily in tempo with that pulse-beat. Everything I have ever seen her undertake has been done wholeheartedly, for she knows no half-way house in thought or action, no confused loyalties, no partial allegiances. Hence I wager that she will shirk no aspect of this new responsibility.

In title, I admit to old-fashioned bias, in that I admire the flavorsome, baronial, colonial usage of the fine but misused word of lady. "She who looks after the loaf," she who keeps safe for him her knight's high castle, she who appears upon his arm at court as the woman he delights to honor—all these ancient formal usages and overtones may be heard sounding in the fair word of lady, and by all of these Dolly Curtis Gann may this day fairly be entitled "The Vice-President's Lady."

Science Now Says: "SUNLIGHT!"-



~for HEALTH·BEAUTY·YOUTH!

A COMPLEXION glowing with the rosy hue of health—eyes that sparkle—hair with a glossy lustre, thick and luxuriant—these are the true attributes of natural beauty. Science now brings them within the reach of every woman, and in a sensible, safe, delightful new way.

Beauty depends largely on good health, and to have good health you MUST get sufficient *pure* sunlight. For *pure* sunlight builds rich red blood—tones up the entire system, clears the skin, builds resistance to disease, and gives you the glowing energy and appearance of radiant youth.

CARBON ARC A SMALL SUN

Special Despatch to the World

WASHINGTON—The carbon arc is the chief rival of the sun as a dispenser of illumination, according to the Bureau of Standards. Of all artificial illuminants, the bureau finds, the arc gives the nearest approach to sunlight.

The beneficial effects of sunshine cannot be obtained at all times, it is pointed out. Hence the bureau has been trying to discover a source of ultra-violet radiation that has most nearly the same ultra-violet spectral energy distribution as the sun.

Sunlight at Home

Outdoor sunlight at its best is fickle. Rain, clouds, smoke, fog, as well as clothing, screen out the little ultra-violet that filters down to us. We can not spend hours outdoors with our bodies exposed to the sun's rays. And we do not need to, for sunlight at home is now a REALITY, made possible by science.

A few minutes spent each day with the new Battle Creek SUNARC Bath will amaze you with its results. It gives you new energy, new strength—tones up the entire system—adds sparkle to your eyes—rich natural color to your cheeks. You feel made-over. Consult your Doctor about the benefits of artificial sunlight—just as beneficial as natural sunlight.

Send for Free Book

Keep the entire family fit by periodic sun-bathing the SUNARC way. Write TODAY for "Sunshine and Health," a fascinating new book, telling how you can enjoy SUNARC Baths—right in your own home. Send for your copy—TODAY!

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Dept. 1927-X Battle Creek, Mich.

"Sunshine at the Snap of a Switch"

Battle Creek SUNARC *Bath*

© 1929 S. E. Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

Saves Frequent Trips to Outside Garbage Can

THE Sanette is one of the most appreciated modern kitchen necessities because it stands conveniently near,—beneath the sink,—has large capacity, is odorless, saves many steps to outside garbage can and does away with dripping on kitchen floor.

It harmonizes attractively with the modern kitchen because it is finished in choice of gay, popular colors, green, yellow, red or blue . . . or in snow-white enamel. Fitted with 3 gallon leak-proof galvanized inner pail, easily removed.

Sold by leading department store and hardware dealers. If your dealer can not supply, send check or money order for $3.00 (25c extra west of Mississippi River; $4.25 in Canada). We pay shipping charges. Master Sanette, 5 gal. capacity, $5.00. (In the West and South $5.50.)

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Ask your dealer to show you the new Wastette kitchen waste paper basket (shown in picture at left) to match the Sanette.

MASTER METAL PRODUCTS, Inc
295 Chicago St., Buffalo, N. Y.

SANETTE

Patapar
Cookery Parchment

Try a full month of waterless cooking *this inexpensive way*

Now you can enjoy the delightful results of waterless cookery at a fraction of the usual costs. Just place your vegetables, fish or meat, with seasonings, in a sheet of Patapar cookery parchment . . . . and cook as usual. No water enters. Nothing escapes. Your foods *cook in their own juices!*

It is simple, easy, and economical. No expensive utensils. Just a sheet of Patapar and an ordinary pot.

Patapar comes ten large sheets to the envelope. Each sheet can be used over and over again. Priced at 35c per envelope (40c west of Denver).

Ask for Patapar today at your favorite department, meat, or grocery store, or order direct.

Booklet free!

The Paterson Parchment Paper Company, Patapar Division, Passaic, N. J. GH. 39

Please send the booklet, "Vegetable Parchment Comes into the Kitchen" . . . and recipes . . . **Free.**

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

My favorite shop is .....

Reach for the can of Pecan Kernels

GOLD MEDAL SHELLED PECANS are always ready for instant use, whether for eating or for use in making cakes, candies, salads, or other delicious dishes. No cracking. No trouble. No waste or dirt. The kernels are sweet and fresh as the day they came from the grove because vacuum packing retains all their flavor intact. 2½-oz., 4-oz., and 8-oz. cans.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 25c. We will mail you, postpaid, a regular 2½-oz. can of these selected pecans and a booklet of delicious pecan recipes.

SOUTHLAND PECAN COMPANY, Inc.
Columbus, Georgia, U. S. A.

GOLD MEDAL SHELLED PECANS

Comfort, Color, and Charm in a Small Closet

(Continued from page 53)

shoe shelf is another broader shelf, and below that are two sliding trays which could be used with great satisfaction by a man, if the closet is being shared. They are particularly nice for shirts. If you wish, a sliding partition can be put in one to hold socks, etc., separate from underwear. If necessary, a small shelf could be put above the surbase to hold more shoes. Whatever the arrangement, shoes should never be allowed to remain on the closet floor, as they are in the way and become dusty unless conveniently arranged on shelves or racks. So much for the construction and the comfortable aspects of the closet.

Since the closet is something which is in constant use, and opens into the room, it should be made as attractive as possible. In this instance, the walls, door, and all the woodwork were painted a rose color which matched the rose of a flower in the wallpaper of the room. The shelves have flat pads covered with semi-glazed chintz placed on them as a protection, while a side-plaited quilling, with pinked edges top and bottom, and finished at the top by a rose-colored rickrack braid, is invisibly tacked in place under one of the plaits. Padded hangers, as well as hat-stands, of velvet or silk to match the color scheme, should be a part of the closet. In this instance, the hangers and hat-stands are of green-blue velvet trimmed with pink and pink ribbon flowers. Both the stands and the hangers could be covered in less expensive materials and yet be most attractive. Attractive calicoes, chintzes, bits of ribbon—in fact, any attractive material regardless of cost—could be used.

Garment Bags

Garment bags are a subject in themselves. Attractive ones to protect the clothing from the dust and sun are easily made. These bags are curved a bit at the top to conform to the shape of the hanger, with a small opening in the center for the hook to pass through. They are cut straight across the bottom and a little longer than the garment in order not to wrinkle the lower edge.

There are several ways of making the bottom of the bags dustproof.

(1) A flap may be turned up and fastened by buttons and buttonholes or by several snappers.

(2) A draw-string run through a casing may be used. This type of bag should be cut quite a little longer than the garment, otherwise the lower edge of a dress will be mussed by drawing up the string of the bag.

(3) The bag may open down the front and fit around the garment like a coat. It is fastened across the bottom and down the length with snappers. This same type may be made so that it is open only about two-thirds of the way down, and the bottom is closed.

In making clothing bags, it is best to use a close-weave fabric, as it is more dust-proof than the looser weaves. Cretonnes, percales, linens, sateens, ginghams, and glazed chintzes are attractive and durable. Glazed chintz, particularly the semi-glazed, is excellent, as the shiny surface sheds the dust instead of absorbing it.

A plain-colored material, either chintz or linen, piped with a contrasting color, a gay-patterned fabric outlined with a bright sateen piping, or the always cheery striped and checked ginghams, offer endless means of making garment bags attractive.

Tar bags may be obtained in all sizes to guard furs and woolens through the summer months. They may be substituted for the fabric bags or slipped on over them. It is a great deal better to allow winter clothing to remain on hangers than to pack it away in boxes and chests. The clothes are more readily accessible and less mussed when hung in bags, and they are better protected from moths.

"If you want muffins like mine — use Cream of Tartar Baking Powder . . "

says Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen

MRS. IDA BAILEY ALLEN, *internationally known food expert and cooking authority, whose talks are broadcast from New York over the Columbia network.*

"I WOULDN'T think of using a baking powder that was not made with Cream of Tartar," said Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, offering one of her feather-light, golden brown muffins just out of the oven.

"Butter and eggs cost a good deal these days. And my time is worth real dollars and cents. It would be poor economy, wouldn't it, to risk failure just to save a penny on baking powder?

"Besides, there's the difference in flavor. My tongue is a pretty good detective. I can tell when another baking powder has been used instead of Royal. Cream of Tartar never gives a bitter flavor."

Mrs. Allen's praise adds weight to what the other experts say. "Cream of Tartar baking powder is the best from the health point of view," say physicians of standing. "Most healthful," testify hospital dietitians.

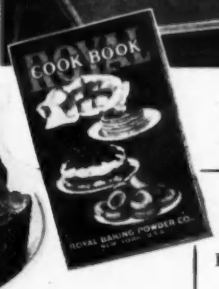
Make sure that *you* are getting Cream of Tartar baking powder. There is only one nationally distributed baking powder made with Cream of Tartar. That one is Royal Baking ★ Powder.

Use Royal always. Then you're *sure* . . . of purity . . . of delicious flavor . . . of perfect success every time.

1. Measure 2 cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar into sifter. Sift together into bowl. Break 2 eggs into dry ingredients.

2. Add 1 cup milk a little at a time to make a rather stiff batter. With a light motion, beat well until smooth. Add 4 tablespoons melted and cooled shortening. Then mix well by stirring and *do not beat*.

3. Half fill greased muffin tins and bake in hot oven at 400° F. 18 to 20 minutes. Always serve muffins hot in a napkin on hot plate and immediately after taking from the oven. Muffins are excellent served with butter and maple syrup—or with honey. Keep any left-over muffins and split, toast and butter them for luncheon, tea or supper.



WHERE EGGS ARE EXPENSIVE, a great saving can be effected by reducing the number of eggs and using ½ teaspoon Royal Baking Powder for each egg omitted. These muffins are delicious made exactly as above without any eggs and using 4 teaspoons Royal in place of 3.

FREE . . *Complete Cook Book Nearly 350 Recipes*

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
Dept. C, 103 East 42nd St., New York City

Please send my free copy of your Royal Cook Book.

Name_____

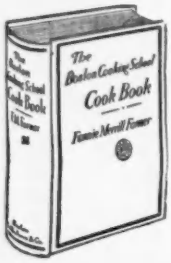
Address_____

City_____ State_____

In using advertisements see page 6

The Best Seller of All Cook Books

FOR 32 YEARS AMERICA'S LEADING COOK BOOK—



THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL COOK BOOK

By

FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

This famous volume contains 2677 recipes, all tested at Miss Farmer's famous school of Cookery in Boston, with chapters on the cold-pack method of canning, drying fruits and vegetables; helpful hints to young housekeepers; tables of weights and measures; menus, food values, and time tables for cooking by temperatures.

808 Pages. With 122 illustrations. Cloth Binding. Price $2.50

For sale at all Booksellers, or of the Publishers:

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Dept. S., 34 Beacon St., Boston

Where's the can of

PLASTIC WOOD?

[Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.]

The North wind doth blow, and keeps blowing right through the edges of the window casing. Stop the drafts with Plastic Wood—force it in the cracks around the frame—it handles like putty and hardens into solid wood—and anyone can use it. Use it for cracks around the baseboard too, under door sills, in floors—wherever the cold air seeps in. It is waterproof and weatherproof, adheres firmly, and takes paint or varnish perfectly.

If Plastic Wood needs thinning, or hardens too rapidly, add a few drops of Plastic Wood Solvent. At dealers, in 25 cent and 50 cent cans.

Handles like Putty

Hardens into Wood

1 lb. can $1.00 ¼ lb. can 35 cts.

At Hardware and Paint Stores

ADDISON-LESLIE COMPANY

513 Bolivar St. Canton, Mass.

Astonishing what a *perfect* patch—as lasting as the wall itself—you can make with Rutland Patching Plaster. And so easy to use! Just mix with water, then fill the crack or hole. Anyone can do it in a few minutes. At all paint, wall-paper and hardware stores. Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vermont.

Rutland Patching Plaster

Love and Marriage

(Continued from page 23)

suffers by the comparison, she will herself suffer some day if she disregards it. If his vocation means less to her than his avocation, his problems less than his pleasures, his quiet moods less than his gay ones, he himself will mean less to her before long. For life, after all, is apt to contain more rain than moonlight, more privation than wealth, more work than play, and conditions which seem objectionable before marriage will seem much more so afterward. In like measure, if a girl does not enjoy talking to a man, and listening to him talk, if they do not think together—though not necessarily alike—if they are not striving toward a wider mental horizon by study and experience, the time will come when holding hands will seem extremely tame. If there is not, in a man's character, some attribute which challenges a girl to greater sweetness and strength than she had attained before she knew him, the time will come when his lips against hers will leave her cold.

Are You Really In Love?

Do not think, however, because I am stressing the need for mental and spiritual companionship, that I underestimate for a moment the importance of physical attraction. On the contrary, it is such a great factor in wedded happiness that I fully and firmly believe no marriage should ever be contemplated unless this attraction is great. The question which a young girl asks herself should not be, "Can I be happy if I become this man's wife?" but, "How can I possibly find life worth living if I do not?" This is especially true of the young. A middle-aged widow or spinster may—and often does—successfully build the foundations of her marriage on no other foundations than those of respect and affection; that is possible because the most emotional part of her life is already behind her. But the young girl who marries without being deeply in love with her husband runs the risk of finding her feelings really stirred for the first time by some other man, and of suffering as she has never dreamed it possible to suffer, because she is not free to follow the dictates of her heart. This is the greatest, but it is by no *means the only, consideration. There* are many others. Marriage itself can not transform life, making it seem less hard, less bitter, less lonely, less sorrowful than it otherwise would be. Only marriage illumined by love can do that—the kind of marriage in which "every joy is doubled, and every sorrow shared."

Perhaps you will think me hopelessly old-fashioned—though I hope you will not—when I say next that I feel a man and a girl should not usually marry, no matter how much they love each other and how happy they think they will be together, unless they hope and expect to establish a home and found a family. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule; but, generally speaking, the young couple who are deliberately homeless and deliberately childless are tampering to an unpardonable degree with the deep, underlying principles of human welfare and human joy. The family, not the individual, is the unit upon which nations are built; and lest this comparison seem too impersonal to be appealing, let me add that it is also the unit in which the greatest amount of personal happiness is to be found in the long run.

But when I say that you should establish a home, I do not mean that you must necessarily have a trim little bungalow in a brand-new suburb, if your destiny does not point that way. You can found a home in a city apartment—your own city or a city half-way around the world, if that is where your husband's work calls him—and you. Mrs. Hoover is a shining example of a woman who has achieved this. A home is possible—literally—on the top of the Himalaya Mountains or the middle of the Sahara Desert; it may be a palace or a cottage, a houseboat or a tent. That is comparatively

Love and Marriage

immaterial. The thing that really matters is the homelike spirit which animates it, and which is practically impossible of attainment in a boarding-house or hotel. There are surprisingly few places in the world—fewer and fewer all the time—where children can not safely be reared; certainly there are almost none where the average young couple are likely to go; and the beauty and permanence of any home are insured a hundredfold if there are little children pattering through it, playing with scattered blocks, splashing in small tubs, drinking milk from deep cups, kneeling down beside little white beds at night to say simple prayers. Maternity pays the largest return of any investment I know; paternity pays one almost as great.

Sometimes a girl, deeply in love, makes the heartrending discovery that the man for whom she cares has what is generally known as a "past." Such discoveries are, I believe, much rarer than they used to be, and they will probably be rarer still in the future. The ideal of the "single standard" has been raised not only by the reformer and the educator, but by the physician and the force of public opinion. The boy who knows—as most boys do know nowadays—that sin is likely to bring misery and suffering to his future wife and children is much less likely to succumb to temptation than the one who believes—as most boys used to believe—that they alone reaped the harvest of their "wild oats." They know, too, that society regards their weaknesses with a much less lenient eye than it did a generation ago; and the result of all this is most salutary. Nevertheless, there is still many a man whose past is not entirely to his credit; and unless he has put this wholly behind him, unless his *present* is clean and irreproachable, the dice are loaded against the woman who trusts her life to him. If a girl has strength and sweetness enough, she may forgive a man whose repentance is sincere and complete a good deal; she may forget, and help him to forget, that he has ever erred; she may prove the lodestar which leads him to a better life. But she may not, with impunity, make light of a sin in which he still indulges. Above all, she may not do so before she marries him, and turn against him because of it afterward; for when she does, the price of her cowardice is blood-money wrung from her heart.

Are You Prepared for Marriage?

It is quite right that a girl contemplating marriage should give a good deal of thought to the character of the man she loves. But she should not forget that he, in his turn, has a right to expect certain qualifications in his wife. Therefore, since I know you are earnest in this matter, ask yourself honestly if you could meet such a test. Are you physically strong and well, and if not, is there something you can do to improve your health? Only in rare instances does an invalid make a real helpmeet for a young and active man. Do you know the rudiments of housekeeping; and if not, are you willing to learn—and practise—them? "Bread and cheese and kisses" make an unsatisfactory menu for a permanent diet; and even if you do not expect to do all your own work—though let me remind you that something like eighty-seven percent of all American women accomplish this feat—you can not direct any one else to do something which you can not do yourself. Are you mentally the equal of the man you love, and if not, will you be "that inferior person he married before he began to climb" by the time he is middle-aged and successful, or can you climb with him? Have you frittered away the first freshness of your youth in light "affairs" which have no relation at all to real love, and if so, have you the courage to tell him this and let him decide whether it makes any difference in his feeling for you? Is there anything about yourself, or your family, which he does not know, and which he might find shame or sorrow in learning after he had married you? Is it easy for you to confess your

Pitifully Scalded-

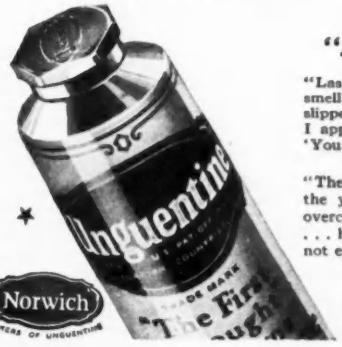
It may be your child tomorrow

In the midst of play, a heart-rending cry! A child's body hideously burned . . . pitiful hours of pain. And always—the danger of frightful scars.

Grim menace of childhood! No other single cause of injury and death takes so heavy a toll . . .

Be ready to heal burns instantly. Unguentine is the *antiseptic* surgical dressing 8 out of 10 hospitals use for all burns, cuts and bruises. It soothes pain, checks danger of infection. Clean healing starts almost at once. And almost certainly—*no scars!*

Buy Unguentine today. At your druggist's—50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. G-3, Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.



". . . and no scars left at all"

"Last Christmas my 3-year-old son climbed up to smell a pan of hot soup on the stove. The chair slipped and down he came, scalding soup and all . . . I applied Unguentine freely . . . The doctor said, 'You couldn't have done better.'"

* *

"The boys had lit a bonfire, when suddenly Sidney, the youngest, fell. A passer-by rolled him in his overcoat, saving his life. We used Unguentine freely . . . his left side was horribly burned. Now there is not even a scar."

Now—Unguentine Soap, too. **Bland and soothing. It rapidly clears up the blemished complexion—particularly when burns, cuts or bruises have left the skin irritated and sensitive.**

In using advertisements see page 6

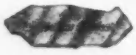
The Waterless Cooker

HEALTH
for the Whole Family—
CONVENIENCE for YOU

There's a tempting tastiness about meals prepared in *The Waterless Cooker* that brings the whole family trooping to the table without being called twice. Cooked only in their own rich juices, meats and vegetables keep their full, natural flavors.

Cooked without water—Nature's nutritious, health-giving elements are not dissolved and poured away. The lime for the bones and teeth, iron for the blood, iodine to regulate the glands—and the precious vitamins—remain in the food.

Meals are far easier to prepare. Meat, vegetables and dessert *cook at one time*, over *one* low burner *—without watching*. Patented clamps anchor the cooker's cover firmly, retaining the steam for perfect cooking, without drying or scorching. *The Waterless Cooker* leaves you free to do other things until meal time.



Look for the Name on the Cover

The Waterless Cooker is designed and manufactured solely by the West Bend Aluminum Co. Before you buy, be sure the name, *The Waterless Cooker*, is stamped on the cover.

The BEST COOKS use Aluminum

A Guarantee Registry Card *comes with The Waterless Cooker. The purchaser mails this card to us and thereby also becomes a member of the West Bend Home Service Club. As such you are entitled, at any time, to call upon our Home Service Department for information on cooking.*

There's Only ONE—and WEST BEND Makes It

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO.
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

Also manufacturers of more than 250 other high-grade aluminum cooking utensils

Made in sizes suitable for either large or small families. Whole meal pans, of extra large capacity, for vegetables and dessert. Plenty of room under the inset pan for meat and potatoes.

Price Complete $5.90 and up

West Bend Aluminum Co., West Bend, Wis.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, complete information about The Waterless Cooker. ★

Name .....

Address .....

March 1929 Good Housekeeping

Love and Marriage

own faults and forgive his? How much do you want him to give you, and how much are you willing to give up for him? Have you pride without vanity, poise without conceit, self-assurance without aggressiveness, modesty without prudishness, generosity without improvidence, faith without intolerance? Have you—besides love—patience, ingenuity, steadfastness, sweetness, unselfishness, and loyalty to offer him? If you can answer these questions satisfactorily to yourself, there is little doubt that you will be able to answer them in the same way to him.

Having disposed of these questions, do not refuse to face the question of finance before, and not after, your marriage. You may think it is sordid and mercenary of me to mention such different subjects almost in the same breath, but that is where they belong. Just as many marriages are wrecked by money as by infidelity and drunkenness; probably more. Not by too much money; not by too little money—poverty and prosperity may both glide over the shoals! But by disagreements between husband and wife as to the use, expenditure, and saving of what money there is, whether it belongs to him, or to her, or to both. Almost every other civilized nation on earth except our own recognizes this and guards against marital financial calamity by marriage settlements of one kind or another, arranged beforehand, which reduce the possibility of future friction to a minimum. But in the United States we seem to glory in this particular brand of unpreparedness. "Love's young dream," we declare, "shall not be clouded by the consideration of mere money." And so we allow love's reality—marriage—to be wrecked by it instead. We would not approach any other project without giving the subject of money the most careful thought, without searching investigation and satisfactory adjustment. We would not take a trip to Europe without being sure we had enough money to pay our traveling expenses. We would not accept the position of saleswoman in a store without knowing what our salary was to be. We would not receive as a business partner an individual who would not be responsible for a share in the firm's expenditures and allow us a share in its profits. And yet we embark on the longest journey, accept the most responsible position, enter the closest partnership of all, without doing any of these things.

Can You Earn a Living?

There are few parents who can not systematically put aside a little money each year—even if only a little—to be given to their daughters at marriage, as a nest-egg of their very own; and this small number would be substantially reduced if more girls would voluntarily give up superfluous dresses and trips and entertainments, and ask that the sums these would cost might be put into the bank instead. I do not know, of course, what your father and mother have done, or wish to do, in this regard; but I believe that if you would talk it over with them, you would find them responsive.

I imagine also that they would not thwart a plan on your part to train yourself to be a wage-earner, so that you may have something laid by at the time of your marriage, and so that you may be prepared to resume your occupation after marriage, if necessary. A married woman should not, of course, be a wage-earner outside her own home during her child-bearing years except under exceptional circumstances, because if she is, her children almost inevitably suffer for it. But she should be *able*, should circumstances arise, to achieve a pay-envelope and thus command consideration.

Many a man has redoubled his efforts to support his family because he has known that if he could not do it, his wife could, to the reproach of his self-respect. Many a man has viewed household expenses in a different light because he knew that if he declined to meet them, or to see that his wife had the wherewithal to meet

Love and Marriage

her personal part of them as she saw fit, she would put on her hat and go out and earn the money to get them herself. More than this: the knowledge that his wife was not obliged to put up with neglect or indignity because she was dependent on him for her own and her children's daily bread, has forced many a brute or weakling into decent family living. *Better* than this: the joy that a woman feels when her husband, whom she loves, is unable, through accident or misfortune, to carry any longer a burden bravely borne, and she can pick it up and carry it for him, is equaled by few joys on earth.

I have advised you to discuss your financial problems with your parents, and to ask for their cooperation in helping you prepare to meet them without their help later on. I also advise you, if you *do* become engaged, to sit down quietly with your fiancé and ask him to let you know—if he has not already volunteered the information—not only what he is earning and likely to earn, but how he proposes to divide that income and prospective income with you. Make up a budget and see if you are reasonably sure of the necessities—not the luxuries—of life, with enough leeway to tuck away a little into the savings bank each month, for future emergencies and investment. Do not give him the impression that you are doing any of this for selfish reasons. Let him see that you are willing to help in both spending and saving in any case, and if necessary, in earning also. But have a perfectly clear understanding about it all. For I know that upon such an understanding much of your future happiness depends.

These two great questions concerning character and finance are the most important of all to be settled, after those concerning mutual interests and affection, and the mutual desire for a home, have been established. But there are other questions which you should certainly ask yourself if you are considering marriage: Are the prospects reasonably good that you can get along well with the different members of your future family-in-law, or are they likely to be a thorn in your flesh whenever you see them? In the latter case, can you arrange your life so that you will not have to see them often? Do you and the man you love *both* want to live in the country? In the city? If not, are you willing to put up with the quiet and isolation of the country, or the confusion and congestion of the city—as the case may be—for his sake, and if it were best, would he do the same for yours? Do you and he agree politically, and if not, are you both sufficiently broad-minded so that this will not make a difference, or will there be acrimonious disputes over every national election, over every international policy? Are you both Catholics—both Protestants—and if not, are you both sufficiently tolerant so that your partner's religion is not going to seem in time like a flaming sword barring the way to Paradise, instead of the guiding light through its gates?

You will not, of course, find that it is possible to have all the answers to all these questions wholly pleasing, nor should you expect that, for ideal conditions can not be attained for marriage or anything else. But you can at least decide, unhurriedly and intelligently, which factors are *most* essential to your happiness. And if, after reflection, you decide to get married in spite of many unsatisfactory conditions, then you must not complain about them afterward. You must not shirk; you must not "quit"; you must be a good sport.

Having started out on the greatest of all adventures, how much unhappiness must be put up with; how much happiness have you a right to expect? Why, you must put up with some unhappiness, of course—there is unhappiness in every life. You will not be able to see everything always through a rosy glow of bliss—nor would you, let me remind you, if you did not get married, but struggled along alone. Even between two persons who love each other very much indeed there must be some adjustments, some misunderstandings, some tension, some lack of sympathy. Between two persons who love each other a little less the number of these disturbances will probably be increased. You may feel, as the years go on, that you have much to forgive your husband, for sins of both commission and omission, and you may find that it is hard to do this. He may feel, and find, the same thing in regard to you. You may pine for lost liberties and neglected opportunities—forgetting the safety and the warmth of a hearthstone. You may face poverty and illness and sacrifice and heartbreak—and you may imagine that these are tragedies instead of difficulties.

But granting all this, I would still say what I said at the beginning of this letter: that marriage between a man and a woman who love each other deeply, sincerely, unselfishly, wholly, ought to be the most wonderful experience that can possibly come into the life of either, and I believe it usually is!

I am indebted to the great English preacher, Maude Royden, for calling attention in one of her sermons to a passage from Mr. Bertrand Russell's book, "Principles of Social Reconstruction," concerning a little church of which it was discovered that, owing to some defect in its title, marriages which had been celebrated there were not legal. "Mr. Bertrand Russell says," continued Miss Royden, "that there were at that time I forget how many couples still living who had been married in that church, who found that, by this legal defect, they were not legally bound. Do you know how many of those married people seized the opportunity to desert each other and go and marry some one else? *Not a single one. Every one of those couples went quietly away to church and got married again.*"

In this little story is concentrated the meaning, and the beauty, and the truth, of what I have been trying to say. In revealing what marriage had meant to those people, it reveals what marriage means to men and women everywhere. I send it to you with my love, knowing that, as you think it over, you will realize that is what marriage is going to mean to you.

With deep affection always,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

The Studio Builds a Dressing-Room-Bath

(*Continued from page 56*)

also chromium plated and requires no polishing.

The closet which contains the toilet is papered like the rest of the room and lighted by a fixture of the same type as those on either side of the basin. The toilet itself is of the same peach-colored porcelain as the other fixtures and has a top with an iridescent, pearl-like finish in the same shade. The green, strié linoleum which covers the entire floor of this room is used here, too.

A shallow closet is built into the wall on either side of the tub recess. The upper part, with open glass shelves at convenient heights, holds powder, perfumes, and toilet articles, in ornamental containers, while the cupboards below may be used for other necessary toilet supplies.

In a house, a soiled-clothes chute, leading directly from the bathroom to the laundry, could be installed behind one of these cupboard doors. A chute of this kind is a great convenience and time-saver and should always be considered when building or altering your house, as it will more than repay the expense.

Did *Priscilla Alden* ever look into the Mirror?

IF YOU go today to the house of John and Priscilla Alden in Duxbury, Massachusetts, you will see the mirrors hung so high upon the walls of the quaint little room that you will recall the austerity of the Puritans who had a low regard for the vanities of life.

There was no time for primping in Priscilla's days. She was too busy cooking, sewing, spinning, weaving and quilting for John, herself and their eleven children.

Many beautiful patterns were developed by the needlewomen of Early America and eight of the loveliest old designs have been recreated in *Olde Kentucky Quilts.*

Olde Kentucky Quilts are so reasonably priced that you can choose as many as you like from the eight picturesque patterns. Colors are tub-fast. Filling is of fluffy new cotton, making quilts soft and light—the ideal bed covering for spring and the cool nights of summer. At principal department and furniture stores.

Decorative Details from Historic Bedrooms

The predominant fashion in interior decoration today is the Early American. You will be interested in seeing the bedrooms of Paul Revere, Thomas Jefferson, Martha Washington, Evelyn Byrd, and other celebrated men and women of Early America. A beautiful booklet shows, in colors, historic bedrooms and offers suggestions which will be helpful to every woman who wishes to introduce the beauty of Early America into her own home. See coupon below. Louisville Bedding Company, *Incorporated*, Manufacturers, Louisville, Kentucky.

Olde Kentucky Quilts

Louisville Bedding Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.
Enclosed find 25 cents for your booklet "Decorative Details from Historic Bedrooms."

Name _____

Address _____

My Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

In using advertisements see page 6

CLEANS

like a washup

MASSAGES

like a rubdown

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic does double duty

"Massage of the gums stimulates a better circulation of blood in them. And gums, properly massaged, help keep the teeth healthy, sound and clean."
W. P. COOKE, D. M. D.
Prof. of Preventive Dentistry, Harvard University Dental School

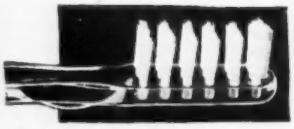
VITAL NEWS for America's teeth!

Healthy gums mean sound, white teeth. And gums to be active and firm need a gentle massage every time you clean your teeth. That's the glorious double benefit Pro-phy-lac-tic now offers to you!

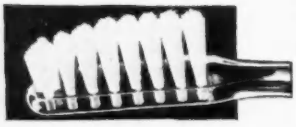
Every Pro-phy-lac-tic now cleans *and* massages!

Pro-phy-lac-tic is scientifically shaped to clean every part of every tooth—glistening white. The live, springy bristles are perfectly spaced to clean even *between* the teeth. More, they are blended so as to gently massage the gum tissue to firm, rosy health. Try a fresh Pro-phy-lac-tic tonight. Brush from the base of the gums to the tip of the teeth. You'll feel your whole mouth respond with a tingling sensation of good *health*. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Limited, Montreal.

Maso Pro-phy-lac-tic—for gums needing special attention.



Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—for small dental arches.



Daddy's Own Story

(*Continued from page 29*)

delighted, an' he say to me: "Jimmie, Mr. Paderewski is cert'nly mighty pleased with you' Christmas dressin'—they's eaten up every scrap of that salad, an' they says they never tasted nothin' like it befo'. An' the Madame, she's awonderin' how you ever did make it."

"Yes," I say, "I reckoned that Christmas dressin' would cert'nly fetch 'em, but we can't crow too soon! Wait till we gets through them pancakes!"

But, sure 'nough, I was right, for when they finished my pancakes, what was as light as a thistledown an' wouldn't 'a hurt a baby, that porter comes out on a dead run. He was smilin' all over, jes grinnin' from ear to ear, an' he say,

"Jimmie, eve'ythin' is all *O. K.!*"

An' so 'twas, for when Mr. Paderewski et the last of them pancakes, he comes right out to the kitchen hisself, an' I laid my two eyes on him for the fust time.

Yes, Ma'm! That was the fust time I ever see Mr. Paderewski, an' I cert'nly will never forget that day—when I looked right into his face. It was the wonderfulest face I ever did see—jes like a king, you may say, he looked, with his hair all shinin' on his head, like it was the sun, and his eyes lookin' straight at me and right fru me the same time, an' him so mighty powerful, when he shook my hand in his hand, 'twas jes like iron an' same time soft like velvet—that's how it felt. An' he smiled so nice, the ver' fust minute I see him I knowed what kind of a gentleman he was. An' I knowed there wan't nothin' in this whole world I could do what would be too good for him. There wan't nobody else jes like him I'd ever see befo'—an' there never will be neither.

Yes, Ma'm! Mr. Paderewski was all smiles. He stood there in my little kitchen, lookin' at me, all tired an' 'cited as I was, an' he patted me on the shoulder, an' he say,

"Now, I knows I'se got the ver' chef I want—a *real* chef!

Well, that was 'nough for me, an' will be to the end of my days. I never worried no mo' after that, 'cause I knowed I could please him. An' the Madame, too. She always traveled with him—never left him—an' she was 'bout as hard to please as him, 'cause she was givin' up her whole life to takin' care of him, too.

WE HAD a three-months' tour that season—goin' to all the big cities and a lot of little ones, too. An' Mr. Paderewski was mighty pleased with me the whole time. Jolly, him and her was, as they could be. An' they figgered they'd found a treasure, an' they think so up till today. They jes loved me, an' I loved 'em, an' they made me think I was somethin' ver' special—and I was.

'Course eve'y now an' then, the Madame she'd come out and give me a little coachin'. By that I means, tell me what Mr. Paderewski likes best, 'splain some of their Polish dishes. She an' I'd have a little private confab eve'y morning, an' we'd fix up things between us, me and her. We'd fix up a menu eve'y single day—that is, in the ver' beginnin'. Later on, she jes lef' eve'ythin' to me. She'd say:

"You go ahead, Daddy." They always calls me 'Daddy.' "You gets the menu to suit you'self, an' what you cooks will be to the satisfaction of Mr. Paderewski, I knows."

Perhaps you thinks I'se makin' too much fuss 'bout all this cookin' business, but you can't make too much fuss 'bout cookin'! It's ver' important 'bout the *diet* of a gentleman like Mr. Paderewski—a great artisses like him. Folks don't stop to realize, when they's settin' in their comfortable chairs in the concert hall, listenin' to him playin', that an artisses is very nervous an' has to be took great care of. That's why I had such success with Mr. Paderewski—I took care of him like he was my ver' own.

Them big tours is ver' hard on him, travelin' day an' night, practisin' and givin' concerts all

A box of candy for *her* and let your tooth paste pay for it

What an agreeable surprise to find that Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c saves you $3 per year as compared to 50c dentifrices. Spend the saving as you please. Candy is one suggestion. Flowers, another.

Try this great dentifrice at 25 cents

IT doesn't take long to discover that among tooth pastes this new one is a great value. Merit makes itself known almost instantly.

Perhaps that is why Listerine Tooth Paste has leaped so quickly to leadership.

The fact that it is made by the makers of Listerine vouches for its quality. Yet its price is but 25c—half of what you ordinarily pay.

Modern methods of manufacture and mass production alone make possible such a paste at such a price.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste we urge you to do so. Compare it with any and judge by results alone. Note how swiftly—and how safely—it cleans. Note how little brushing is necessary.

And particularly note that delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration which follows its use. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

⋆ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

In using advertisements see page 6

"Oh, but I'd rather walk"

A YEAR ago she thought her outdoor days were over. For her, walking—even the routine walking of everyday life—had become agony instead of joy.

Then her podiatrist advised Walk-Over Shoes with the built-in Main Spring* Arch. Her first pair were walking oxfords, as smart as any shoes she had ever worn before. "How," she wondered, "can such good-looking shoes really help me?"

But as she wore them, each day her feet felt better. The invisible Main Spring* Arch gently massaged her sagging arches back to normal. "These are wonderful!" she exclaimed. "If I could only have such shoes for afternoon and evening wear. And I shall certainly miss them when I play golf."

To her delight she found that the Main Spring* Arch is built into the daintiest items of feminine footwear, and even into the very necessary sport shoes.

Our booklet entitled "Watch Your Step" gives full details as to how the built-in Main Spring* Arch relieves your feet.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE PATENTE—a step-in walking pump of rich patent leather and lizard, with the built-in Main Spring* Arch—an exclusive Walk-Over feature. Comes also in Ooze Kid and Reptile Leathers.

WALK-OVER SHOES

WITH THE MAIN SPRING* ARCH

March 1929 Good Housekeeping

Daddy's Own Story

over this country—it's a pretty tough job when you figgers it out. It ain't all rollin' 'long on velvet, way it sounds when you hears him playin'. Yes, Ma'm! them big tours is ver' important to him and to eve'ybody listenin' to him. An' he's such a fav'rite all over this country that he jes lives for his concerts, you may say—that's his life.

He's always ver' particular the day he's goin' to play—ver' particular indeed, 'cause he's got to give his best. An' we's all a little mo' careful'n at other times. He don't take much to eat them days. When he plays at night, he always has his dinner at noon; but if he's goin' to play a matinée, he won't take nothin' 'cept a soft-boiled egg an' a little piece of ham—somethin' like that. But he never missed his tea, never missed that. He don't get up ver' early the days he plays. Often he'd get up only jes in time for his lunch or breakfast, whatever you call it. Then the machine comes right up to the car, an' he goes right off to the hall to his concert.

Folks often ask me was Mr. Paderewski nervous befo' he goes to play, an' I always say:

"I don't see why he wouldn't be nervous! Ain't he got a right to be nervous—a man what has to face thousands of folks an' eve'y-one 'xpectin' to hear the greatest playin' in the world, and all of 'em 'xpectin' to hear somethin' *different* ever' single time, an' some of 'em thinkin' well, maybe 'twon't be so good this year as 'twas last—that's the way of human nature! Now, that cert'nly is a good deal of a strain on a man."

'Course it ain't nothin' more'n what's to be 'xpected, to be nervous tryin' to cater to the wishes of a whole world, an' that sure is what he has to do. Yes, Ma'm!

An' he does it, too! There ain't nobody in this whole world can play piano like Mr. Paderewski. An' it's mighty wonderful he can go out an' meet the demands made on him, travelin' day an' night as he does, all cooped up in a ole train. I reckon his audience never thinks nothin' 'bout that, when they sees him settin' up there on that little piano stool. But we knows it! An' that's why I'm tellin' you 'bout it now.

YES, we leads a regular life on that little private car, jes like 'twas you' own home—a travelin' home you'd call it, 'cause eve'ythin' on that car is prepared special to suit Mr. Paderewski. An' he lives in his car 'cept when he gets to a big city, when sometimes he goes to a hotel, jes to rest hisself—for a little change.

The main thing is that he cert'nly gets better care right there in his car than he can get in the most expensivest hotel. An' that's the truth. He couldn't get at a hotel what he gets on his car, an' one of the things he couldn't get in a hotel—is me!

We was quite a family, too, when you counted us all up. There's Mr. Paderewski and the Madame—an' his secretary, Mr. L. G. Sharpe was his name—he's an Englishman an' was with Mr. Paderewski quite some time, but he ain't with him no mo'. Then his manager, Mr. Fitzgerald, an' Mr. Joubert, the piano tuner—he's ver' important—an' the valet that come 'way over from Switzerland. An' Madame, she has her maid, of course, an' a friend what never leaves her. An' a good many times in the old days, Madame's son, Mr. Gorsky, an' his wife would come along, too. An' we mustn't forget a ver' important member of the party, Madame's little dog, Pinkie.

Pinkie, he up an' died on one of the trips, an' there was a terrible fuss 'bout it. Madame, she was jes crazy over that little dog—some women is that way—crazy 'bout dogs! I reckon they fed him too much, an' that's why he died. Lawdy! He had eve'ythin' jes like a real person. The newspaper reporters ketched hold of the story 'bout Pinky bein' sick all the way from Seattle to Chicago, an' they carried on like Pinkie was real folks, an' sent out bulletins tellin' how he was—they jes bombarded the

Daddy's Own Story

car! Well, anyhow, poor little Pinkie died, an' Madame, she felt terrible 'bout it—couldn't console herself.

Mr. Paderewski had his piano with him, 'course, an' he practised eve'y day. He aimed to practise 'bout four hours a day, an' ver' seldom fell short of that, 'ceptin' days he was goin' to play a concert—he never practised at all then.

Now, there's one thing I haven't told you 'bout what lots of folks don't know, I reckon, an' that is, when Mr. Paderewski gets to the hall, jes befo' he goes out to play, he puts his hands right in hot water. Yes, Ma'm, all them big piano players does that—they all has to have hot water the ver' last thing befo' they plays. Some has it hotter'n others. That's ver' important, yes, Ma'm, 'cause it limbers up their fingers considerable. If it wa'n't for that hot water, I reckon some of them artisses would be so nervous an' their hands get so cold, they jes couldn't play at all! Anyhow, that's what Mr. Paderewski does, puts his hands in hot water the ver' last thing befo' he goes on the platform.

An' he always wore his stovepipe hat, too, an' his beautiful overcoat with the big fur collar when he went to the concert hall. Yes, Ma'm, Mr. Paderewski cert'nly works ver' hard, practisin' eve'y day. An' it didn't seem to make no difference to him whether the train was runnin' or not, he practised jes the same—it'd take more'n a train to stop him!

WE ALWAYS carried three pianos on eve'y trip, an' the piano tuner was 'bout the most important person that was along with us. I reckon there couldn't be no concert without him. You see, Mr. Paderewski has to have his piano tuned jes befo' he comes out to play, the ver' last thing, an' the gentleman what tunes that piano, Mr. Joubert, has to be a artisses of his kind, too. If that piano ain't jes zactly so, why, Mr. Paderewski, he jes won't play on it—that's all! An' that's another thing folks don't know nothin' 'bout.

In the old days the piano used to go in two boxes—one box for the body an' t'other for the legs. Now it all goes in the same box, 'cause they had so much trouble t'other way. I got a funny little story to tell you 'bout that.

I heard once how a big piano player was on tour an' his piano lost its legs. 'Twas this way:

It 'pears this big piano player arrived at some little town out West—I don't 'member zactly where, but anyhow, when he got there the piano was there, all right—but its legs was gone! The legs was sent in a separate box from the body, you knows, in them days. When they found this out, the manager an' the piano tuner was 'most crazy, an' they begun telegraphin' all over the country, tryin' to locate wherever that piano left its legs. Now, a piano is jes like a person—'tain't no good without legs!

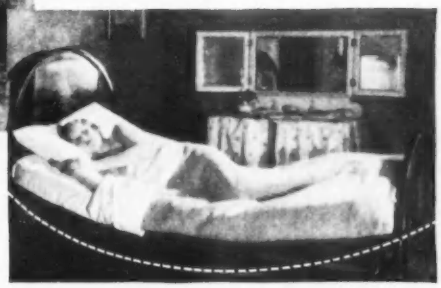
'Course they didn't tell the piano player, whoever 'twas, that his piano lost its legs. No, Ma'm! They didn't dare tell him that—'cause artisses is very peculiar, the best of 'em; an' if he knowed his piano'd lost its legs an' there couldn't be no concert, he'd jes 'bout go crazy. So they was in a terrible fix! The manager an' the piano tuner was runnin' 'round like they was mad; but with all their telegraphin' they couldn't locate them piano legs nohow! An' there they was—only a few hours to concert time, an' the house sold out!

Then that piano tuner he got a bright idea. He say to the manager:

"There sure must be somebody in this ole town what's got a grand piano! I'se goin' to find him an' take his piano legs away from him, no matter what happens!" An' he started out to find a grand piano. There wa'n't no music store in that little town, so the poor piano tuner was cert'nly up against it. He ran all 'round the place, askin' everybody did they know who had a grand piano. Finally he heard of a music teacher, a lady what give

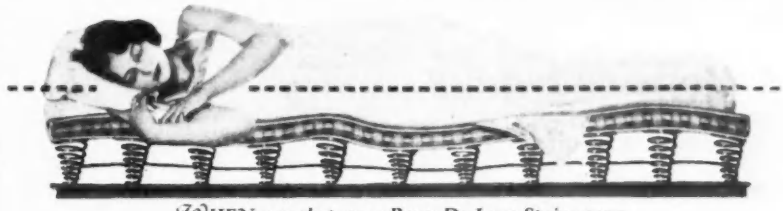
You can't RELAX in such positions

You know how stiff and uncomfortable you feel after dozing in a chair. That is because your body is not supported properly. Your spine is bent, your nerves and muscles strained and your vital organs cramped.



Perhaps habit has made you used to a bedspring that sags or one that is too stiff. But strained sleeping positions are unavoidable on such a bedspring. No wonder you awake so often with that tired, unrested feeling.

Only a bedspring that supports your body naturally can give refreshing sleep



WHEN you sleep on a Rome De Luxe Spring your spine lies straight and natural; your body fully relaxed.

UNLESS you are one of the many thousands who already enjoy the comfort of a Rome De Luxe Bedspring, there is a new treat in store for you. For its unique free-coil construction gives more comfortable, more refreshing sleep than any other type bedspring in the world!

That is because every single coil moves with absolute freedom, independently of surrounding coils.

Thus, this spring yields freely to the pressure of your hips and shoulders, yet rises to relieve all strain on the vital organs between. Your spine lies straight and natural; your nerves and muscles are entirely relaxed and free from strain.

Don't let habit cheat you of this natural, healthful sleep any longer. Go to your furniture or department store, today, and arrange for a De Luxe trial. Send for Dr. Royal S. Copeland's booklet: *"How Better Sleep Builds Better Health."* Free.

THE ROME COMPANY, INC.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
BALTIMORE ROME, N. Y. SAN FRANCISCO

Distributing Warehouses Everywhere

ROME
"DeLuxe"
– the Bedspring Luxurious

Here it is the new Rome De Luxe Slip Cover. Gives the tailored appearance of a box spring, yet costs but little. Its Talon "Hookless Fastener" makes this slip cover fit better and handle easier.

The De Luxe Label attached to the slats of every genuine Rome De Luxe Spring is your guarantee of getting all the quality points that only this spring offers you. Look for it and be sure. You can now have your choice of two beautiful and practical colors: Orchid or French Gray.

The ROME Company

BEDSPRINGS ◥ ROME METAL BEDS ◥ DAY BEDS ◥ COUCH HAMMOCKS

In using advertisements see page 6

A favorite frock!
because it is made of a favorite fabric

A fabric .... fashionable in design and in coloring .... is certain to make a favorite frock. The lovely, new ABC fabrics are also superior and *dependable* in quality. ¶The ABC mark—on the selvage of every yard—guarantees that the material is fast in color, will launder beautifully. If, for any reason, any ABC fabric you select does not satisfy, we will gladly refund the cost of the material and the making.

New designs and colors—for spring and summer dresses, children's frocks, household decorative uses—are featured at your store in:

ABC *Fine Zephyr* — ABC *Percale*
ABC *Silk and Cotton Prints* — ABC *Batiste*
ABC *Buty Satinette* — ABC *Dimity*

Write for "Fashions for Flying Fingers," our new booklet suggesting beautiful things you can easily make.

ARTHUR BEIR & CO., INC.
41-45 White Street, New York City

ABC Fabrics

Daddy's Own Story

piano lessons, but she lived 'way outside the town.

The piano tuner he ran out to her place jes as soon as he could, an' sure 'nough, there was a grand piano! But his troubles wa'n't over yet. Her piano was an old-fashioned piano, with fat, old-fashioned legs what wouldn't fit his brand-new one down there to the hall.

He told her what a terrible fix he was in, an' say she jes got to lend him her piano legs anyhow, 'cause even if they didn't fit, he'd manage to stick the piano up on 'em somehow an' they could play the concert. He didn't wait for 'em even to answer, but he an' his man jes set to work an' took them piano legs right off! The little teacher she caught on by that time, an' say she's only too delighted to help out that great artisses by lending her legs. So they piled 'em right into the car an' rushed back to the hall. An' in quicker time than it takes to tell the story, they'd hitched them ole-fashioned legs onto their piano.

'Course it looked terrible, but, anyhow, the piano was on its legs again—some kind of legs—an' you could play on it. It looked so bad they knowed they couldn't play the concert that way, so they sashayed out again, and bought a lot of buntin', an' hitched it all 'round them ole piano legs, an' stuck a few palms 'round the platform, an' then they was satisfied. Nobody ever knowed the difference. The great piano player, he walked out that night, well pleased with hisself, an' played a lovely concert. An' the audience they didn't know nothin' about it neither—they jes reckoned the platform was fixed up real pretty. The only folks that was any the wiser was the poor manager, the tuner, an' the piano teacher. Yes, Ma'm! She must have enjoyed the joke 'cause she was to the concert herself, she an' one of her pupils. The manager he give her two ver' fine seats for usin' her piano legs. She was kind 'er poor, I reckon, an' probably wouldn't a gone to the concert 'cept for that.

When the concert was over they returned the legs, with thanks. She was tickled to death, 'cause she'd ben the means of that great artisses givin' his fine concert. Yes, Ma'm, it cert'nly is a mighty funny story, an' I reckon it must be true, 'cause that's the kind of accident that's bound to happen when the piano goes in two boxes. I knows that myself, 'cause Mr. Paderewski's piano lost one of her legs once, an' they sticks up the hind end of the piano on a ole saw-horse an' put a lot of plams an' stuff 'round it jes the same way. Mr. Paderewski he never knowed the difference neither, 'cause Mr. Joubert he kep' it from him; he knowed how it's bound to upset him.

WHEN you's livin' a life all by yourselfs on a train, you don't have much doin's with other folks; you jes has to depend on yourselfs for eve'ythin'. An' that's the way 'tis with all them artisses, men an' women. It's pretty hard on 'em, an' I ought to know, 'cause I'se ben with all kinds. 'Course I'se tellin' eve'ythin' now 'bout Mr. Paderewski 'cause he cert'nly was the most important person—leastways the most important *man* I ever cooked for, 'though he wa'n't the only celebrity I'se cooked for. The others was famous, too, but they was ladies!

Yes, Ma'm, they was quite a contrast to Mr. Paderewski, I must say, as ladies is always a contrast to gentlemen in the way they behaves and has to be treated. The ladies has to be handled with gloves, an' no mistake! I always seemed to run to artisses in my cookin' days. I went out with Madame Sarah Bernhardt on one of her fust trips, an' with Madame Melba on the ver' fust trip she ever made in this country.

Yes, Ma'm! I knowed Madame Melba when she was a makin' her fust début in this country. She was a ver' fine lady, Melba was, as far as I could see, an' I figgered her out in my own mind as bein' the finest singer in the world. She traveled in a special car—jes a little car 'twas, called "The Mascot." She et her breakfast in the afternoon—not in the mornin', 'cause none of them artisses manages to get up in the mornin'. She had her tea three times a day reg'lar—that was her rule, an' one of the things she always had when she was goin' to sing was a ver' tender little squab. She had this jes befo' she went to the hall to sing. I always tried to get the ver' best an' tenderest little one I could find, 'cause it seemed to mean so much to her—she jes depended on that little squab! Artisses is like that—they always wants somethin' ver' special—jes for their own selfs—it kind'er makes 'em feel good—leastways they thinks it does—which is 'bout the same thing. Yes, Ma'm! That's the way it goes. Mr. Paderewski he had to have his hot water the ver' last minute, an' Melba she had to have her squab! It cert'nly is mighty funny when you comes to think 'bout it.

'COURSE Melba was ver' different from Mr Paderewski. She always sings jes befo' she goes to her concert—Mr. Paderewski, he never practises at all befo' his concert. But Melba, she sung an' sung jes befo' she left the train. She never seemed to be nervous, far as I could see. I don't think I ever heard any nicer singin' than hers. An' when I heard her last time I couldn't see a mite of difference from the fust time, years an' years ago. She sing jes like a little bird—Lawdy! I could jes listen to her trillin' all day long, 'twas so pretty! She was a ver' fine lady, Melba was—a ver' fine lady, indeed. She was well-raised an' well-bred, an' she kep' within the bounds of her raisin'—an' lots of folks never does that. Yes, Ma'm! I was with her two different times, an' she always liked the way I took care of her.

An' so did Madame Bernhardt, too. She thought a lot of me 'though I'se only with her one trip. I took her way out to California on a special car. She had the name of the car changed from the "Iolanthe" to the "Bernhardt"—in great big letters stuck right on the side of th ecar—'cause they all has to advertize.

She didn't seem much different from eve'ybody else—as far's her actions towards me was concerned I didn't see no difference. 'Course she had a different nationality—she's French. But, Lawdy! She cert'nly looked mighty different from anybody I ever see!

No, Ma'm! I never sees her in any act, but I knows she was one of the greatest actresses in the whole world. 'Course I never had much conversation with her, 'cause she only spoke ver' little English. On several occasions she ask me if I ever serves under a French chef, 'cause she say I cook things jes like a French chef.

Bernhardt she didn't eat much. She always had a ver' light breakfast—coffee an' rolls to start herself off with, an' she kinder minced along with it—always et ver' slow. She never et ver' hearty anyhow. She'd have a chop an' a salad—somethin' like that, befo' she went to the theatre. But she always had somethin' jes as soon as she come back from her actin'—somethin' good an' nourishin'. She never missed that meal after the theatre—she depended on that.

Travelin' 'round on a train on tour was kinder a novelty to her, but she stood it pretty well. She didn't get up till late, an' she jes kinder set 'round all day. 'Course she didn't have no practisin' to do, like Melba and Mr. Paderewski. I don't know as I ought to say it, but I wan't so much interested in her as some of the other ladies. I'se no particular reason for feelin' that way—I jes wa'n't interested. She didn't come out to the kitchen much, like the others did. Now, Melba, she'd run out right often to the kitchen—in fact, they all did, 'cause eve'ybody wants to see how my cookin' was done. An' my kitchens was always prize kitchens, so no wonder!

Bernhardt, whenever she gets a chance, she'd go for a long drive. You know, she always bringed her own coachman with her—

Daddy's Own Story

'way over from France, same as she bringed her actors an' her maid. So on all her drives through them different cities we stopped in, she'd have her own coachman drive her 'round —'twas a kind of a notion of hers—I s'pose she was afraid of any one else. Fust thing, when she come to a city, she'd want a nice drive. The livery people they send a driver with the rig, but when he gets to the car, her own coachman he'd climb up on top with him, an' take the reins, an' do the drivin' hisself—the livery man he jes piloted 'em 'round. She'd always take her jewelry case with her, too—never stirred a step without it—no, Ma'm! Kep' it settin' right on the seat beside her.

Folks say she got a terrible temper, though I never see no exhibition of it. But I knowed a waiter what was on one of her trips, an' he say she used to get ver' 'motional—that's what he calls it—an' kinder throw things 'round! I say,

"Did she ever throw anythin' at you, Jim?"

An' he say: "Lawd, no, she didn't never zactly throw anythin' *at* me—but—Wham! She cert'nly could raise the devil ev'y now an' then, when she got started!"

I say: "What makes her raise the devil, Jim? Wa'n't she suited with the cookin'?"

"No," he say, " 'twa'n't nothin' 'bout cookin' —'twas jes letters or telegrams or somethin' in the mornin's paper what she was a-readin'. Then she'd get mighty 'motional an' sling things 'round pretty lively!"

I say, "Well, Jim, if you'd as much experience as I'se had with artisses, you'd know that didn't mean nothin'—that wouldn't be zactly raisin' the devil for artisses—that's jes *temperment* for them! They's different from ordinary folks, an' I must say they takes advantage of it ev'y now an' then! That's the way I dope it out—you jes has to kind er humor 'em in a few little things, then they's all right—that's all there is to it."

ALL ladies is difficult—that is, mo' difficult than gentlemen. An' now they's so powerful, an' has got the vote, I thinks I jes might be 'lowed to speak out my mind 'bout 'em. No mo' *sentiment*—no, Ma'm!—'cause now the ladies they's placed theyselfs on a equal footin' with the men. They's cuttin' mo' ice now than the men, sure 'nough! They's not 'titled to vote, in my opinion, but they's got the vote anyhow, so they's got to take the consequences, same's the men does. For years an' years—since the beginnin' of history, I reckon, eve'ywhere in the world the man's always ben the head—up to now. Now the ladies is forgin' ahead an' tryin' to get eve'ythin' right in their own two hands.

I respects the ladies ver' much, an' always shall, that's why I say, to be candid, they has responsibility 'nough if they 'tends to it, aside from votin.' Leastways, vote or no vote, in the end they *always* has to fall back on the men. Yes, Ma'm! I don't know's they ever will wake up to that—they won't make no acknowledgment of it anyhow!

'Course it's a mighty big subject to tackle—never could get to the end of it. But the truth is, the ladies has overstepped the bounds a long, long ways. An' with all the power they has, they is still tryin' to get mo'! They wants to get eve'ythin' right into their own hands! An' what's goin' to happen if they does?

Well, I'll tell you. When they gets eve'ythin' they can lay their hands on to, things'll be jes the same in the end, in my opinion, 'cause they's bound to run ev'ythin' right into the ground. Yes, Ma'm! An' when they's run eve'ythin' right down deep into the ground, well, then the men'll jes have to come along, an' dig it up for 'em again! That's Nature! That's the way 'twas intended, an' nothin' ain't never goin' to change it, no, Ma'm!

I reckons the ladies'll always have the best of us—they always has an' always will. In some cases it's a mighty pity, but anyhow I believes in right an' justice for all folks—even ladies. I can't say no more'n that, can I?

Well, I reckon that's 'nough 'bout the ladies. I could keep on with my stories for a long time 'cause I'se had so many different folks under my care. President Taft was on a trip with me once. He was a fine gentleman—he was ver' nice an' jolly all the time. 'Course Mr. Taft would eat eve'ythin'—he loved it all. He used to come into the kitchen to see me ver' often an' have a little confab with me. I always maintains that important folks enjoys their food. They understands good cookin', an' that's the way it should be, in my opinion.

I had ole Mr. Senator Clark, too, for a long time with me. He was a little peculiar 'bout his eatin'—never took ver' much. He was different from all the folks I ever handled in this way—eve'y single day he come out to the kitchen hisself and ask me what the bill was for dinner. An' no matter what I fix up for him, jes one thing never change, summer or winter, an' that was boiled onions! Yes, Ma'm! The year 'round, ole Mr. Senator Clark et his boiled onions ev'y single day, never missed a day! He didn't like 'em well cooked either—way most folks does—jes warmed through, you might say. Maybe this seems kinder funny, 'less you happens to know that onions is ver' healthy for the stomach. The French peoples knows that—eve'ybody in France eats onions—an' garlic, too, I hears. Yes, Ma'm! onions is cert'nly a mighty good tonic for the stomach. An' eve'ybody likes onions, too, no matter what they says! I heard 'bout somebody once who say:

"Show me a man who say he don't like onions—an' I'll jes show you a liar!" An' I reckon there's a lot of truth in that!

Yes, Ma'm! If ever a person has a chance to understand the peculiarities of folks, I'se that person. They cert'nly was all ver' nice, them big men what I cooked for, but they all has their own ideas, jes the same.

I TRAVELED with John McCormack, the big tenor singer. He was ver' nice, too. His peculiarity was that he always wants all the crew on the train to hear his concerts. He was jes determined they should go to his concerts, an' those what couldn't get off, why he give 'em a concert right there on the train! That's what he did to me once. He say:

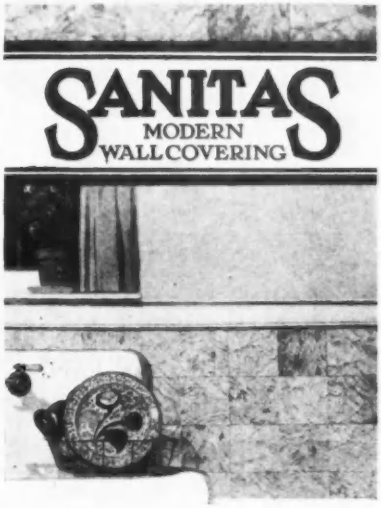
"Daddy, if you can't go to the concert, I'll give you a concert right now!"

He cert'nly sung ver' nice, an' I was much obliged to him. I was the guest of honor! It was mighty kind of him to do that. You don't often finds people what takes so much interest in the crew on the train as all that. I never knowed any of my travelin' ladies to put on a show for me!

So, you see, eve'ybody has their own little ways. But I must say, all the big men what I'se traveled with was always ver' nice to me. Yes, Ma'm! All them big men likes to compliment the chef an' see how things looks 'round the kitchen. They likes to see where the meals comes from. They was always mighty interested in my little kitchen, 'cause 'twas so small it jes looked like 'twas nigh onto impossible to get such big meals from a little place like that. Why, my kitchen was jes a little two-by-four space—you had to stay right where you was, in front of the stove, an' hardly move yourself, 'cause they was jes room 'nough to turn 'round.

'Course the cars they's improved since the ole days. Lawdy! fifty years ago, in the ole days, they jes burn charcoal. Yes, Ma'm! cars looks mighty different now. Locomotives is different, too. The smoke stack was little then, an' the wheels was different. It wa'n't in my department, but engines always appealed to me. I had an idea locomotives is somethin' like persons—always seems alive to me. The engineers they feels the same way, too. They gets mighty fond of their engines an' talks to 'em, too, jes like a man talks to his horse.

I often thinks some of them big artisses an'



Washable Walls for your kitchen!

Your kitchen can be modernized in from 24 to 48 hours with Sanitas . . . the cleanable cloth wall covering.

While Sanitas is made in styles for every room in the house, the kitchen is the household laboratory that tests all of the qualities of Sanitas.

Smoke, soot and finger marks can be wiped off with a damp cloth. Impervious to grease and water because Sanitas is cloth, coated with paint, applied by machinery. Does not crack, peel or fade.

Beside kitchen and bathroom styles, there are over one hundred styles suitable for bedrooms, living rooms, dining rooms and halls. See the complete Sanitas Sample Book at your decorators. Write us if he cannot serve you.

SANITAS
can be had in these finishes:

PLAIN AND PASTEL FLAT FINISH tints that can be hung as they come or stenciled, frescoed, or Tiffany blended.

DECORATIVE FLAT FINISH conventional and foliage patterns, neutral toned designs of vague formation, stripes, mottled effects, and reproductions of tapestry, grass-cloth, leather, and various fabrics.

METALLINE BROCADE in embossed effects for panel treatments and all-over wall treatments.

ENAMEL FINISH plain colors, tile effects, and decorative patterns, for kitchens, bathrooms, etc.

SANITAS STANDARD STP TESTED PRODUCTION BRAND REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Look for this trade mark

Samples and literature sent on request

The Standard Textile Products Co.
320 Broadway, Dept. 7, New York

In using advertisements see page 6

"In *my* day, it took hard work to protect furniture against heated air"

"OLD-FASHIONED, hard hand rubbing went out when VERNAX* came in," her daughter answered. "Of course, artificially heated air is as bad for fine wood as it ever was—but it's much easier to combat!"

"Are you sure that just whisking that cloth over the surface will protect your nice things?" asked her mother suspiciously.

"Well—I do rub it a little—but you might not even call it that! See—" and she passed the VERNAXED cloth over the table with a firm, yet brisk motion.

"First application—cleans it, rubs it into the pores of the wood. Second—brings out that lovely lustre. Once a week—and my furniture's safe."

"It's a great advance over *my* day; we had to use smeary oils that were horrid to touch and smell," sighed her mother. "You young housekeepers don't appreciate your blessings."

"I appreciate VERNAX all right," said her daughter fervently. "It cleans and polishes everything from the furniture to my leather handbags and Junior's leather leggings."

You, too, can prove the value of VERNAX, and for only 10¢. Send the coupon today for a liberal trial bottle—enough to VERNAX* your favorite piece of furniture.

Vernax
Furniture Cream

Distributed by
Schieffelin & Co.
for
Arthur S. Vernay, Inc.
New York

*Reg. Trade Mark

Laboratory of Schieffelin & Co.
20 Cooper Square, New York City G-5

Enclosed is 10¢. Send me trial bottle of VERNAX and booklet, "The Care and Restoration of Furniture and Woods," by Arthur S. Vernay.

Name.....

Address.....

My dealer is.....

Address.....

Daddy's Own Story

presidents an' fine folks wouldn't have much fun travelin' 'round in the old days the way they splurges 'round now. There's a mighty big difference, I tell you. Them fust ole cars was awful funny! They used to heat 'em with a ole stove, an' there was three tiers to the sleepin' cars, too. 'Twa'n't nothin' like what 'tis now, when folks can go on tour an' live jes like in their own homes. I reckon most folks don't stop to realize this.

That's the way it was with Mr. Paderewski. His car was always his home, more'n any one I ever traveled with, an' his life went right straight along as if he was in his own house. He had visitors, too, on the train. Different friends come to stay with him. There was a great Polish actress in the ole days used to visit him—Madame Modjeska. They was ver' fond of her, an' she come quite a lot. I 'members her real well. She was a ver' beautiful lady, an' a great actress, but she dead now for a long time.

AN' OF course, lots of folks was always comin' down an' wantin' to see Mr. Paderewski. They'd jes demand to see him, but, naturally, they ver' rarely did see him. We'd send the manager or secretary to 'splain 'em away. Sometimes they'd send me out to get rid of 'em an' they'd say, "Daddy—your turn now—you go an' try your arg'ments on 'em."

There's one sure thing—Mr. Paderewski was always ver' nice to people what wanted to have him hear 'em play. Lots of folks bringed their children to the car an' ask his opinion 'bout whether they'd ever be great artisses. He cert'nly was ver' nice 'bout that. If he wa'n't prepared to see them right then, he'd make an appointment, an' he'd listen ver' respectful—an' tell 'em jes what he thought of their playin'.

Yes, Ma'm! Folks nearly pestered the life out of him—what was natural 'nough, 'cause they all wants his opinion more'n anybody else's. Sometimes they'd force their way right into the car! 'Course we was always on the watch to protect Mr. Paderewski, but up in Winnipeg once someone got the best of us.

This young feller—a great, big six-footer—walked plum into the car where we was sidetracked—don't know how it happened the door was unlocked, but 'twas, an' Mr. Paderewski he was there practising away. In comes this big feller, throws his hat on the floor, an' sets hisself down, without a word an' begins listenin' to Mr. Paderewski's playin'! Mr. Paderewski he always sees a joke, an' he was kind er amused at him settin' there an' not sayin' a word. So finally, he say to him,

"Well, you seem to like my playin,' young man?"

An' this big feller, he say he like it all right, he's a piano player hisself, the leader of a big orchestra in Winnipeg. Then Mr. Paderewski, he say, "That's fine," an' ask him how many men in his orchestra, what hall they plays in, an' so on.

The poor feller he gets mo' an' mo' embarrassed, can't seem to answer the questions nohow. Finally Mr. Paderewski he ask him what *pieces* he goin' to play at his next concert. Then the feller gets red as a beet, an' grabs his hat, an' jumps up from his chair an' start for the door. He say,

"I reckon I better be goin'."

Mr. Paderewski, he say, "But you ain't told me 'bout your next concert."

Then he say, "Well, I'se got to admit the truth—I'se jes the leader of a jazz band in a hotel—that's all!"

'Course Mr. Paderewski let him down easy—an' had a good laugh over it, 'cause he knowed all along he wa'n't no orchestra leader! That was what was happenin' the whole endurin' time. Folks is jes crazy 'bout celebrities, it seems. 'Course some celebrities is *worth* bein' crazy 'bout, but lots of 'em ain't!

Mr. Paderewski never had interviews much with peoples, no Ma'm! The Madame, sometimes she come out an' tell 'em a few little nice things. I 'members once in a Western town a lot of school children come down to the car. That kind er pleased him, 'cause he's mighty fond of children, so he come out on the platform an' make 'em a nice little speech. An' Madame, she give 'em a lot of candy, an' some cake I made. They was always ver' generous 'bout feedin' people, an' ver' tender-hearted, even to tramps—too tender-hearted, I used to say. Mr. Paderewski, he told me to always give them tramps pieces of money, an' feed 'em, too.

Now, I figgered that wa'n't right—to give 'em money an' feed 'em, too, so I say, "Mr. Paderewski, I shan't have no time to cook for *you* if I has to feed all the tramps what's comin' to this here car."

An' he say, "Well, Daddy, give 'em all a piece of money—fifty centses."

I figgered, if I give all them tramps fifty centses, pretty soon we'd have all the tramps in the country follerin' us, 'cause one'd tell the other, so I 'monstrated again, an' I say:

"Mr. Paderewski, you can't give all them tramps fifty centses—they'll be comin' in perfect droves. You can't afford it! At this rate we'll soon be givin' 'way 'most eve'ythin' we earn!"

He jes laughed right out, an' he say: "Ver' well, Daddy, use you' own judgment. We mustn't go to the poorhouse ourselfs."

"No, sir," I say, "'cause that's where we cert'nly is headed for if we keeps this up! We's jes got to cut it all out."

He laughs and say, 'You jes use your own judgment, Daddy—but give 'em somethin' to *eat* anyhow. Don't forget that."

But one day I has to take pretty strong measures, I tell you. A tramp he come along, an' he bother me so much I jes goes right after him. I say:

"You clear out of here—quick! You ain't goin' to get nothin' mo' here. I won't hear nothin' mo' from *you!*"

He didn't move, an' I went after him with my rollin' pin! That impressed him, all right, an' he took to his heels mighty sudden! When he see that rollin' pin, he cert'nly knowed I meant business.

Though I stopped givin' 'em money, we kep' on feedin' 'em jes the same. Why, I've been on tour with Mr. Paderewski, 'specially in cold weather, when the section hands on the road was jes blue with cold. An' when he see 'em from his window, he come right out and say,

"Daddy, we've got to get these poor men some hot coffee, quick!"

HE WAS always thinkin' 'bout how other folks was feelin'. Nobody never come to him for help an' didn't get it. Folks often come right to the concert hall where he was playin'. Once a young Polish boy come in durin' a concert in Memphis, one terrible rainy night. He'd come from Brooklyn, it seems, to be a cowboy in a movin' picture, an' he lost his job. He was all in rags an' soppin' wet. They let him in the stage door to get dry. He hung 'round till the concert was over, an' when Mr. Paderewski see him, he give him some money right away an' told him to go back to the car an' get somethin' to eat. Then he gave him a lot more money an' bought his ticket back to Brooklyn.

Lawdy! Human nature is mighty funny! Can you believe it? That Polish boy he spent all that money on some fine clothes—new shoes, a big cowboy hat, an' eve'ythin'. An' he told eve'ybody he met he'd ben to see his dear ole friend, Mr. Paderewski, who give him a heap of money an' bought his ticket to Brooklyn. He was quite famous by the time he left Memphis. A big crowd follered him to the train. He mounted the platform an' jes stood there, wavin' his big hat, an' smilin' an' bowin' an' sashayin' like he was Mr. Paderewski hisself!

He got a heap of advertisin' out of that, sure

Daddy's Own Story

'nough—same as if he'd ben a real movie actor. It made me kind er mad when I heard 'bout it, 'cause that wa'n't no way to behave. But when we informed Mr. Paderewski, he jes laughed—mighty hearty. He act like he thought it was a joke, an' said he sure was glad the poor boy had some nice clothes for once, an' some fun out of it!

Yes, Ma'm! We's always havin' funny things happen on tour, but nothin' never upset me, no, Ma'm! It was all a happiness to me, my service with Mr. Paderewski, an' we went on one tour after another jes like we was rollin' along on velvet. That was our life till the War come along.

Then Mr. Paderewski, he didn't play no mo'—that was our fust separation.

I WAS mighty busy durin' the War, with the troops. I was chef on a small dinin' car, an' I handled the sailors between Chicago an' the Coast, back an' forth, one week to Hog Island, next week to Newport News. You see, in war, somebody has to do the fightin', an' if you's unable to do you' part in fightin' for your country, well, there's somethin' else you can do! That's the way 'twas with me. I went right on cookin', an' I felt I was playin' a ver' important part 'cause I was keepin' them sailor boys well an' seein' they gets plenty to eat. Yes, Ma'm! I 'tended to eve'ythin' fust rate, an' eve'ybody was ver' fond of me. 'Twas a mighty sad thing to see them boys goin' away—ever' day mo' an' mo', 'cause they was a ver' nice set of boys. An' they was jes boys—what made it all the harder.

It's kind er funny. I was in two wars, 'though I didn't do nothin' in the fust war—the Civil War. I was only jes a little feller then. I lived near Easton, Maryland, on Mills River Ferry. I 'members I was playin' on the wharf when I see a big ship come right up the river an' land, an' the captain he went in the town an' took all the guns, an' arms, an' eve'ythin' he could lay his hands onto—took 'em right away. Yes, Ma'm! that's what I 'members 'bout the Civil War. I heard folks talkin' 'bout it, an' they say it was war, but I didn't know what war was. Only thing it meant to me was, I liked to see the men in their bright, shiny uniforms.

Yes, Ma'm! I seen two great wars, but I'se mighty sorry to say I never did no fightin'. I'se too young for the fust war, an' too old for the last to fight for my country. But I did my ver' best with what I had—my cookin'. All wars is bad, but it was a most terrible time this last war, when the whole world was a-scrappin'. 'Twas awful hard on Mr. Paderewski, too. He jes give up eve'ythin' for it, eve'y single thing. He give up his life for his country. He give all his money, an' time, makin' speeches eve'ywhere, an' his heart was most broke in two 'bout the sufferin's of his own country, Poland, what was havin' a awful tough time of it. By and by, in recognition of what he's doin', they makes him President (that's the same as king) of Poland. So he went back to his own country to take charge.

That's mighty wonderful—for a piano player to be a king! Never happened befo' in this whole world, I reckon—but, as I often say, there ain't nobody in this whole world jes like Mr. Paderewski, anyhow! He knows 'most eve'ythin'. He knows 'bout eve'y nationality, too, I reckon. Yes, Ma'm! Mr. Paderewski's a regular king—king of the piano, an' the same as king in his own country. An' when you thinks what a wonderful life he's had, how eve'ybody in the whole world knows him, how he's played befo' the greatest in the land, kings an' queens an' rulers eve'ywhere, an' all the big folks what we hear so much 'bout—it's mighty wonderful to be bawn like Mr. Paderewski with a gift for somethin' what makes you famous all over the land, an' eve'ybody wants to hear you, an' see you, an' wants to know you. To think that somebody could be bawn jes a little baby somewhere, an' grow up to be what he's growed up to be! Yes, Ma'm! I often thinks 'bout that in my little kitchen, cookin' for him, how I has a right to be proud of the part I'se playin' in his career, jes keepin' him well an' strong an' happy by cookin' for him, 'cause that's what good cookin' does for a man!

These thoughts is pretty deep for me, but in the main that's what most folks feels about Mr. Paderewski, an' in all the years I'se with him, I cert'nly never changed my mind.

Yes, Ma'm! He had a great sympathy for eve'ybody, an' was always ready an' willin' to help anybody what's in trouble. I don't think myself—an' I'se American bawn and has lots of friends in this country—but I don't knows one single American person what could be mo' warm in his heart as he is.

An' he cert'nly proved what a big heart he had to ev'ybody. Well, when the War was all over, an' things settled down, Mr. Paderewski started on tour again, an' 'course I went right back to him.

We was mighty glad to see each other again. Life went on jes the same as befo' all the rumpus. 'Course I'd lost track of him durin' the War, 'cept what I heard from the papers, but I kep' thinkin' of him all the time an' lookin' forward to seein' him again. I cert'nly was mighty anxious to lay my two eyes on him once mo'.

We had two or three tours together, an' eve'ythin' was jes like it was befo' the War with Mr. Paderewski, far as I could see. But it wa'n't the same with me. No, Ma'm! I was gettin' too ole an' too tired to go on cookin'. Yes, Ma'm! When you finds you ain't got the power no mo' to do what you's ben doin', you's got to acknowledge it, an' that's the truth. An' that's what happened to me. I jes wan't able to cook for Mr. Paderewski no mo'.

The ver' last trip I wouldn't have gone 'cept he sent his manager to say he cert'nly must have his ole Daddy back again—he didn't want to start if he couldn't have me come along. An' I cert'nly wouldn't have gone if he hadn't insisted. I wouldn't have done it for nobody else in this whole world 'cept Mr. Paderewski. No, Ma'm! I was all through.

Yes, I'se had my last trip with him. An' I feels jes as bad as he did—worser, in fact—but I 'pointed my successor, who's a ver' good chef, an' I thinks he's goin' to please Mr. Paderewski. So now I'se all through. I'se retired, an' pensioned by the Pullman Company, an' livin' at my ease, for the Pullman Company is cert'nly mighty good to me, an' goin' to take care of me all the rest of my life.

'COURSE I'se seen Mr. Paderewski again—he ain't never goin' to forget me! An' I'se goin' to hear him play again, too, but I ain't never goin' to cook for him no mo'.

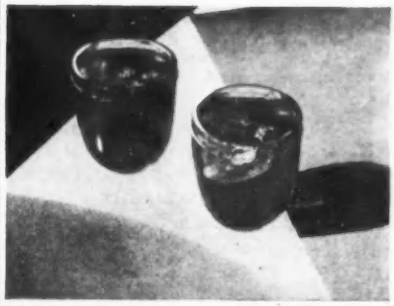
No, Ma'm! He was the last person I ever cooked for, an' the last person I ever will cook for. I wears that ole cap an' apron for thirty-five years, but my cap's off now forever, an' I can set back an' look through my whole life, an' think of lots of things, an' I figger, now I'm reachin' the end of my time, that life is jes 'bout what you makes it. Yes, Ma'm! You must do the ver' best you can, the best you knows how, an' treat eve'ybody as you wants 'em to treat you—that's all I knows 'bout the Golden Rule. I don't know no better religion 'n that.

It ain't a hard life to live neither, if you *wants* to do it. Eve'ythin' is hard if you *don't want* to do it, an' cookin' an' religion is jes the same way. I reckon if a person wants to do a thing, he can do it. Most folks makes the mistake of tryin' to get too much to once. They wants to grab the whole world in their two hands. That ain't no way to do! I looks at it that life is jes like a ball of yarn—you wants to unroll it a little mite at a time, careful like—not try to unravel it all to once, 'cause then you is all tangled up an' loses your contentment.

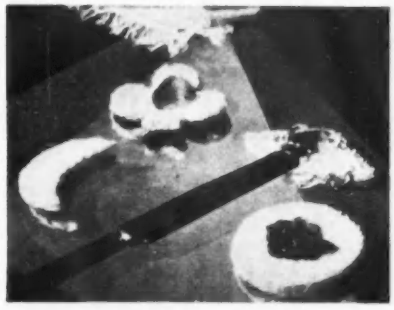
Yes, Ma'm! Though I'se been a cook all

YOU MAKE IT . . . . TO SPREAD ON BREAD

2.30 . . . *March 17th . . . The children are having a St. Patrick's party. Make fragrant Mint Minute Jelly a colorful part of the refreshments.*



4.30 . . . *Mint Jelly firm, because Minute Jelly takes only five minutes to cook; one hour to "jell." Just add sugar and water and boil, for two large glasses of jelly.*



Chocolate Mint sandwiches are jolly, delicious. Other recipes, too, all temptingly illustrated in color "In the Jelly Glass." Write for your free copy.

ASK YOUR GROCER *for Minute Jelly to try right away. If he hasn't it yet, send us the coupon below with 25c. for two bottles. Each bottle makes two generous glasses.*

Minute ★ Jelly

You make it . . . to spread on bread

SPECIAL OFFER

Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

MINUTE JELLY, Inc., Dept. 16
420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

Enclosed find 25¢ (stamps or coin). Send me — postage paid — two bottles of Minute Jelly and recipe book.

Mint ..... *Raspberry* ..... *Strawberry* .....
Grape ..... *Currant* ..... *Blackberry* .....

Name _____

Address _____ City _____

Grocer's Name _____

In using advertisements see page 6

This illustrates the sensible 90 DAY RULE *in using* Toothbrushes

Teeth whiten if you observe it

MOST toothbrushes are kept in service long after honest wear has impaired the cleansing and polishing qualities. Dentists say: *get a new toothbrush at least each 90 days.*

Your present toothbrush probably needs replacing—unless it looks like the one shown.

Dr. West's Toothbrushes are the choice of millions. Of correct small size and shape, they clean with thoroughness—and quickly make teeth brighter.

Your dealer has them. Each sterilized, sealed, fully guaranteed. Try them.

See how it reaches teeth far back; how it penetrates and sweeps clean all crevices

Dr. West's *new* TOOTHBRUSH

—polishes teeth amazingly white

Daddy's Own Story

my life, workin' for other folks, I must say that I thinks life's mighty wonderful. I can't find no fault with it, 'cause lots of good things has happened to me. But of all the things what's come into my life, there's cert'nly nothing come better'n Mr. Paderewski.

Yes, Ma'm! Eve'y day I thinks 'bout him. I can see jes how he looks an' talk an' acts—how good he is to eve'ybody—an' how nice he plays. Folks is always askin' me *how* he plays. Well, I don't know jes how to say it—I don't know much 'bout music—but I'se mighty sure I never heard nobody play jes like Mr. Paderewski. He jes takes you right out of you'self. His music is what you call *real* music—you feels it 'way down in your heart. Seems like you had wings—an' could fly! Yes, Ma'm, he plays you right up to heaven, that's what he does. He make you feel like you reach the ver' top of the world. That's the way I dope it out. He make you feel like all you' struggles is over—he takes all your troubles away, yes, Ma'm!

'Course eve'ybody has got their troubles, an' eve'ybody has got their hill to climb in life. Some folks, like me, has got jes a little hill to climb, an' some folks, like Mr. Paderewski, goes to the top of a great, high mountain. Yes, Ma'm! Eve'ybody's got to climb to the top, pushin' on as high as he can get. But it's a mighty funny thing, when you gets to the top—you find there ain't no top! There's always mo' an' mo' hills in the distance—way off—to climb. That's the way it is—that's life. An' we's got to go right on—on to the next world—climbin' an' climbin'. That's the way I dopes it out.

Yes, Ma'm! We's got to keep climbin', don't matter who it is—right straight up to heaven. Eve'ybody's got a chance to get there—if he climbs hard 'nough. Mr. Paderewski, he's done a heap of climbin' in his time—an' he's still a-climbin', an' he always will be—right up to the end, 'cause he's goin' to the very top!

An' I wants to say here and now, if anybody's got a right to climb to heaven—I don't think there's a person livin' on this whole earth what has a better chance than Mr. Paderewski—yes, Ma'm!

Why Modern Furniture Is Veneered

(*Continued from page 52*)

planed smooth on both sides and to a uniform thickness throughout. The resulting product is the core of the veneered table top. Experience has shown that the woods that make the best cores are light in weight, that they neither shrink nor swell much with moisture changes, and that they are easily glued. The so-called "cabinet woods," those that are wanted for the finish surfaces of furniture, frequently lack these qualities.

In high-grade veneer construction two layers, called "plies," are glued to each side of the core. The inner plies, which are selected for their strength and similar properties, are named "crossbands" because they are laid with their grain across the grain of the core; a panel made thus is termed "plywood." The face veneer, a ply that is selected fundamentally for its appearance, and the back veneer are glued over the crossbands with their grain parallel with that of the core. The crossbands stabilize the panel, resist its tendencies to shrink and to swell, and give it greater strength against splitting. If properly selected and glued, the crossbands also tend to keep thick panels flat, by reducing the tendency to warp in service. Thin plywood panels, which are made entirely of veneer, are usually either three- or five-ply—an odd number of plies producing a balanced panel.

Mention has already been made of the beautiful figure effects, charming in their symmetry, obtainable with veneer—effects that can not be secured satisfactorily from solid wood. The finest face veneer for furniture is made by cutting across the twisted, wavy, curly, and other gnarled wood fibers that occur in stumps, crotches, burls, and similar irregular parts of trees. Lumber cut from such material would be of little value, since it would warp and check in manufacture and, if made into furniture, would soon become unserviceable. Such abnormal wood, however, when cut into thin sheets of veneer, can be glued solidly to a stable base of other wood with highly satisfactory results.

Great care is exercised, in cutting material for furniture veneer, to reveal the choicest grain of the wood. Experience determines both the best direction for cutting and the most suitable of the accepted methods for doing it. The first of the three methods now in standard practise, sawing, gives long, comparatively narrow sheets. Quartered-oak veneer is ordinarily cut in this manner, largely because it is the only method that leaves the faces of the veneer alike in texture; matching of certain kinds of commercial veneer requires such uniformity.

In slicing, the second standard method, the thin sheets are cut by forcing a block of wood against a stationary knife. Sliced veneer also comes in long and narrow sheets. Striped and ribbon mahogany is usually cut in this way.

In the third method a rotating piece, such as a short log, is pressed against a knife which peels off veneer in a continuous sheet very much as paper is unrolled. Many kinds of veneer, including figured walnut, are cut by the rotary process. A modification of it, called the "half-round" method, turns out segments of veneer instead of a continuous sheet.

Face veneers, the ones for outer surfaces, are usually cut so thin that twenty or thirty sheets are secured from the equivalent of a board one inch thick, which makes it possible to obtain the finish wood for several pieces of beautifully figured furniture from a single stump or a short log. One tree alone, for instance, has been known to yield enough valuable veneer to cover approximately two acres, or an average city block.

Successive sheets of face veneer for furniture are matched in pairs or in fours, to give the pleasing symmetrical and balanced effects justly admired in bed ends and in dresser and buffet fronts and tops. The matching and the laying of figured wood veneer, both of which must be carefully done, require a considerable amount of skill.

Building furniture of plywood, in addition to displaying rich and costly cabinet woods to better advantage, gives a more stable construction. In contrast to solid wood, crossbanded panels change size but little with moisture changes, a property that makes ply wood especially desirable for the doors and the drawer fronts of cabinets. Solid wood panels in furniture or in the doors of a house have shrunk enough across the grain, by late winter or early spring, to draw away from the moldings and the frames, leaving a line of unfinished wood exposed to view. Further, in the summer time, when the extreme dryness of the air in our heated residences has given place to the generous and varying moisture conditions of the outside atmosphere, solid wood swells appreciably, and consequently the doors and the drawers of solid-construction work often stick, causing considerable annoyance. Both excessive shrinking and excessive swelling of this nature are largely eliminated by the use of correct veneer construction.